









THE ARISTOCRAT:

AN

American Tale.

by Lloyd W. Biddle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ZOE,' &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MAIN

TO THE READER.

THE scene of the following tale, is laid in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and the period of time fixed upon, may be somewhere about the conclusion of the present century.

In thus making choice of a prospective era, the author has not been moved by a desire to play off upon his readers any of those commonplace pleasantries which are occasionally to be met with in the ephemera of the day : wherein the progressive improvements of science are hyperbolically set forth, and the secrets of unborn ages aptly revealed. Not the remotest degree of wit shall be attempted, upon so shallow—or so deep, a subject; nor shall the credulity of any one be taxed beyond those natural limits, the transgression of which, even in a work of this nature, should be deemed inadmissible.

Leaving, therefore, to the public, to search for his motives, in the volumes before them; and also to discover and apply the moral;—he merely claims to be allowed that ‘franchise’ which every poet and romancer may lawfully enjoy:—of worshipping the dwarf or giant creations of his own wayward fancies, and of obeying their ‘behest,’ whether it compel him to seize upon the dusky forms of by-gone ages,

‘And scatter daylight o’er the unwilling scene;’

or to mingle in spirit with those coming events which

‘Cast their shadows before.’

THE ARISTOCRAT.

CHAPTER I.

THE flourishing town of F***, exhibited, towards the close of the nineteenth century, all those indications of wealth and prosperity characteristic of a settlement, where attention to domestic arts and manufactures leads cheerily on in the march of improvement. National policy had not been fostered at the expense of other fundamental principles, and the time seemed yet far distant, when it was destined, if ever, to subsidize every individual to its interests, or gorge with insatiate voracity the whole physical force of the country. A fortunate proprietor was by no means that overgrown 'monster of money,' so common in the older continents, nor were the more humble classes of the community ground down into machines—as irrational perhaps, and as regular as the mules and gins they waited upon.

The place, it is well known, had sprung into existence under the friendly wings of the me-

tropolis—and now, when sufficiently strengthened to be left altogether alone, and with capital and experience to enable it to go on its way rejoicing, the same tie still continued: parental affection claimed her due—and whilst a more than just return for all favours was freely made, the ambition which created the infant was satisfied, per force, with the circumscribed prospect of its remaining a suburban village—a fixed satellite of the immense Babel beside it.

Considered in this point of view, as an humble offspring of the ‘great city,’ although freed from judicial servitude, it rose as she rose—always maintaining an infinite distance—flourished as she flourished—felt the effects of many a shock and fluctuation in her mercantile prosperity, and to most intents and purposes might be hailed as part and limb of the gigantic body which was destined for ever to overshadow and control it.

Owing to the active and laudable industry which drew together great numbers of those who were content to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, F***, itself, and its immediate vicinity, had never been a place of very fashionable resort. Many country seats, however, might be seen, sprinkled over the landscape, and thrown in beautiful irregularity amidst smaller and oft-intervening farm houses: then came fields, rich with the promises of an abundant harvest—green meadows stretch-

ing lazily before the eye—delightful groves and fruitful gardens—clumps of stately trees, and groups of shrubbery—and all that pictured repose which a broad and highly cultivated platform is sure to discover ; where not even the misty summit of a mountain looms in the distance, and the clear blue sky itself sweeps downward to the very earth.

As the various roads wound agreeably along, either towards the uplands, or where the majestic Delaware sparkled in the sun, seats somewhat more costly and magnificent could be discerned peering forth from the curtaining foliage—here a bold piazza—there a lofty portico, or a jutting wing—or a glancing window—or but a solitary chimney, evidencing in their very situations and attitudes that spirit of retirement which their occupants might justly be supposed to possess.

The reverse of this ought however not to be withheld: vice and laziness have every where their votaries, and the vestiges of the ‘shabby footstep’ are to be met with in all places. No human beings ever congregated into a community without including among themselves the just and the unjust, the wise and the ignorant, the evil and the good. Far along the banks of the creek, whose waters had been subsidized, not only to propel the groaning wheel, but to feed also the thirsty engine, many an humble cottage, and not unfrequently the meaner hovel,

could be detected; and even in the very heart of the town, the occasional rags of poverty fluttered prescriptively, as it were, and unheeded, under the brow of opulence. This last, it may be said, is not only a picture of F***, at the era of which we speak, but generally of every other place of its size and prosperity in the civilized world: which indeed is the truth—so certainly do the same known causes produce the same obvious effects. To identify the town more particularly, we may observe, that it had in the progress of time become the capital of a small, but exceedingly wealthy and populous county; and could therefore boast of its courthouse—its public buildings—its jail—its judges, counsellors and attorneys: its philanthropists, schemers, and politicians; and generally all those peaceful and terrific elements of social life which glide in their appropriate course, unperceived or unthought of, until aroused by some sudden influence, they create that moral whirlwind which is so sure to be productive of good or evil.

It was on a chill autumnal evening, when the shadows which descended dank and heavily over field and flood without, only prompted to a more resigned enjoyment of the comforts within doors, that a small party of gentlemen were grouped together in an apartment of one of the principal inns of the place. Whatever might be the destination of the

others, there was evidently one among them who, booted and spurred, seemed preparing to leave the companionable fireside, and 'hie away' to a place more remote than any neighbouring homestead. He bore also on his countenance an expression of satisfied impatience, as if he had settled to his wishes whatever had called him to the spot, and was now only anxious to remove from it; and whilst those who had remained to give the parting farewell, continued in friendly communion, his eye could not avoid glancing occasionally at the time-piece, and then towards the darkness that was thickening without.

Of those three or four who were thus around him, we will in a slight manner introduce two to the reader, leaving him hereafter to make out the acquaintance as he best can.

Edward Lee, Esquire—whom we shall first single out—was the true specimen of an open-hearted, liberal gentleman: loving learning, delighted with every opportunity of increasing his mental wealth, and preferring in general a studious acquaintance with the mighty dead, to the more easy and hollow-hearted intercourse with worldlings and flatterers. He had the pleasure, perhaps the misfortune, of being able to count backward, even beyond his great grandfather, (the *Euphrates* of American ancestry) through a line of progenitors, whose unimpeachable integrity could by no means

prevent their fortunes from rising and waning, and fading away, in accordance with the unalterable behests of a fate which no family may ever expect to elude. Those reverses taught his immediate parent, in a manner more convincing than volumes of precepts, that pride of birth in America is but a beggar's brat—or at least so considered; and although he had never stooped to what he chose to consider beneath the dignity of a gentleman, yet that dignity had returned him so little, and cost so much, that he found himself reduced in his old age, to a small plantation on the banks of the Delaware, crowned by an old-fashioned residence, and a mortgage nearly as ancient.

Under such circumstances, idleness was not the road to respectability; and Edward Lee, an only son, was in due time sent to the compting-house of a merchant—that being considered in this industrious country, a pursuit fully as genteel as any other upon the face of the globe.

How the young clerk had prospered in early life, might be now seen in the splendid mansion—in the highly improved grounds and lawn—in the air of opulence and repose which breathed around, and in the general respect and consideration with which he was received. He had for a number of years lived a life of retirement upon his patrimonial estate—freed indeed from its encumbrances, enlarged and

greatly improved: but with that leaven of folly, which in some shape or other no man is without, he still continued connected with a flourishing mercantile house in the city, which, thus far, had only been the means of heaping up an already overflowing purse.

Edward Lee had never been trampled upon himself, and consequently felt no desire to tyrannize over others. His feelings were of that sober kind which could lead him to a just appreciation of the cold-heartedness and folly of the world, without making him a misanthrope, or abating his desire to be as serviceable to his fellow men, as his ability would allow. His heart was ever ready—his hand open at all times; and he ought to have been beloved—but he was not. He was, to his misfortune, endowed with a degree of delicacy, which caused him to shrink from too bright a glare; and his love of seclusion was in some instances called pride—in others avarice. Yet to a chosen few, he was all openness and kindness of heart; whoever chance threw in his path, was sure to meet with friendship and consideration; and as for his charities, they were so numerous, and withal so well applied, that the bitterest enmity must have awarded him the meed of praise. In his speech, moreover, he was cautious to a fault; and when he could not commend, was inevitably sure to be silent.

Such was Edward Lee, Esq. proprietor of 'The Elms,' on the Delaware, and sleeping partner in the extensive importing house of Smith & Company, Philadelphia.

The second person whom we promised to introduce, wrote himself Silas Senecks, M. D.; and was gifted withal, with several peculiarities of mind and person; which having completely arrested his first career, turned him over to a second, where profit and honours fell thick upon him.

The chief bodily infirmity which enabled the neighbourhood to note Dr. Senecks as somewhat distinctive in his appearance, was an extraordinary and literal stiffness of the neck: for it set itself so determinately upon his shoulders, and withal was so firm and unbending, that every step which he took, jarred, in a perceptible degree, the placid rest of his pericranium. The consequence of this was a slight perpendicular bob of the head at every step he took. Being tall, and somewhat stooping in his person—with eyes generally bent towards the earth, as he moved slowly forwards, he appeared to be continually nodding assent to some internal proposition. This produced an inexpressible degree of solemnity in his gait and figure, and assisted not a little in furthering his success as a medical man.

In the second place, Doctor Senecks was *figuratively* stiff-necked—being exceedingly

wedded to his own opinions, and entertaining, on many subjects, ideas so speculative, that it was impossible to reach them by the commonplace and well-beaten track of argument. One of his favourite theories, for instance, was, that there is nothing new under the sun—and appealing to the great Architect of the Temple as his authority—he never ceased to ridicule every wonderful invention, and deny the novelty of every discovery whatever.

He had in his younger days studied law, and was even admitted to the bar; but the very first case which he was called upon to defend, most unfortunately induced him to trench upon this doctrine of his own; and as the argument was utterly vain, it was, of course, destructive to the interests of his client. It was for breach of a patent right—and one of the young lawyer's most pitted points was, that there was nothing new under the sun:—that, doubtless, the pretended discovery had been made thousands of years before, and was only revived by accident, of which no man had a right to take advantage. Of course, he lost his case; his fee was lost already: for having gone to trial without securing *that*—the client had wisely resolved, win or lose, he would cheat his lawyer if he could. The ridicule which followed this unhappy defence, and which seemed rather to increase than diminish, proved a death-blow to all his hopes of becoming a dignitary of the

law ; and with great disdain, he quitted a profession, the mathematical precision of which rejected all his plausible arguments, and turned a deaf ear to every fanciful theory. He then directed his attention to the science of medicine—took his degrees, and succeeded to admiration : from which we may deduce this principle—that, as law is the summit of reason, some certain share thereof is required in its professors ; and that a man, therefore, who has very little of this Minerva-like quality about him, although he would make a pitiable lawyer—might form a first-rate physician. We mean no offence—but certain it is, the peculiarities which ruined the advocate, enriched and rewarded the doctor.

To conclude this introductory sketch—Silas Senecks, M. D. was reserved in his manners—especially where many were present ; but became open and very confiding, after a long acquaintance. As a matter of course, he was urbane and attentive, wherever his professional duties called him : and was looked upon, especially by the fair sex, as a man of many notable and hidden good qualities.

The remaining persons of the small fire-side group, were Renfrew Maxwell—whom we have described as ‘booted and spurred,’ and whom we shall presently more fully notice—and two others, whom it is not necessary to introduce to the reader.

The conversation, as might be supposed, naturally partook of the ease and elegance of the individuals present, who were certainly all of a high standing in society; and without apology we will break into the midst of it.

“I would not be understood,” said Mr. Maxwell, in allusion to some previous declaration, “as on that account accusing them, or as attempting to under-value the privileges we enjoy: but as there is nothing perfect, so every real benefit in life has its countervailing evil; and the race of science and skill is less to attain that which is altogether faultless, than to enjoy certain benefits with as little intermixture of ill as possible.”

“The admirable institutions of our country,” observed Mr. Lee, “have advanced to the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection: but I agree with you that this, not so much extinction of families, as arrest of the progress of elegant knowledge and refinement fostered by recollections of the beloved dead, is a drawback—which so long as the benefits are felt, must also inevitably exist. It haunts them as a shadow does the substance; and so long as we sail forward in the bright blaze of glory and happiness, so long will the shadowy reverse present itself.”

“I doubt much,” said Renfrew Maxwell, with something of a sneer, (for he was a high-toned Southerner,) “I doubt much of this

so much vaunted and only fair experiment of a free people governing themselves."

"My dear sir," objected Dr. Senecks, "I can not for a moment suppose, that you deem this the *only* fair experiment of the like nature that has ever been made. Independently of examples in the historic age, some of which present us with specimens of the purest democracy—if we ascend to the heroic, we find that by whatever name it was called, nearly every community was, except in military matters, *quasi*, a republic: and, I make not the least doubt, that thousands of years ago—before the world took its fated downward sweep—an era of liberty, aye, and education, existed, as bright, as promising, and I fear me, as frail, as the present."

"I do not ascend into such high antiquity," replied Mr. Maxwell, repressing a smile; "but I take this for an undeniable position—that happiness, without alloy, either individual or national, is about as speculative and impossible, as an Eldorado or an Utopia. And certain it is, that this sudden prostration of respectable families, who, having risen perhaps from the mass, have in two or three generations divested themselves of all those grovelling feelings which seem allied to earth; and in the acquisitions of science, and the ease of competency, have advanced to a state of mental refinement and perfection, which, instead of

progressing through another generation, is invariably doomed to be overthrown, forgotten, dissipated, cast once again upon the earth—is a matter decidedly to be deplored.”

“This, however,” said Mr. Lee, “is but individual misery; and its correlative benefit is a general good. The system tends to equalize fortunes; and if it can not make all men rich, it shows them at least that they may become so.”

“Aye,” replied Mr. Maxwell; “and the consequence is, they *all* wish to be what but few can be: and hence the beautiful system of pulling down, that others may build up.”

“Thus, indeed, it is,” said Mr. Lee; “but whilst private fortunes are continually changing hands, our system of government, inspiring all with industry, tends to advance, without reflux, the nation in its tide of prosperity.”

“Dogging the heels of prosperity, comes luxury,” observed Dr. Senecks: “corruption is not far behind. In the sunshine of corruption, bask together two most irreconcilable enemies, and equally dangerous to the world—anarchy and ambition.”

“What next?” demanded Mr. Maxwell.

“The answer is buried in futurity,” said the doctor, with what he intended should be a *shake* of the head.

“Ha!” ejaculated Maxwell; and then starting up, added—“Gentlemen, I must tear my-

self away from you: my horse is saddled, and the night has already set in."

The parting cup was accordingly pledged—the friendly hands shaken—and mounting his horse, the traveller turned towards the familiar faces around him, and seemed a moment buried in thought.

CHAPTER II.

As the horseman who was about parting company at the conclusion of the last chapter, will likewise bid adieu to the reader almost as soon as introduced, a further acquaintance would seem unnecessary, were it not that his history is so intimately connected with other matters hereafter made known, that it is proper to spare a few words concerning him.

Renfrew Maxwell, Esquire—was a southern gentleman of good family, hospitable disposition, and generous spirit. His paternal estate was inadequate to the luxurious enjoyment of life; but having become enamoured of a beautiful girl, resident in the vicinity of the place where we now behold him, he finally obtained her consent to entrust her happiness to his keeping. This was a point, indeed, not easily gained; for, the distant connections of the accomplished heiress, in the absence of more

immediate relatives, threw every obstacle in his path:—and when at last he did succeed, it was not until a marriage settlement had been duly executed, providing that the large estates of the lady were to remain untouched during their joint lives, and to enure, at the death of either party, to the sole use and behoof of the survivor. This precaution was not the effect of any doubt or timidity in the mind of the destined bride; for she assented to the measure with more reluctance, perhaps, than Mr. Maxwell himself. But rather than disregard the importunate wishes of her kindred, she at length, after much displeasure, agreed that the sacrifice should be demanded of her lover.

When, however, he approved, unhesitatingly, of the plan—and there was now no subterfuge—the kind proposers of this cautionary scheme cared very little about its execution; for their object had been, of course, to break off the match:—and not being able to accomplish that, were ready to abandon their young relation to her fate. Consistency, however, required, that they should not avow such contradictory feelings; and the instrument was accordingly executed, when not one of the persons interested—neither bride, nor groom, nor friends—had they spoken their sentiments freely,—entertained any anxiety upon the subject. It was, however, duly sealed and delivered; and the disappointed connections of

the young lady, after witnessing the glad ceremony, and wishing the newly married couple all joy—still picked up a few crumbs of comforts—that during his wife's life, the unwelcome intruder could have no control over any thing but the mere income of the estate.

“I warrant me, he is a foxhunter,” said Mr. Joseph Simkins, who was a second cousin to the bride, and one of her nearest living relations; “and very probably will break his neck before the year goes round.”

“More like he's a gambler,” said the brother of Mr. Simkins; “he has a touch of the sporting character in his eye: and he is fated to be killed in some drunken frolic or other, no doubt.”

“To my mind he is a duellist,” snarled a certain Tobias Sharp—“fit only to be shot at.”

The ladies of the kindred were also loud in their expressions of compassion for the poor young thing who had thus thrown herself away to lead apparently so wretched a life, and added not a few unseemly remarks against the thief who had thus stolen the fountain of all their golden expectations.

“He is a mortal at any rate,” said a cynical old fellow, who tossed off a glass of wine, and played the careless school-boy in the matter—but who in reality bore his share of the disappointment no better than the rest. “He is a mortal, and may die in a day—but what then

—we will have a gay widow back among us, only to flaunt at her old fashioned relations—with about as much chance of her remaining quiet, as there is of a wild-cat in the woods.”

“Well—she may go on her own gait with her Southern jockey,” said Mr. Joseph Simkins, “I do not regret her absence.”

“Nor I,” answered his brother.

“Nor I,” said a third.

“Nor I.”

“Nor I.”

And thus, because a fine young girl chose to bestow her hand and heart upon a sincere lover—thereby withering hopes, which nothing but an unjust cupidity ever entertained—she was doomed—*nemine contradicente*—to an unforgiving oblivion.

All this, however, of course, took place in the absence of the genteel Southerner—for there was something in his stately bearing and stern expression of countenance, that commanded no inconsiderable degree of respect—and he must have been, by accurate calculation, at least half a dozen miles off, ere the friendly explosion burst forth.

What was before only surmised, came in time to be well known, and as might be supposed extensively circulated—namely: that the diminished purse of the husband was gratefully supplied from the income of Mrs. Maxwell’s property—and that, if her smiles gladdened his

heart, she had also contributed, in what the world coldly supposed a more substantial manner—to his happiness.

All the shrewd witticisms, sarcastic observations, and ill natured rejoicings that this discovery gave birth to, did not reach the ears of the affectionate couple, or were heard of by them, but to be smiled at and pitied:—and years flitted away—teeming—like cornucopiæ, with the flowers of existence, and scattering them lavishly in their paths.

One only son was the fruit of their union; but when the fulness of time came, the doating wife and devoted mother was called away to enjoy happiness undying, and to bask beneath the beams of a love—eternal—which changeth not. At least, so might her bereaved husband venture to hope, for in that idea alone was comfort.

The sorrows of the survivors, thus suddenly deserted, may not be described. But time, whose wand—blighting as is its touch—is nevertheless continually distilling a Lethean dew over every ill it has occasioned—softened the irritation of wo, and Mr. Maxwell's grief gave gentle way to a subdued tone of placid—perhaps stern resignation—which well befitted his character and lofty tone of mind.

After his usual serenity was somewhat restored, he became mindful of the last promise he had given to his sainted partner—that their

son—now but ten years of age, should be educated to the North ; and he set himself to fulfil it with that pensive satisfaction we so generally feel, when sacrificing our own inclinations to the wishes of an absent or departed relation. His feelings, nevertheless, were strictly those of a Southern gentleman, and as his predilections and prejudices all ran in favour of his native soil, he very soon resolved to dispose of the estates which now, under the terms of the settlement, were absolutely his own ; and thus sever at once the tie which bound him to an uncongenial and unsympathizing community. The accomplishment of this purpose was by no means difficult—for he had scarcely arrived and made known his desire, ere more than one person stepped forward as a purchaser. The bulk of the estate consisted of a superb country seat, to which was attached an extensive farm, and a valuable mill, with all those other improvements consequent upon a high state of refinement and cultivation ; and truly, more than one person coveted the ownership thereof. Speculation was however soon cut short, and the country was informed, in a few words, that the ‘ seat,’ with farm and mill appurtenant, had been disposed of to Mr. Thomas Clifford, then residing in the city of Philadelphia.

This information was received by the neighbourhood with that greedy curiosity which is

not satisfied with hearing part—but must know all:—but notwithstanding every attempt, how or in what manner the bargain had been concluded, no one could discover.

Whether he had received more than was previously offered—or in what the consideration was to be paid—whether in cash or in securities—or by other property in exchange, was mere matter of conjecture, and seemed likely for some time, at least, to remain so.

The peering eye of curiosity was able, however, to ascertain, that Mr. Clifford was a citizen whose business habits and connexions might warrant him to be a man of fortune, and whose health, together with recent family afflictions, rendered an elegant retirement, both proper and agreeable. He was therefore expected among the small circle of which he was destined to become a member with much complacent satisfaction. Still, whether or not the aforesaid Mr. Clifford had absolutely paid so large a sum in cash, as the value of the property which he had purchased called for, was a question of serious importance—for upon that depended, in no little degree, the manner in which he was to be received.

Public opinion became satisfied at last upon this point—which, with the tenderness he lavished on the young school-boy, who, it will be seen, soon became an orphan, endeared him strongly to his new acquaintances. The mo-

tives of a rich man, when he does an act of charity, are seldom inquired into, and whether deserving or not, Mr. Clifford received a double share of respect and observance, on account of the generous deed with which he signalized his coming.

Renfrew Maxwell, in short, having at length apparently concluded all his business—in a business like manner—that is, in making it nobody's business but his own—having placed his son at a flourishing seminary in the vicinity, and having settled privately all matters with the purchaser of his estates, was upon the very point, as we have before shown, of putting spurs to his horse and of riding to the city, whence the next day he would depart for his native home.

It was, we have seen, late in the evening, and notwithstanding his reserved and almost haughty demeanor, the few persons around appeared to lose him with regret, and to follow him with their good wishes. To these he turned once more; and as the solitary lamp shed its pale light on his saddened countenance, a glow of generous feeling shot slowly across it, and waving his hand to one and all—with a slight bend of the head—he ejaculated:

“Good night, once again, gentlemen, and God bless you.”

So saying, he rode leisurely away, and was soon lost in the shadowy distance.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is no doctrine more unsound—if that which is never taught by any one, may be denominated a doctrine—than that morality is in the slightest degree connected with riches; and yet, although we shrink involuntarily from the idea, whenever it presents itself, as something loathsome and repulsive, still, the emotion of contempt is in some cases not unmixed with anger, because we can not at once eradicate it from our bosoms.

The simple truth is, that as necessity is the great tempter to atrocious crimes—so riches removing that necessity—destroys the temptation; but on the other hand, an immense number of smaller offences are conjured up, and bask in the sunshine of that very wealth, which places its possessor in general above the inducements to more glaring guilt.

The consequences to society of these two species of crime are probably equally injurious; but the great difference lies in the manner in which they are considered of by the community at large. Murder, robbery, and every high degree of the *crimen falsi*, are viewed with horror and disgust, whilst all the untold variety of oppressive and petty villanies, which wealth enables us to commit, are overlooked or disregarded.

Thus we contemplate crime as the offspring of poverty, merely because it is one grade of crime that we are in the habit of contemplating at all. And did riches really remove us from temptation—then should we have been taught, in the inimitable prayer bequeathed to us by the founder of our religion, to demand directly wealth of our Father which is in Heaven.

A more rational theory is that which connects morality with education; and so far as riches supply this, they may themselves claim some degree of affinity with sound principles and correct habits. Poverty, combined with ignorance, is productive occasionally of crimes which cause the heart to tremble with horror and indignation.

The curiosity which had been awakened among the intelligent classes of the community, with regard to the sale of Renfrew Maxwell's property, was shared by, or descended, to the inferior citizens—the idle, the dissolute, and the depraved. What was here suggested as a matter of inquiry and doubt, was there received as unquestionable; and the rich Southerner—he who had sold, or was about to sell his property for so immense a sum—was the theme of envious wonder in every cottage, cabin, and stable of the vicinity. And this naturally and most truly accounted for the dreadful tragedy which ensued.

That night nothing was suspected or seen;

but at early dawn, the body of Renfrew Maxwell, Esq. was discovered in the main road—his head deeply fractured, as if struck with a bludgeon—his pockets turned inside out and rifled of their contents—and his watch—papers—money—all missing.

The heart-sickening intelligence flew like wild-fire. Much earlier than its usual hour of bustle commenced, the whole of F***, was in an uproar. Parties of citizens, scarce waiting to glean the little that was known, were starting away in all directions. Handbills were struck off and circulated with incredible rapidity—the police of city and county was alarmed; and the very business of the place seemed for a while suspended, that the whole country might be thoroughly scoured. The minds indeed of all men were vibrating in that unsettled state of anxiety and indignation, which such a sudden event is so strongly calculated to produce.

In the mean time, the body had been removed to the same inn, from which, but a few hours before, Renfrew Maxwell had departed in full life and vigour; and the coroner was notified of the occurrence, that he should execute the sad duty which the law required.

For this purpose it was laid out in solemn state; and the individuals composing the inquest being hastily summoned, proceeded to the apartment of death to pronounce the judgment of the law upon the cruel misdeed.

That their deliberations might be properly conducted, a physician, as is usual on such occasions, was called in to assist with his professional aid and opinions; and as soon, therefore, as Silas Senecks, who happened to be the one chosen, entered, the remains of the unfortunate gentleman underwent the requisite *post mortem* examination.

There is something inexpressibly humbling to human pride and vanity, in the sight of that person, who, a short time previous, commanded the highest degree of respect and observance; but now, inanimate and unresisting, is doomed to be handled and turned in every possible direction, each limb yielding to the slightest exertion of strength, and as it falls supine and unseemly—speaking to the eye that emphatic lesson, which once received, can never be forgotten. On this occasion, however—horror at the foul deed mastered every other feeling, and with bosoms breathing impatient vengeance, the jury proceeded to take the testimony of witnesses.

Patrick Shilley, who was first called, narrated the circumstances under which he had discovered the body of the sufferer, in a simple and highly credible manner. He described it by the fence side, in the same situation in which it had been seen by others; for without even touching it, he had given alarm to the neighbourhood. The travelling cap lay beside

him at no great distance; and the handkerchief which had been worn under it, when taken off, showed distinctly, a dreadful contusion on the upper portion of his skull. Deponent could say nothing more, except that the pockets were inside out, and had apparently been rifled of their contents.

The next witness called, was the person who had caught the horse. It was discovered in a side lane, quietly cropping the herbage; with no peculiarity of appearance, except that one of the spring stirrups was open, as if the foot had been violently dragged, and not drawn gently from it.

A third witness deposed, that having been alarmed by Patrick Shildey, he ran to the spot, and when he had nearly reached it, he picked up in the middle of the road a pocket pistol, which he thereupon produced. This was immediately recognized by the landlord as having belonged to Mr. Maxwell, and which he was certain had been loaded the day before. It bore about it indubitable proofs of having been recently discharged; it was soiled in the inside, the cock was down, and the cap, fractured and split, still rested on the nipple.

This was the amount of the extrinsic evidence, and the inspection of the body, added nothing more. The opinion of Doctor Senecks was professionally and laconically given, that 'the severe fracture of the skull was alone

sufficient to destroy life, and had doubtless caused the death of the subject.' Thus far the proceeding had been conducted as silently as possible, and nothing was said which did not serve to shed some light upon the distracting occurrence. But now the foreman, looking round at his mates, intimated, in a semi-official manner, his opinion that Renfrew Maxwell, Esq. had been wilfully and deliberately murdered by means of a stick, stake, or bludgeon.

Doctor Senecks, though sufficiently communicative with one or two, was always sure to shroud himself in taciturnity as his company increased—on this occasion, therefore, it may be readily supposed he was exceedingly sparing of words. After tarrying a few moments for some one of the jury to answer the remark of their foreman—but in vain—he at length ventured to hint a doubt of the correctness of the opinion, which, to the minds of the assembled judges, seemed a crime little inferior to that which had already been committed.

The doctor was undoubtedly much and highly esteemed; but there are some occasions when our excited feelings cause us to break through the barriers of conventional observance; and in this especial instance, Mr. Collerly, the foreman, lost his habitual respect for the man of skill, in his anger, at finding so plain a proposition disputed.

"How, Sir," he exclaimed—opening his

angry eyes, and screwing the corners of his mouth as far backwards towards the ears as possible. "Do you pretend, sir, to insinuate a doubt, sir, after all the evidence, sir—a doubt, sir, that the gentleman was murdered and robbed?"

"*Killed* and robbed—he was," answered the imperturbable doctor, "most indubitably."

"And I should be glad to know, sir," asked Mr. Collierly, with all that peculiar species of virtuous indignation, which, in more than one instance upon record, has induced a jury, out of sheer horror at the crime committed, to convict an innocent person;—"I should like to know, sir, if a man is killed and robbed, if it is not the same as being exactly murdered and robbed. To my mind, murder is killing all the world over, though I be'n't a lawyer." A grim satisfied silence pervaded the group of jurors, for they all agreed heartily with their spokesman; but although they were convinced that he had most triumphantly out-argued the physician, the scene they had gone through was too impressive for many words, and they calmly awaited the issue of the debate.

"I doubt," replied Dr. Senecks with much solemnity, as if he considered that an all-sufficient answer.

"But Doctor," objected the juror—recollecting perhaps the dignity of his office—"you can not expect *us* to doubt unless we are shown

a reason for doubting—Can you give us any? —Psha—the thing is impossible!”

“Renfrew Maxwell being upon horseback,” was the answer, “it is quite improbable—nay impossible—that a person standing upon the ground could have given him, with a club or bludgeon, a blow directly on the crown of the head.”

“But could he not have been first knocked off his horse?” demanded Mr. Collerly, gazing towards his brethren with indignant self-sufficiency.

“In that case,” replied the practical man, “there would have been other marks of violence.”

The coroner scratched his head, and was for a moment silenced—but he was soon himself again.

“Poh—he was seized and dragged off his horse”—

“Barely possible, gentlemen,” said the doctor—“his dress would have been disordered—or the ground have betrayed marks of mortal struggle—”

“What do you say to the loaded pistol, sir, discharged so recently that the very cap is yet on the nipple?” The doctor shook his head at this, and owned it was inexplicable. After a few moments of further rumination, having nothing more to urge or suggest, he took his leave with the air of a man, who perfectly

alone in his opinion, has the hardihood nevertheless, and stubbornness, to determine to enjoy it. A verdict of wilful and deliberate murder, by a person or persons unknown, was the result of the deliberations of the inquest, and the next object was to endeavour to discover the perpetrators of so horrible an outrage.

CHAPTER IV.

THE guardian angel who watches over our weak resolves, and prevents us from straying beyond the bounds of virtue and safety, and who is said sometimes to slumber upon his post—thus giving an opportunity for the evil spirit to assail and overcome us—is, without doubt, often set to sleep by ourselves, that we may the more cheerily trip after the deceitful fiend who lures us to his toils.

Mr. Thomas Clifford, who had become the purchaser of the 'estate,' was a man past the middle age of life—tall and graceful in his person—and bore about him an easy good humour, and a suavity of manners which rendered his company, on most occasions, rather sought for than shunned. He had prospered moderately in business, and without ever having committed an offence serious enough to fret or vex his conscience, he had not disdain-

ed those petty advantages which offer themselves continually in the usual routine of a mercantile life. It is probable, he had never been beset with any great temptation, and was therefore not aware that in the trifling meannesses and breaches of good faith of which he was occasionally guilty, he was putting to sleep that guardian angel, whose watchfulness alone could preserve him from deeper criminality. So far he might be said to have drawn a prize in the lottery of life. He had enjoyed the reputation which industry and attention to his usual avocations is sure to obtain—he was thrifty and temperate—and although decidedly avaricious, had improved his mind by reading and conversing to a considerable extent; and he had maintained his standing in a circle both respectable and genteel. Under these circumstances, and, until now, with a partner calculated to increase his domestic comforts, existence had glided away with a degree of placid serenity, diminished perhaps by its monotony, but without planting in his path a thorn that could not be easily thrown aside or overstepped.

We have said that it was probable he had never been beset by any great temptation, and if, on the eve of his seeking in retirement from the bustle of life—a seclusion also from its cares—if, even then, it had been whispered to him, that he was upon the brink of perpetrating a fraud, which, too darkly criminal, would

recoil, armed with the stings of a roused conscience, upon himself—which would wreck for ever his peace of mind—which, to the anguish of remorse, would add an agonized fear of detection, and to a desire of recompensing the injury committed, an insurmountable obstacle in the disgrace that was sure to follow,—the memory of which was destined, by degrees, to dry up every source of happiness—to poison every spring of enjoyment—to prostrate his mind—to waste his strength—and wither his very love of life:—had this been whispered to him, how would he have shrunk aghast. But alas! a sudden spell was about to overcome him—there was no one to point out the shoals and quicksands into which he ventured—he had never recoiled from the *meanness* of vice:—his guardian angel was already lulled to sleep!

In order to detect the murderers of Renfrew Maxwell, Esq., it became important to ascertain what property he had about his person on that unfortunate evening; and as Mr. Clifford was known to have been closeted with him the afternoon previous, and was supposed to have settled off for the land purchased, he was naturally applied to for information upon the subject. When the first rumour of the outrage reached his ears, the emotions which it produced were those of unmixed horror. As those wore away, he remembered with joy, that the villains would gain but little by their crime, as

the consideration money for the estate had been given in bonds—the payment of which, of course, could not be demanded without betraying the offenders to justice. An evil spirit soon whispered him, that as those obligations never would be produced against him, he was under no necessity to acknowledge he had given them. From this it was but a single step to falsehood—and he hurriedly contemplated the consequences of denying the fact altogether. The temptation overcame him like a whirlwind—and most unfortunately there was not even the interval of a day to allow virtue and reason a chance of regaining the mastery—for whilst thus flushed with the prospect of sudden and undreamt of wealth, he was called upon, as above stated, to communicate any circumstance, within his knowledge, that might lead to the detection of the culprits.

Mr. Clifford naturally and truly expressed much commiseration for the unfortunate gentleman—declared his willingness to assist in the detection of the murderers by every possible means; but was not aware that he had himself given any paper, a description of which would aid in the accomplishment of that object.

“Then we are to presume, sir,” said one of his visitors, with a blank countenance, “that you paid the purchase money of the ‘estate,’ in current bank notes, such as pass between man and man, without inquiry or suspicion?”

Mr. Clifford bowed in a very business like manner—as if a contrary supposition would have been taken as an insult—and produced the deed from Renfrew Maxwell to himself, at the bottom of which was a receipt in full, according to the usual form.

The gentlemen expressed their regrets at finding no clue whereby to direct their researches, and would have lengthened out their conversation, had not the merchant been too much engaged with his own concerns, to be over heedful of those of others—and they accordingly took leave, slightly dissatisfied with the indifferent treatment they had met with.

“He is a purse proud fellow,” said one,—“and cares as little about a citizen being killed, as if it were no more than a dog.”

“These merchants dream of nothing but gain,” replied his companion, “they are cold hearted and formal in all things—why should we expect to find an exception in him.”

Every other attempt seemed to be equally fruitless; and in spite of their exertions, and the offer of the most liberal rewards, the perpetrators of this daring outrage remained undiscovered.

In the mean while, the remains of the victim were entombed in such a manner as evinced the deep sympathy which every one felt in his fate.

As to his son, who was thus left doubly an

orphan, some benevolent gentlemen, among whom Edward Lee and Dr. Senecks were conspicuous, stepped forward and desired that he might be retained in his usual station at the school where his father had placed him—they agreeing to answer for the expense, if it should eventuate—a thing too dreadful to be supposed, that the elder Maxwell had been robbed of his whole property. This, however, seemed unfortunately to be the case—his debts to the South' consumed completely his other effects; and William Maxwell was thus reduced, at a single stroke, to orphanage and beggary.

The contribution towards his support was therefore cheerfully continued, and he was destined to pursue his studies—until being admitted to the bar, if inclination should lead him—he could, by his own endeavours, regain that independence of which he had been so suddenly bereft.

As to comforting him under the irreparable loss he had sustained, that seemed, for a time, an useless attempt; but the idea which some kindly tongue whispered into his ear, that his father was now with his dear mamma, appeared to soothe his wounded spirit more than all other arguments put together. And thus the sympathy of his teachers, and the attention of many friends—for his was an extraordinary case—and fashion sometimes makes friends—weaned by degrees his young mind from the

subject; and he became the blythe—the studious, and the generous hearted school-boy, which we may take for granted, is produced by a good descent from Southern gentility and honour.

CHAPTER V.

IN general, every man considers himself as possessing more virtue—more active courage—more fortitude than is really the case; and it is often, only when too late, that he discovers his error, and feels that he is wanting in one or more of those very qualities which he before had so much prided himself upon,

Such promised to be the mishap of Mr. Thomas Clifford. But although this was the first act of downright fraud he had ever committed, yet, some time elapsed ere he began to view his conduct in that severe and self-reprobatory light which the circumstances so justly demanded. Indeed, for a while, he flattered himself he had only taken a justifiable business advantage, of what fate and accident seemed to have cast in his way. The horrible crime had been committed without his having been accessory thereto in thought, word or deed; and he would even now, or before he had thrall'd himself with the lighter

dishonesty, have used every exertion in his power to render the offenders up to justice. He had not been even prominently anxious to seize the benefits thus proffered to him by the villany of others—he had only, in fact, denied that which no man, he chose to argue, had any right to question him about. Wherefore, then was it not a *mere* business transaction, of which he was authorized to make the best possible use?

The temptation had in fact come over him so suddenly—the question was propounded so unexpectedly, and the whole passed away with such ease and rapidity that he could not bring himself to consider *that* a weighty sin—which was the consequence of a single falsehood. In the various speculations of his mercantile life, he had not scrupled at a light species of dissimulation when it promised to aid his purposes—and this last resort tallied so well with his customary mode of action, that a contrary course would have brought with it an appearance of disregard to his own interests, and injustice to himself.

The still small voice of conscience, however, had not been stifled within his bosom. The offence was committed during an obliquity of moral vision—which, as it gradually wore away, left him a trembling criminal, without courage sufficient to acknowledge the fraud, or

fortitude to enable him to bear calmly with the wearisome remorse which it occasioned.

As the first arrow quivered in his bosom, he soothed the wound by the specious arguments that he had scarce even told a falsehood—that it was the simple duty of those having claims against him to present them—and that he ought not, for his own sake, to have offered payment before it was demanded.

A short period only intervened before a friend casually congratulated him on the purchase he had made, and expressed his pleasure at finding he was wealthy enough to meet its value with cash. This, of course, could not now be denied, and a second dart found a passage straightway into his bosom. He now indeed began to feel uneasy under the yoke which he had thus doomed himself to bear. Still the advantages from the course he had pursued were too obvious, and the throes of conscience yet too weak to allow of any thing beyond a fluttering impatience of the subject, and a desire to drive it from his thought and memory.

But the enemy had gained a foothold, and was not to be dislodged. Not unfrequently was Mr. Clifford called upon to bear his part of the conversation wherein the subject of the foul murder was introduced—or obliged to join in the general lament over the loss not only of life, but of property to so heavy an amount—and more than once was he brought to the open

and inevitable assertion, that he had paid to the victim his whole claim in current bank notes of the county.

From this moment commenced the stings of conscience. He mixed with men of honour, of reputation, and of virtue—he was received by them with open smiles and a kindly welcome—yet he felt that if they but surmised the deep deception he had practiced, those smiles would be converted into frowns of hatred, and the kindly welcome into open demonstrations of contempt. The fear of detection, which is ever a wonderful agitator of our remorseful feelings, caused him occasionally to shudder—and although it was by no means probable that those obligations would ever be produced in judgment against him—yet the bare possibility seemed to carry eternal disgrace and ruin upon its brow.

A still heavier blow awaited Mr. Clifford—for he was a weak man, and not having calculated the *consequences* of his conduct, he met them when they came with a species of mental trepidation, that totally unfitted him for the practice of that bold villany which can proceed coolly to the smothering of one crime by the perpetration of another. Whilst yet in the city, he was waited upon by Edward Lee, Esq. who laid before him, in a just and pathetic manner, the condition of the poor orphan so suddenly bereft of parent and property. He

was now, he said, desolate, unfriended, and dependent upon the charity of strangers—and concluded, by requesting him, as a man of fortune, and one about to come among them, to contribute something out of his abundance towards his support and education. The struggle between an awakening moral sense on the one hand, and shame, fear, and rapacity on the other, was so great that Mr. Clifford burst into tears. He, however, subscribed anxiously and liberally; and his new neighbour took leave of him, gratified not only with his open generosity, but with the degree also of amiable sensibility he had evinced. The unfortunate gentleman's sky began now to lower in earnest—the memory of one sad hour seemed likely to spread over his mind, until it settled like a black cloud for ever upon it. Those animal spirits which had borne him lightly along in the journey of life now faded away—his mornings were no longer so free—his evenings became more gloomy—and by slow degrees, and in the course of time, he exhibited all those signs of suffering which the world usually attributes to ill health or hypochondria. He would, at length, gladly, *almost* have restored the property which he had withheld—but how could he do this without inevitable detection? And in this conflict of feeling, between the apprehensions of disgrace and the hope of being able by some scheme to do right, without its

being discovered that he had ever acted wrongfully—his waking thoughts were nearly altogether employed. There is nothing so plausible as virtuous resolutions—the execution of which is to be deferred to a future period. And in this case, Mr. Clifford gazing down the vista of time, thought that he perceived the true moment of retribution to be that when William Maxwell, arrived at full age, could appreciate more fully the fortune that awaited him—and in the unexpected acquisition of wealth, exercise a generosity of spirit in concealing from the world that conduct which had for a season deprived him of it. That the child might, in the mean time, die, cupidity took especial pains to whisper—but the ungrateful idea was smothered in its birth, and the future sacrifice firmly resolved upon.

The present time, however, is only within our keeping; that which is to come, is beyond the reach of mortal man. To show how idle, therefore, was the procrastination of a good deed, we must forestal the regular narrative, and inform the reader that the time which began to hang so heavy on the now country gentleman, was employed in superintending the operations of his mill, and the culture of his farm: these being matters not so well understood as the purchase and sale of merchantable commodities, demanded a greater share of attention, and produced also no inconsiderable

loss. To remedy this, a favourable opportunity was seized, and a heavy speculation in wheat entered into; which, likewise, contrary to the most satisfactory calculations, ended unfortunately, and made a deep inroad into his superfluous wealth. So that by the time Mr. Clifford made the interesting discovery, that he was no longer equal to the requisitions of active business, he found himself possessed of very little more than that superb estate, which he dared not yet consider his own.

The irritation of this, and of those other feelings we have attempted to describe, acting upon a mind whose growing infirmities demanded a peaceful repose, may be readily imagined: and having thus stripped the covering, and viewed our object in its true light, we will now place him in that rank which his reputed fortune and unblemished reputation entitled him to be received.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE of the most unaccountable weaknesses of human nature, with difficulty referable either to the instinctive or reasoning faculty, is that indiscriminate and enduring consideration, with which the possessor of wealth is sure to be regarded. Strange as it is, and most true, that

all homage will be vouchsafed to that person who has the power, but who *never* will exercise the will, to assist us—whilst no respect whatever is awarded to him, who evidently indulges the inclination, but lacks the ability, so to do. Philosophers have endeavoured to account for this, by transposing the place for for the person; thus causing, in fact, the mere money to receive the credit of the lavish adoration bestowed upon its possessor:—a clumsy argument, and unsound.

Is not this base peculiarity deducible from the cowardice of our natures? Although we feel that the wealthy will never befriend us, may we not fear their enmity? If this be the solution of the riddle, then it is only a covert power of evil to which we bend the knee; and in so doing, pay a high compliment to the person addressed, to ourselves, and to the spirit of independence within us!

When Mr. Thomas Clifford arrived to take up his residence among the aristocracy of the county, he was received—according to the invariable custom which we have just noticed—with that complacent observance which is sure to dog the heels of wealth. Besides this, however, it must in justice be noted, that his character had never been openly assailed, and was as pure as that of most persons who had risen in the world by their own industry and good management. There was, in fact, little or no-

thing known about him; which in a state of society where genealogical research is considered as extremely ill-bred and impertinent, insured every presumption in his favour. Next to being advantageously known, not being known at all, is the chief good; and this probably not only in America, but over the polite world.

As a matter of course, however, the new comer was, at the earliest settlement of his household, narrowly inspected; and neither family, person, or address, escaped that scrutinizing welcome which generally awaits the stranger.

In person, he was rather above the middle size—slimly and genteelly built: whilst a visible intermixture of silver with his otherwise raven hair, betokened, among other indubitable signs, that he had reached the grand climacteric of life, and was gently approaching its latter confines. His face, without being decidedly handsome, was neither common-place nor insipid; and his address was that of a Philadelphian, who had mingled for a number of years in good society of either sex. The only tinge of cockneyism he ever displayed, was in changing the name of the seat he had purchased, from its rural and simple designation of the 'Estate,' to that of 'Clifford Hall,'—a pardonable species of vanity, by the way, and productive of neither harm nor good. With regard to his social qualities, he was supposed to pos-

sess the usual allowance of self-sufficiency and opinionativeness, which sticks, like second nature, to most self-made men. But it was shrewdly considered by the wise and the foolish—for on every day topics, the mind often leaps to a just and well-grounded conclusion, without any known or discoverable process of reasoning; and in some cases, without being able to trace its steps back to the starting post:—it was considered, we say, that coming among a community of strangers, he must perforce adopt, to a certain extent, their manners of habitual intercourse, and general customs. What was the agreeable surprise, then, of all, when they perceived his anxiety to stamp by his urbanity and courtesy an impression in his favour? His unmeaning smiles, if ever he had any—his cold, business manner—his master-merchant precision—were altogether discarded; and he appeared in all the attractiveness of a cordial demeanour, with a general benevolence of language, and occasionally of deed also. His most important charity was that in which he had stepped forward to the relief of Master William Maxwell; and as the boy's desolate situation had elicited the sympathy of all, so did this solitary act of kindness endear him more to his neighbours, than—were it not for the peculiar excitement—would have been considered just and fitting.

This propensity of mankind, to admire and

applaud a generous action, or a noble sacrifice of self for another, evidences conclusively, that all is not evil within us;—that there are yet some redeeming qualities in human nature, which, however much they may slumber, do not die entirely away. That we individually could not have submitted to the same sacrifice, is not evidence that there is nothing good in our bosoms; but merely that we are not without evil. On the same account, the admiration of virtue in others, if it afford no presumption of the absence of evil—still proves us not altogether dead to that which we can admire. Some profess the idea of a total and utter depravity of the heart; but bad as we are, it is pleasant to believe, that there lingers yet upon earth a small portion of that pure spirit which made Eden blessed, and which still vivifies and gladdens the path of the pilgrim.

Mr. Clifford's liberality with regard to young Maxwell did not pass, however, without more than one ill-natured remark—for all people do not see the same subject in the same light—and a love of ostentation was enviously ascribed as the source of that charity, which the world seemed inclined to believe the emanation of a purer motive. How little did they know of that heart, which groaned and fretted over one misdeed; and which had striven, by this single act, not to court the open popularity of the world—but to stifle for a moment the secret

reproaches of conscience. Our very best actions may in some shape be traced up to that primitive or fundamental selfishness, without which we could not exist:—but in this instance, the moving considerations to the deed—had they been even guessed at—would not only have shorn it of all its glory—but have heaped obloquy upon the head of the apparently generous sojourner.

But it was not at all times that Mr. Thomas Clifford possessed that equanimity of spirits, and openness of hilarity, which, on most occasions, seemed to sit upon him, ‘loosely like an easy glove.’ Whether that general languor of disease, which had been one of the leading causes of his removal to the country or whether other and unknown evils were ministering to his disgust, certain it was, that not unfrequently his manner became cold and abrupt, or his gaiety seemed evidently unnatural and forced. As, however, he appeared anxious to screen those dark fits from observation, and to give as little offence as possible when under their influence—the failing was very rarely noticed, and freely forgiven. Of his small family, consisting of but two children, the son was placed at the same seminary where the object of his father’s bounty had been for some time domesticated:—so that, unless when a holiday, or some extraordinary circumstance intervened, the only inmates of Clifford Hall,

were the elder gentleman, and Miss Mary, his daughter.

It might seem natural, that Mr. Clifford should dislike, or, at any rate, avoid the presence of William Maxwell; but such was not the case. He had boldly resolved, that at a future time, he would do him justice; and, although remorse, and dread of detection—and at length, a disinclination to the prospect of rendering up that which time and habit caused him to look upon as his own, irritated and weakened him;—still, as if he would recompense the foul wrong done to the child by kindness and affection—he always welcomed his coming, and entreated him with much fatherly affection. The clue to this seemingly contradictory conduct, is only to be found in the incipient ravages which disease and deep regret made upon a mind ever weak, and the tone of which was sinking gradually, even from the station it had once occupied.

It was to his superb country seat, then, that the boys Clifford and Maxwell would, at each casual opportunity, joyfully repair: rambling across every field; threading every thicket, and diving into each shady recess, in the very spirit of school-boy wantonness. Here was a fine spot for angling—there was excellent shooting ground:—whilst what contributed mostly to the delightfulness of all places, was freedom from accustomed restraint.

As for the elder Mr. Clifford, he made it a point that his son should, on no occasion, omit to bring with him the favourite schoolfellow. William Maxwell, he was wont to say, was company even for him; and had twice the sense (a rare admission for a parent) of his own son James, and would prevent his running into mischief. Besides, when no other reason prevented itself, it was sufficient that little Mary should see her sweetheart—and upon such, almost contemptible trifles, if connected in any degree with their return from school, he seemed to dwell with more delight and complacency, than when in the pursuit of other and important matters. But as there is scarce an innocent enjoyment, which a parent may not lawfully share with his own children, his anxiety, on this score, was voted amiability, and received its due meed of praise.

In process of time, that misfortune which the German Göethe has so impressively described, as dogging the footsteps of all, and overlooking the dwellings of none, tapped at the superb mansion of Thomas Clifford, Esq., of Clifford Hall, and whilst death on his pale horse stood expectant by, she pointed to his only son, who fell—withering—at the touch of her grim minister.

The almost heart-broken father followed half his earthly hopes to the grave, and there deposited them for ever.

As the stunning grief of this bereavement wore gradually away, there seemed to follow a calm, more placid and serene than that which had preceded it. The troubled waves of thought became less and less agitated—and an indescribable peace of mind visited, or appeared to visit, once more the master at his household hearth. His uprooted affections seemed now to seek another object, or rather to cling, with renewed energy, and almost unaccountable tenacity, to the youth, who, as the companion of his lost child, had already won so much upon them. About this period, William Maxwell attained his seventeenth year, and so unabated, and even increasing, continued his regard for him, that he still insisted on those regular visits to his mansion—although, to most fond fathers, this unaccustomed sight, of but *one* smiling face, would have produced reflections, too bitter to be endured. So far, however, was this from being the case, that Mr. Clifford seemed almost to envy those other patrons of the orphan—among whom, Edward Lee, Esq., had always stood conspicuous—to whom he, either through the waywardness of youth, or from a sense of duty, often paid a respectful visit.

It was not long, ere those curious and highly gifted few, who have the extraordinary faculty of knowing their neighbours' business as well, or better than they do themselves, plainly di-

vined, that he intended by giving away his daughter, to gain a son; and as soon as their respective ages permitted, to unite William Maxwell to Mary Clifford. The surprise which this occasioned, was not so much on account of the premature plan, as of the folly of any one with so large an estate, to dream of bestowing it, together with an only child, upon a beggar.

Whatever the gentleman's views were—he kept his own counsel—withdrew more and more from society, and continued, as usual, to lure the youth to his dwelling, by every species of kindness and attention.

CHAPTER VII.

It was now that season of the year when ‘gentle spring,’ after having rescued all nature from the dominion of death, was about to yield the sceptre of her magnificent empire—and to throw herself, adorned like an eastern bride, into the arms of more ardent and overpowering summer.

June was abroad—and on one of those inexpressibly calm and voluptuous mornings, when the very heavens seemed to descend, and all nature to faint beneath the burden of those sweets which minister so lavishly to the delight of man. The low lands which skirt the

majestic Delaware, and form that beautiful sweep above the marshes of 'Point-no-Point,' were a perfect flower garden—every tree, whether of the lawn or the forest, was robed in a shining parrot green, so peculiarly appropriate to the season—and many a broad orchard, with fruits just deepening into a richer gold, seemed about to be flooded by the tide-like grain, which swelled in wavy irregularity beneath it.

Every object was in harmonious keeping—the broad disc of the morning sun gleamed forth tremulous and red—the giant river emerged without a ripple from the curtaining haze which enveloped it, and the light mist, floating lazily along, sometimes obscured, and sometimes displayed the tufted copses and green meadows of distant Jersey. In the zenith, a few fleecy clouds had already begun to dwindle away into nothing, forming wide spaces, through which the clear summer sky shone dazzlingly blue, and swooped far down into the mirror beneath it. Even the minutest objects of inanimate nature were not without their interest in the serenity of the scene—there was a silent eloquence in the very pebbles on the shore—in the light drift wood, wet with dew—in the glittering web of the spider—the chance flower that rested light, as a fairy upon the stream; and in the countless nothings that glimmered incessantly across it.

On the green bank—overlooking—almost overhanging, this pictured repose of the ‘vasty deep’—the red rose clustered, and the fragrant honey-suckle clambered upon the trellis, and a thousand flowers smiled and trembled in the sunbeam. There was a voice, too, of awakening joy and gladness, that swelled with every breeze, and twittered from every bough. The swallow darted merrily forth from her nest, now sporting high in air, and anon skimming so lightly along the wave, as just to dip the down of her joyous bosom into its glassy mirror. The humming-bird shot greedily to his honey-cup—there was a gathering hum of industry, and gladness from the ruby clover fields; and even the drone of the white nosed humble-bee, as he plied his pleasurable toil, seemed soothing and delightful.

Amidst all this—as if a part of the beautiful pageant, stood a fair young girl, herself in the bud of promise, and first flush of beauty. She had all the lightness and vivacity of youth—and all that exceeding, though unripe loveliness of person, which causes the heart to sicken at the thoughts of what a being—almost too holy for this polluted earth, is nevertheless destined to suffer upon it. Her hair fell lightly upon her shoulders, unmoved by a breath of air—her hand held a gay flower—and she was dressed in that childlike neatness which is ever to be found coupled with real gentility.

Such, at this period, was Elizabeth Lee—the fond and only child of doating parents, whose mansion, so elegantly ornamented, that it might be termed magnificent, raised its tasteful and imposing front but a few paces behind her.

As she stood upon the sloping green, there appeared to be now nothing wanting to the exceeding repose and beauty of the whole prospect. Indeed, as a picture is never so attractive as when it represents nature truly—so on the other hand, no landscape is so captivating as when it seems to spread itself before the eye like a beautiful picture—and here was every thing that the imagination could require of the soft—the picturesque, and the agreeable.

It was—in the language of watermen—young flood, and the current as it came insensibly onward, lapped up in its silent progress many a shining pebble and sunbleached shell. There was but just the murmur of breathing—and no more—as the giant river sought its accustomed way into every crevice; and encroached, serpent-like, upon the shore. At every imperceptible heaving of its bosom, an untold number of mimic islands of sand floated in brief serenity upon it, or fleets of misty bubbles usurped their place—whilst a silent and circling eddy proclaimed the irresistible power of that element which was now gliding so gently along.

The same cause which attracted Miss Lee, appeared to have alarmed a heron, that had been depredating among the minnows of the flats, for it stretched forward its long neck, and flapped heavily away towards the Jersey shore—whilst, in an opposite direction, the object of its fear might now be distinctly seen plying gracefully upwards. It was a party of fishermen, who, at the end of their season, lingered yet a day about their accustomed haunts. As the boat shot forward in its bold sweep—so softly did it glide, that the plash of the oars scarce broke upon the sleepy silence around. A long line of corks followed in her curving wake—and a sudden turn inwards towards the land, evidenced, that the nets had been fully cast, and were now to be dragged once more to the well-known ground. Every sound came up the river, delightfully mellowed and distinct, and there was a quiet animation in the whole scene, that harmonized, soothingly, with the repose of nature. Impelled by eight stout rowers, the boat surged along, driving the calm water into sparkling ripples, and opaque bubbles, that floated lazily away. The bobbing corks seemed to follow tardily in her wake, and when hard upon the shore, the oars were simultaneously drawn across the gunnel—and the sinewy fisherman, at the same instant, mid-deep in water. The craft, released of its burden, sat lightly upon the wave, and guided by

a single hand, moved onward, devouring as it went the wet and reeking line. Each shoulder, alternately, bore and relinquished its burden; and the toil, for the moment, was silent, severe, and trying.

The master, to be designated perhaps by a jacket more decent—certainly by a huge netting needle twisted into the rude band of his canvass hat, stood expectant by, occasionally assisting with a pull; but more generally urging the men in a subdued tone—

“Break off—break off, boys, and hand her in.”

“Aye, aye—hang her up—hang her up strong.” And so it went in general; with the exception of an occasional drone, such as hang her up—hang her up strong—the silence of toil was not broken into—until the nets came irregularly in—and an eddy or surge of the water betrayed the treasure they contained: for fishermen never speak loud—their vocation impresses the necessity of stilling every sound—and as the habit grows upon them, they carry it with them, unconsciously, wherever they go.

On this occasion, it was no “water haul”—and Jack, a fine looking, light haired, strong built boy, of sixteen, pushed the boat forwards, into which the tenants of the deep, floundering in agony, were speedily deposited.

All this, breaking slowly upon the quiet of the morning—was watched with the delighted

curiosity of a child, by Elizabeth Lee—and although the same objects had been gazed upon perhaps a hundred times before—yet the scene seemed still fresh and inviting. But with the satisfied guess of how many fish were taken, and the setting of the nets, the young lady's interest seemed to have ceased—and she was about skipping off, when Jack, whom we before noticed, walked leisurely up with an old black pitcher in his hand, and in a lubberly manner, which spoke his certainty of the request being granted, he addressed her, "Can we have some milk this morning?"

"Yes," replied the child, with that free aptness of manner which evidenced a total absence of fear, "Mamma says they shall give you milk whenever you ask for it."

"Oh, as for that matter," said the grateful boy, "we don't come here to beg; and if it was worth paying for, we could pay for it;" but at the same time, he moved forward towards the rear of the house, the child understanding just enough of his rude speech to enable her to perceive it was not kindly meant.

When arrived at a back area, and he found himself with one or two of the servant maids, he lost the impudence of his countenance; and after a good humoured jest or two, on both sides, received his boon and departed. "Jack," shouted a ruddy wench after him, "don't forget to bring up a couple of fish; Mrs. Lee will

have them for dinner." The youth's dogged humour instantly returned.

"Why can't your master send for them," said he, "he has got servants enough."

"Servants," quoth Dolly, "no more servants than yourself, mister saucebox. If you don't fetch the fish, I will let *your* master know about it."

"I have no master," replied the youth, with a manner as firm as if his very existence was at stake upon the question; "*my father* is master with us."

"Well, father or master," returned Dolly, "'tis the same thing. I have seen him knock you over the head with an oar afore now—so you needn't be so tender all at once."

Jack disdaining all answer to such a home argument, plodded away with his pitcher of milk, towards an old tree, beneath which the fish cabin, as it is usually called, was situated.

All this scene, and every occurrence connected with it—the soft sunshine—the calm river—the sleepy distance—the fishermen—their boats and their nets, passed as rapidly from the mind and memory of young Elizabeth, as the shadow over a ploughed field, or a ripple across the water. Not so the youth—and as he is destined to occupy a conspicuous station in the narrative, we shall endeavour to become at once somewhat better acquainted with him.

Master John Poguey—or, as he was familiarly called, Jack—by the death of his parents, who had earned a precarious subsistence—the father as a rough weaver, the mother by her needle—was left an orphan at the age of eight years, with no one to protect him, and heir absolute to a small fortune of eighty-five dollars, that being the residue, after payment of debts of the deceased, and funeral expenses. His own aunt, however, being wife to Zephaniah Gropp, the fisherman, he was kindly adopted as a child, comforted, fed, and clothed. Nay more—his relative—we blush to say his common nickname was ‘drunken Zeph’—was, as far as his ability went, an upright, modest, well meaning man; and so soon as he appreciated fully the boy’s misfortune, he swore roundly that he would be a father to him, and that not a cent of his small property would he touch in return. The honest old man was as good as his word; he carried the child home and cared for him so much, that he promised to grow up a comely, headstrong, happy fellow:—what added greatly to this promise of good luck was, that Zeph’s wife was a sensible, kind-hearted woman, in mental qualities somewhat superior to her station in life, and considering her opportunities, of tolerable education—so that by the affection of his new found parents—for he soon learned to distinguish them by that endearing title—he bid fair even

to profit by the exchange of situations. True it was, Zephaniah was sometimes sorely tempted to borrow a part, at least, of his nephew's store; but this was only perhaps during his moments of ebriety, and sober reason never would assent to so plausible a proposition. He scratched, therefore, along, earning a precarious subsistence—steeped alternately in plenty and want, with little to hope for in future—with little except youth to look back after with regret—with little to enjoy at the present. Still Zephaniah managed to exist, providing for his family as he might, believed to be honest, known to be poor, and in fact, to all but himself, and those dependent upon him, a perfect nobody. The little orphan shared his new found father's fortune, and was made to be as useful as his age and his father's avocations would allow. For the first time, he had been pressed to a regular season's service at the shad fishery; but it was even previous to this, that he began to evince a repulsive feeling of independence, approaching to harshness and impudence. For an outbreak of this nature, referred to by Dolly, he had received the discipline of the oar, and that laid on by no light hand, since as Zephaniah never got drunk, according to a fixed resolution, from the commencement until the conclusion of the main business of the year, his blows were those of a sober, stout, iron-knit labourer, and Jack felt them tingling upon

his shoulders for several days thereafter. Perhaps the old man might have visited the offence—which was downright uncalled for insolence to one of Mr. Lee's guests—with a milder punishment; but that he had found himself obliged to apologize in person—a task which all men have a peculiar disrelish of—and accordingly he wreaked a tolerably hearty spite upon master Jack, who in his turn sent Mr. Lee, his guest, and the fishery, with his best wishes, to the bottomless abyss.

When the youngster arrived at the cabin, the rude table was already spread, and the greasy loaf and half demolished bacon, arranged lazily along the board. The rotary motion of the whiskey jug was also begun, and the milk seemed in the jumble a perfect superfluity.

The youth on many occasions had already shown a love of taking and of multiplying words, which promised in due time to bring him perhaps into public notice—and indeed, not a few shrewd persons of his own class, entertained an idea, that he had more in him than most people believed. On this occasion, he was not wanting to himself. He set down therefore the jug of milk, saying—

“I wish you had some other nigger to go among them 'are highflyers—I hate it.”

“Why them highflyers don't harm you Jack. If you let 'em alone, they'll let you alone,” said Zephaniah.

"No," answered the youth, "but a chap must always be bowing and scraping when he meets them, and you dare not speak above your breath when you are in the house, just as if they were so many shad."

This produced a hearty laugh, of course, and Mr. Gropp's attempts to stop the torrent ceased altogether.

"I don't see what some folks are made for," exclaimed a rough, weatherbeaten fellow, by the name of Stokes—"they might as well be dead, for all the good they do."

"Who would buy our fish, then?"—asked one of the throng.

"As for that," answered Stokes, "if they would give me their fields and their money bags, I would'nt ask to sell another fish as long as I lived."

"I don't see," exclaimed master Jack, as he was about to stow a goodly sized slice of bacon, which he held in his greasy paws, into his mouth—"I don't see that they are any better than us, let them have ever so many painted feathers on."

"Hold your jaw," said Zephaniah to his adopted son, "and eat your fat, if you don't want another clout on your head—can't you let your betters alone?"

The youth seemed much inclined to pursue the subject, and deny the implication of the last remark—for the idea, young as he was,

seemed festering in his mind—when the sun-burnt visage of an old fellow was thrust in the doorway, accompanied by a sort of chuckling “well boys, how goes it.”

The interruption came in the shape of one of the humblest of the humble specimens of that universal brotherhood, denominated pedlars, who have spread themselves more or less over the civilized world. From the earliest day of the Ishmaelites, who were condemned to *wander*, and soon learned to *steal*—through the doubtful dynasty of the vagrant Bohemians—even unto the lackland citizens who compose the guessing and swapping flower of the species in America—that community has existed, and probably ever will do so, until the end of time.

“Come in and eat,” was the gruff but not unhearty answer to his salutation.

“Thank ye, my boys, but I am not hungry; my belly does not cry meat,” replied this petty vender of tape and almanacks.

“He has been up at the big house, yonder,” said some one, “and got his jacket lined; let him alone.”

“I know I have been there,” answered pedlar Billy, in a deprecatory tone of voice; “but they asked me, and I could’nt help eating; but I don’t thank them—I never thanks people to eat in their kitchen.”

“That’s right, my hearty,” said Stokes;

“here take a swig—I warrant them highflyers gave you no whiskey.”

“Not a drop,” answered Billy Greis, after draining in a long sigh, and wiping his dirty chops with the back of his hand; “they gave me some groundy coffee and old cast off meat, hardly fit for a dog.”

“Then it was fit for you,” said Jack, breaking in, “for you know you are a dog to fetch and carry; an’t you?”

Greis turned somewhat fiercely, but he was no match for the stout boy; after therefore casting his eyes covertly round, over the hard-favoured group, in vain hopes to catch some sign of disapprobation, he burst into a forced laugh, and said—

“Aye—he—he—he—for you I can fetch and carry, well enough; but not for such as them up there—my gear is not grand enough.”

In this the ungrateful knave told the truth, for the wretched trash he carried could all have been bought with a few fish; but he forgot to tell that Mrs. Lee, after hearing his tale of a sick family, helpless wife, and all the etcetera of a beggar’s formula, had given him in silver about one-fourth the value of his whole pack.

“Well, you may carry your dog’s ware to another market, daddy,” retorted the youth, “we can buy cheaper and better at old Nanty’s store.”

“Hold your jaw, you vagabond,” cried

Zephaniah, "because the poor old man must peddle about for a living—its no reason you should browbeat him whenever you see him."

Mr. Gropp was the only person who could silence his son, and this reproof had the desired effect; although the lad's eye sparkled with pleasure, at the thought, that there was somebody whom he could browbeat with impunity.

As for Billy Greis, the pedlar, after begging in his own peculiar way, and chaffering a long time, and after bearing innumerable jokes, by which every one, except the master, testified his sense of superiority, he eventually obtained a small fish a few cents cheaper, perhaps, than if he had taken it at first.

"Let him have it for his money, Jack," said Zephaniah, weary perhaps with his pertinacity.

"Stand out of the way then," said the boy; but at the same time, swinging the fish in such a direction, as to make it fly souse into the face of the mendicant. A loud laugh testified his delight and triumph; but it was well for him that he was out of the reach of his father's arm, who, on his part, assisted the poor old man to rise from the stones on which he had fallen; and succeeded, at last, in pacifying him, although he was enraged to the utmost degree. This he accomplished, chiefly, by refusing to take any thing for the fish; and then turning to

Jack, he said, with much suppressed wrath, “you are not decent enough for a fisherman, I must put you to something else.”

CHAPTER VIII.

ZEPHANIAH GROPP, although an individual of an exceeding humble station in life, and withal, somewhat inclined to strenuous potations, was yet sound hearted, and as far as his mother wit, for he had no education, would carry him, sensible and shrewd. Owing to this, although, of course, a staunch and stable republican, he was a respecter of dignities, and dignitaries, and found, as all men will, if they take but time and trouble to the experiment, his interest in being so. He was something of a favourite with several gentlemen, who appreciated his good qualities, and took no offence, whatever, in the civility of his demeanor; and had it not been for the unfortunate propensity, just alluded to, he might have risen in the world. But whiskey is as much a leveller of the mind, as death is of the body, and more dangerous—for while we fly from one, we hug and caress the other. Besides this fault, also, he had one other, which lay in a wrong theoretical application of some favourite opinions, which did him no farther temporal harm, than

to make him view his criminal indulgence, in liquor, as but a venial trespass; but which could, by no means, shake the fixed honesty of his principles. As it is not, however, requisite, in real life, to use the same ceremony with such an individual, as to one of higher rank, we will, therefore, walk straightway into his abode, and there introduce ourselves without ceremony.

The fishing season was ended, and a few days had already elapsed—the unsold truck had been salted down—the nets laid aside for a careful overhauling—one or two trifling articles of luxury purchased, to wit: a new gown, handkerchief, and some small articles for the wife, a Sunday coat for Zephaniah, and a new suit for Jack. It was when the slight bustle, occasioned by all this, was over, and the fisherman had relapsed into his accustomed habit of irregular work, and occasional slings, that one sultry evening, found both husband and wife sitting, composedly, in a little room, dignified by the name of parlour. The former had been indulging himself, just sufficient to render him argumentative and loquacious, and he began, of course, with what was uppermost in his heart.

“I don’t know what to do with Jack; I’m afraid he’ll turn out good for nothing, after all.”

This was ejaculated rather than deliberately

said, as much as to intimate that his wife might express her ideas upon the subject if she chose, but that he would not humble himself to ask her so to do. In fact, like all such mellow sinners, who have sensible wives, he stood in no little awe of Mrs. Zephaniah Gropp, and although he would have scorned to own it, really on many occasions valued her opinions.

The good woman wanted no further intimation to speak on so interesting a subject, for she loved the wayward child as if he had been her own, and had silently and sorely grieved at the course which his mind appeared to be taking.

“Oh Zeph,” she said, “I am afraid you will have a great deal to answer, for that poor boy, both here and hereafter; though may be you don’t think so.”

“Why, I’ve done my duty to him, hav’nt I? He can read and write, and knows his tables, and isn’t he fed and clothed, and not a cent to pay—umph—I think I have done my duty.”

“Yes, Zeph, that’s all right—but then you are always putting such wild notions into his head; and he takes them up ready enough, I warrant you—only see if they don’t bring him into trouble.”

“Why, as to that,” answered the fisherman, with an almost imperceptible wince and a slight shying off to another view of the sub-

ject—"I have always told Jack to be less free of his tongue; he does nothing but abuse the rich, as if they were so many villains; but the damned little rascal browbeats every body he dares already—I've watched him often. However, I will see more about it;"—and with that, and a motion indicative of impatience, he ceased, seemingly desirous to close the conversation; but Tabby Gropp went on, notwithstanding.

"But it's not that—and that's bad enough too—but it's another thing that I'm afeared will bring him into trouble. You've no business to be taking him every Sunday to hear that young fellow Snivel preach—why, he has no more education than Jack himself."

"He lectures reasonable enough, though—for he don't call it preaching—but I can't see why a man may'nt make as good a parson without learning as with it. All the apostles had none of it, he says—why should he?"

"Ah! but they had the gift of tongues, Zeph, and a great many other gifts, besides, to make it up to them, and it's a shame for Snivel to talk that way—but it's just like him."

"You know nothing about it," retorted the husband—"women are made to stick to their kitchen, and not to talk politics. None of your fire and brimstone parsons for me—the

devil was got up to frighten children with, as Snivel says."

"Very well, Zeph," said Mrs. Gropp, "you may think what you please—but I am determined to believe what my mother, and my mother's mother believed afore me—and they were both good women, and I hope went the right way."

"I don't care what the old nannies believed," replied the fisherman, "you don't think to humbug *me*—Fi tol de rol, de rol."

"*Very* well; but I must tell you, you are spoiling the boy; and it was only about a week ago that I caught him swearing a dreadful oath, and I told him how wicked he was, and that he would go to the bad place, but he laughed in my face, and told me Snivel said there was no hell, nor devil either. Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think he is a young rascal," exclaimed Zephaniah, roused inadvertently; "and I'll clout him over the head for his impudence, that I will."

"You had better," said the single sighted Mrs. Tabitha Gropp; "try to wean him from all those dreadful notions, that, do what he will, he can not make God angry with him; that will be better than clouting him, Zeph."

"It is too late," answered Zephaniah, slowly and with a changed countenance—for the lengths of practical application to which Jack

carried his father's doctrines, somewhat staggered him—the more so, as he viewed its consequences,—“It is too late to undo it; but I wish I could get him away from this cursed neighbourhood.”

“That *would* be a fine thing—can't you think of any person to help you—try now.”

“No, damn it; do you take me for a grand Turk, just to have whatever I ask for all at once.”

“Try Mr. Lee,” said Tabby, who, by the way, never got angry with a husband whom she really loved,—and reverting of course to a man that, wherever he was known, was looked up to for the benevolence of his actions.

“That I will,” exclaimed Zephaniah, striking his hand upon the table, “that I will, for he *is* an honest man; and besides I've paid him my rent, and don't owe him a farthing.”

Here the conversation ended; the good woman was satisfied with the prospect thus held out, and the fisherman, between his vexation on the one hand, and hopes of finding a patron on the other, betook himself for further consolation to the whiskey jug. An hour afterwards found the wife safely stowed in her humble bed, and Mr. Gropp completely muddled and merry through the effects of his frequent potations.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is something exceedingly grateful, and withal worthy of the deepest reverence, in the picture of a gentleman, liberal, wealthy, and well educated—who without ostentation is willing to assist the poor, not only with his advice, but with a portion of his overflowing plenty—who, without being noisily obtrusive in his patriotism, is yet forward and fearless at his country's call, and willing, when required, to dedicate his time and talents to her service. A rare character, indeed, of which the pretended philanthropist on the one hand, and the brawling politician on the other, are the base counterfeits. Such a one was Mr. Edward Lee, whom we will, for the second time, introduce before our readers.

Besides being a well-wisher to mankind in general, he had an especial regard also for every one whom chance or circumstance brought to serve or labour under him. He knew Zephaniah Gropp to be unfortunately addicted to the bottle, but having found him, on all occasions, honest and good tempered, the fault was overlooked, if not forgiven. Indeed, despite our sternest reason, those vices, be they ever so great, which injure only their possessor, are never viewed with half that in-

dignation as those which affect others. That offence which affects the perpetrator injuriously, and him alone, is very little reprobated by society—that which proves hurtful to our neighbours, is by a species of laudable sympathy, more calculated to raise our indignation—but that which prejudices us, individually, is a serious evil, and deserving of the highest and most condign punishment. Thus premeditated murder is the same on all occasions; its hue is alike black and malignant; but how different is the feeling excited against a fratricide and a '*felo de se*?' Scorn—detestation—horror—loathing, follow the one; pity—compassion—perhaps sympathy, the other: yet in either instance, the life of a human being is wilfully and unlawfully taken.

Early in the morning of the next day, a small boat was put in requisition, in which Zephaniah, creeping along the pebbly shore, glided onward, until the superb seat of Mr. Lee loomed before him.

That gentleman entered into a minute inquiry respecting the peculiar object and wishes of the fisherman; and although he felt a slight sensation of returning anger at the recollection of the uncalled for insult offered by the very youngster in question, yet the next moment he justly considered that the necessity was greater, if possible, to rescue him from a course of life which seemed calculated to excite and

cherish his surly violence. He therefore continued his questions with regard to master Jack's qualifications, to all which he received, considering the subject matter, most satisfactory answers.

"I will consider of this, Mr. Gropp," said he at length—"you may call upon me this day week, and if I can obtain any situation for your son, I will let you know. It would give me great pleasure to rescue him from the miserable life with which he is threatened, and which few men are qualified to go as innocently through with as you have done. Depend upon it, I will do what I can."

This was not only a favour, but accompanied with a downright compliment, and the fisherman felt his heart swell within him as he made his best bow, and departed. He was indeed highly delighted with his visit and the reception he had met with, although Mr. Lee had offered him nothing to drink, and had dismissed him the moment their conference was over.

When the period had elapsed, the anxious father was again at the friendly mansion, and soon found himself in the presence of his benefactor.

"I have procured for your son," said Mr. Lee, "a situation, humble enough, indeed, but much superior to any he could have a right to expect. In this country, Mr. Gropp, if only

those who have fortunes can enjoy them, it is pleasant to know that the road is open to all."

Zephaniah expressed a grateful assent to what he did not exactly understand.

"William Clove, the grocer," continued Mr. Lee, "who deals very extensively, and is moreover, a man of strict integrity, will give employment to a boy who can make himself useful in carrying parcels, moving boxes, weighing sugars, and in short, in doing any thing and every thing required of him. As a recompense, he can board with one of his clerks, and will also receive a trifling allowance for his clothes. Upon himself depends his future prosperity." The fisherman almost fell upon his knees, and became for once loquacious without being tipsy. He loaded his patron with a profusion of thanks, and after receiving a note of introduction, directed to Mr. Clove, left him. How much more grateful would he have been, had he known the fact, that the small extra allowance to Jack, was, for the first year, to come from the pocket of Mr. Lee, as the sugar merchant refused, for that initiatory period, to allow more than the mere board.

Gratitude is a lovely sensation, and in the case of Zephaniah Gropp, especially, who knew that he could never even dream of repaying the debt, it was doubly so.

When he returned to his wife, the good woman wept with joy at the success of his appli-

cation, and even the fisherman himself felt no little pleasure at the idea, as he expressed it, of getting Jack clear of the ragamuffins whom he associated with; but the fact was, that the prospect of having his too ready ears shut to Mr. Snivel's doctrines, moved him heartily, though he would not own it even to himself. The good woman was more downright.

"Thank God," said she, "the poor boy will be out o' hearing of that man who pretends to be so saint-like—he must be made to go to other churches, and to learn better things."

Mr. Gropp clung to his popular creed, chiefly because it was popular. At the commencement he had been laughed into it, and was now zealous through fear of being ridiculed if he deserted it; he would not either stand idly by whilst it was attacked.

"Can't the woman be satisfied," said he, "without always abusing Snivel, poor fellow, who never did her any harm—be still wi' ye."

"Very good," answered Mrs. Tabitha, with a sober toss of the head, "we shall see one day what all this will come to; but thank heaven, our boy is rid of him."

"Thank heaven," almost repeated the fisherman, but he checked the word, and on the contrary undertook to advocate the cause of his favourite lecturer.

"Snivel says, he is actuated by saintly be-

nevolence; he lectures us upon our duties here, and the non-accountability, as he calls it, of all God's creatures hereafter; he would have us, he says, love to do right, not fear to do wrong; fear, he says, is the offspring of—of—I forget what—but the offspring of something or other."

"Very good," ejaculated his wife, "all very good, Zeph. I know I can't argue against your fine words; but you see what it has come to in poor Jack already—there's proof enough. One thing I know," added she, with a tear in her eye, "Snivel can never make you bad, because you're too honest like; if I thought he could make a villain of you, I would sooner go to my grave than see the time."

"Don't talk that way, woman," said Zephaniah; "come, don't be sad over it; no Snivel in the world shall change my principles. I'm over old for that; but that we may be well enough pleased to get the lad away from him, I won't deny." A cordial wringing of the hands was the consequence of this rude burst of affection, and they then commenced speaking of the future destination of their boy.

"He must go to Mr. Lee, of course," said Tabby, "and thank him in person for his kindness. I think he ought to have a new jacket, Zeph; the suit he has got is too coarse like."

"He ought to go for certain," answered the

husband; "but hav'nt I told you a hundred times that Mr. Lee is none of those jockies that look at a man's clothes before they look in his face. Jack may wear his roundabout, and be none the worse for it with him."

Mrs. Gropp acquiesced, and observed with a gratified smile,—

"He must be sure to tell him, how very much he is obliged to him, and he must ask after Mrs. Lee and the young lady—he must show his manners like, you know."

"Umph," said Zeph, "a fish cabin is'nt a school for such sort of Frenchified nonsense; and he ha'nt learnt as much as he might; but he must just go straight forward to the old gentleman, and tell him nat'rally that he thanks him kindly, and is very grateful for his favours."

"Yes," added the wife, "and he may say how he'll try to deserve his goodness—and he must be sure to say he hopes Mrs. Lee and the young miss are well—he must'nt forget that; and I wonder, Zeph, if they would be too high minded to take a box of nice smoked herring—eh?"—

"I honour them all," replied the fisherman, "for their goodness, but they don't expect no return, except it may be thanks or the like, and so we'll just dress up Jack and send him—but here he is himself."

"Come here child," said the mother, putting down her sewing, and raising the spectacles from her eyes to the forehead—"your father

will put you into a grocery, which is a fine place; and Mr. Lee, that good gentleman, got it for you, so you may one day be a rich man and hold up your head with the best of them, if you please."

"I don't thank Mr. Lee for it, though," said the youth, whose eyes nevertheless sparkled with delight at the novel prospect; "these rich men always like to make us work like horses for them."

"Oh fye, Jack, is this your gratitude for such good luck," said the mother.

"It may be luck or not for what I care—I'll go to the place if you say so, but I don't thank any body to make me another man's nigger—I don't."

"Hold your jaw, you damned little ungrateful rascal," said the fisherman, utterly unable to conceal his disappointment and wrath, "you are not fit to be called a man."

"Why, what great things has Mr. Lee done," asked the young hopeful of his mother, for the incensed father had left the room, probably to avoid striking him, "he only went to that Clove—and do you think Clove would take me if he did not want me;—I don't see any thing to make such a fuss about."

Being in this temper of mind, the project of personal thanks was of course abandoned, and master Jack was shipped on board one of his father's boats, which soon bore him to the

wharf of Mr. Clove. Here he was entered, somewhat to the surprise of that gentleman, by the name of John Poguey; for he had heard of him as the real son of Gropp, and not as his adopted child; but the surprise was soon over, and the new apprentice set heartily to work.

CHAPTER X.

THE chances for wealth and promotion in a republican country are so multifarious, and present themselves so continually, that it would form a subject of unmixed gratulation, were it not for the see-saw consequence of individual prosperity, through which, when one goes up, another is sure to go down. This fact can, by the way, only be observed by the philosopher and regretted by the philanthropist, for there are not a few who consider the depression and distress of their neighbours as tending, in no slight degree, to sharpen the zest of enjoyment arising from their own good luck.

Fortune almost literally knocks at every man's door, and the tide is sure to flow, and in many instances, reflow past the dwellings of all; but owing to this generality of beneficence, her largesses are more sparingly be-

stowed—and instances of overgrown wealth are rare and remarkable.

Poverty likewise, and want, are less disgusting objects with us than with any other civilized country upon the face of the earth; and our vagrants, as a body, are yet far from that base corruption which spurs them to glory in shame, and to riot openly upon boons obtained from the benevolent or credulous. Diogenes was proud of his rags. What hath the filthy philosopher ever obtained from mankind but a repulsive admiration mingled with wonder and disgust. Yet Diogenes was the king of beggars.

Having placed master John Poguey in a situation, where by his own exertions he might reasonably expect to raise himself, from what is improperly but expressively styled the 'dirt'—we shall pass rapidly over the history of his first year's services, and after a few words, as to his course of ideas and general demeanour, leave him to plod along, and gradually to become an industrious, persevering, and promising man of the world.

We must do him the justice to say, that he went about his work with right good will; for being lighter than what he was usually accustomed to, it seemed easier—besides, he was clothed somewhat better; and over and above all, ten dollars had been put into his hands by his employer, in advance, as he said, of his al-

lowance:—but the money came in reality from the bounty of Mr. Lee, who, sufficiently well acquainted with human nature, thought to give the youngster a relish for his business, by letting him see it could bring in money.

It is impossible to express the delight—secret to be sure—which he took in this small sum; one half of it was speedily exchanged for silver, and being placed in his pocket, his fingers were continually jingling the precious treasure. Asleep or awake the prospect of getting rich was attractive beyond all bounds; and one that consoled the youth for many a hard day's service, and bore him up against no little dislike to his masters. He was, in fact, neither of idle mind nor idle body, and in a very few months, with the natural smartness common to most Americans, he had become apt at his duties; and having discerned that his interest lay in a respectful behaviour to his superiors, he was looked upon as a smart lad—one who in all probability would succeed in his endeavours.

John Poguey, with an envious detestation of the rich and genteel, that seemed impossible to be eradicated, nevertheless sickened for some of that very dross, the possession of which in others, had on all occasions so excited his spleen. His ambition, however, was, of course, destined to be fed and strengthened by degrees, and the gain of a few pennies was as

dear to him at the commencement, as was the realization of thousands at the close, of his career. Although often made to smart to the quick at being treated with superciliousness by those others who deemed themselves justifiable in so doing, because they had the power, his ideas of interest soon schooled him, not only to forget his usual impudence of manner, but also even to conciliate, by very subservient behaviour, every one from whom he thought it possible to receive a benefit.

It was not long before some old barrels and empty boxes, together with other trash, raised his first idea of traffic; and after ascertaining that the whole lot was the perquisite of the porter, he soon found means to get it for a trifle, ship it on board one of Zephaniah Gropp's boats, and send it up to the fish wharves above Kensington. This the old man undertook to dispose of, and the result was a couple of dollars into the pockets of the young merchant.

"No, no, boy," said he, in answer to a half offer of master Jack to give him something for his trouble, "I have done all do all for your mother's sake—God rest her soul—she was a good sister to me—take the money and may it prosper well with thee—begone."

'Great oaks from little acorns grow'—and from such a beginning did the fortunes of Mr. John Poguey arise. As he grew upwards his

coat became neater, his air a little more studied, and his whole appearance partook something of the character of a Philadelphian—another word for dapper nicety of dress and demeanour.

As these habits of careful attention to his person grew upon him, and the field of promise began gradually to widen, great changes in his manners and course of ideas came over him. Pride whispered in his ear, and Vanity offered many a sweet morsel to his palate. Shame also did her part in forming the young man's character; and amid all this, his visits to his adopted parents became rarer and more rare, and when made, were sure to be exceedingly short; at length, in the course of three or four years, they ceased altogether.

"I see," said the old man to his wife, "I see Jack is growing a Jack-a-dandy, like all those high flyers down there! But it's better for him I reckon, than to be a fisherman."

A sigh was all the reply he received; for the good woman had long before perceived the growing indifference of her son, and readily divined the heartlessness of the cause.

"Well, I've done my duty towards him," resumed Zephaniah, "and no one can deny it. I took his little pittance to Mr. Lee, and there it lies yet upon interest—there was no robbing of the orphan, with me."

"Indeed, there wasn't Zeph," answered Tabby, who always sided with her husband,

against the world; "and when he comes afore long to draw his money, he may think of all you did for him, and be more grateful like."

"Then I gave him an education, to read and write, and to cypher half way through the assistant," growled the old man, who seemed to take a dissatisfied pleasure in recapitulating his good acts to the young gentleman.

"That you did, Zeph," replied the wife.

"After that I took him out a fishing with me; and it wasn't my fault that he turned out good for nothing there."

"No, indeed not."

"Let one hammer him over the shoulders with an oar, or knuckle him in the face, or kick him like the devil, it all did no good, he was just as bad as ever."

"Ah," returned the wife, "he got bad notions in his head, poor child."

"Well," said Zephaniah, "no matter for that—then I went to Mr. Lee, and we got him a fine place—when the young rascal learns to dress up like a sonny—but who cares—"

And so, with the philosophy of necessity and impotency, Mr. Gropp swallowed his mortification, as he best might; and tried to forget it as much as possible.

And here we must also bid farewell to the ingrate, only observing, in general, that he gradually got together a little money on his own account—became a fiery politician, di-

recting his attacks chiefly against the educated and the well descended, and succumbing only to those from whose favours any benefit could reasonably be expected. Having said this much, we will introduce the reader once again into better, and we would hope, more congenial society.

CHAPTER XI.

THE morning of life is the season in which we may hope to struggle with and overcome adversity. Despair seldom visits the smooth forehead, or sits upon the yet unwrinkled skin; but that misfortune is chiefly to be dreaded, which lurking, unobserved, in the flowery paths of youth, or perhaps fleeing far from them, forbears its malice, until the voice of spring is heard no more—until the sinewy summer of life has passed away—until pale and shivering autumn has come; and then, when the bright prospect is already dimmed, and the best props of existence destroyed, strikes with a serpent's fang, and rejoices, not in its individual strength, but over our own unstruggling and miserable submission.

Whilst the eyes of Mr. Thomas Clifford were dazzled by the glitter of success, his attention was withdrawn from the criminal deceit which he had practised to obtain it. This, however, as

we have already intimated, was not of very long duration, and although he combatted conscience for a while, yet, eventually, and by degrees, the monster within, obtained a triumph, partial, indeed, but sufficiently decided, to threaten the after part of his life with the visitations of repentance and remorse. He had, it is true, neither the moral courage to avow his guilt—nor yet, except on some exceedingly rare occasions, the indifference to the vast accession of property it had brought, to induce him to restore it freely to the orphan. Yet was he tormented, with an incessant wish, to effect a compromise, by which he could either still derive some benefit from his late reviving disinterestedness—or, at least, postpone the evil day, until its appearance could but slightly affect him. During the life of his own son, he oftentimes imaged, that he had come to the fixed resolve of making the sacrifice to young Maxwell, upon his arrival at the age of majority; but when busy fancy brought before his view the day, and the hour, and all the circumstances of self-deprivation, the old Adam struggled again within, and whispered him, in the spirit of evil, that a restitution, by means of a last will and testament, would save his soul from damnation, and recompense fully the wrong he had committed. The continued throes of conscience, which would not be stilled, and which seemed fitfully to increase, as he approached the confines of a darker age, began to mark

their inroads by more frequent fits of abstraction—in occasional fretfulness, and in an uneasiness of look and manner—all of which caused him to withdraw, more and more from his accustomed society. In his severer fits of dissatisfaction, he was, previous to the death of his son, in the habit of declaring his fixed and violent determination to dispose of purchase and property, and to seek in the bustle of business that happiness, which he had discovered was not to be obtained in idle retirement; but when sounder reason returned, he doubtless knew too well, the nature of the *ignis fatuus* which had glimmered before him, for he would then appear to discard, with almost angry vehemence, those very inclinations—until another fit of despondency again moved them to the troubled surface of his thoughts.

After his bereavement, however, the deeper grief mastered, for a while, the lesser, and, thenceforth, he never appeared to harbour the slightest desire of change. If any other alteration, in the course of his conduct, was discernible, it was only in the increased affection with which he regarded, and received the pennyless object of his fraud and his bounty. In truth, that which had seemed so ridiculous in the eyes of those settlers of ‘things matrimonial,’ that they thought it—and repeated it—and laughed outrageously at it—without believing a word of it, was nevertheless true; and the old

gentleman was absolutely culling much comfort from the prospect which he, himself, pointed forth, of uniting William Maxwell to his family, and to the fortunes of his house; and he was actually content to dream on for some years, before there could be a possibility of his hopes or wishes being gratified. It became, at last, a mania, and nothing could have saved the visionary Mr. Clifford, from the bitter jests of his benevolent neighbours, but the caution and coldness with which he had learned to veil his wishes from the public eye.

* * * * *

But how shall we describe the beautiful, laughter loving girl, who was a destined sacrifice to this compromise with conscience. The spotless victim was, indeed, worthy of the mediatorial office—with virtue sufficient to recompense, if such might be, a deeper sin, and with a heart generous enough, to brood and sorrow unto death, at the thought of it.

✓ Mary Clifford was just bursting into womanhood;—her person, somewhat *en bon point*—swelled gracefully in her bosom—narrowed in her smooth, round waist—and then curved boldly outwards—the very beau ideal of perfection. Every glance of her eye spoke truth and good will—her face was smiles all over—

Like any fair wave which the beam is upon,

When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun—

and not a word fell from her pouting lips, but was delightful to listen to and dwell upon. She

had, indeed, a happy and inviting mixture of rude country health, tempered with the utmost degree of refinement—an advantage to be obtained in the vicinity of large cities alone, where the mind can be cultivated to any extent, yet the body left free to the mild dominion of nature.

From her youth upwards, she had been accustomed to the company of young Maxwell. He had been, in some sort, the companion of her studies—he had strolled with her in every pleasant walk and shady alley on the estate—he had himself taught her to ride—he had been her play-fellow—her tutor—her friend—yet, with all this—strange, to say, he had not become her lover.

That affection which he had, even in his childhood, given to his parents, and which was laid with them in the grave—refused—as yet, to rise.

Neither the parental, and sometimes overstrained kindness of the father, nor the unscheming and unsuspecting confidence of the daughter, could awaken, within him, the almost heavenly glow of love which his infancy once knew. It was asleep, and whether it would ever revive or not, seemed to depend very little upon those who surrounded him.

But Mr. Clifford's interest and feelings would not permit him to doubt for a moment

the success of his plans. Nothing could tempt him to baulk any scheme which promised to keep the boy and girl together for a few hours; and he was never so much himself, or so calmly satisfied, as when *they* appeared to enjoy each other's society.

These secret desires and wishes, although they remained a mystery to Maxwell, and promised forever so to do, could not be long concealed from the quicksightedness of a young lady—proverbially alive, as young ladies are, to all such interesting matters—and it was almost at the same moment, that Miss Mary came to the convictions of her father's growing weakness both of body and mind, and of his scarcely veiled intentions. In the first, she sympathised with the fond concern of an affectionate daughter, and was soon made to feel that her own laughing good humour, and ready, almost noisy mirth, contributed more to his ease than the most poignant expressions of sympathy; except, indeed, when a deeper fit overcame him, in which case he was left by his own desire in solitude and silence.

As regarded the other matter—the purveying for her a sweetheart; we must be excused for not probing very deeply the blythe complacency of her bosom. Perhaps she felt pleased and delighted at the idea;—entertained also, it may be, much gratitude to her father for his kind attentions, and, (who could deem it

strange?) cast, possibly, a more softened glance of her merry eye towards the winsome and manly subject of her dreams. If all this was so—and we are not overcareful to deny it,—it was but the effect of childish pleasure; and the mirthful maiden's heart was as yet altogether untouched, when, in the course of time, she arrived at the important conclusion that Mr. William Maxwell did not appear inclined to second, in the least, the wishes of her parent. The first feeling consequent upon this, was somewhat allied to anger and disdain; but as she had never entertained the passion of a woman for her frequent companion, she soon learned to master the throe of mortified pride, and thereafter became only alarmed lest *he* too should suspect the schemes laid to entrap him.

She therefore gave him on more than one occasion, after her own childish fashion to understand, that she did, not and would not, care more for him, than as a mere casual friend—all which he took with the utmost good nature and serenity. When this appeared to be settled between the boy and girl, for such they still remained, their intimacy increased, their noisy mirth scarce knew any bounds; and although it boded, too truly, death to all the fine wrought plans of the old gentleman, yet he, deceived by the unrestrained freedom of their intercourse, took comfort in the sight,

and gradually recovered somewhat his former peace of mind and contentment.

A very favourite trip for the young people, was a visit across the country, to the mansion of Edward Lee, whose daughter Elizabeth, with her beautiful countenance and kindliness of disposition, formed the remaining and agreeable person to this trio of youthful friends.

In these visits—if the ladies found much pleasure in each others society—there was not wanting a secret charm also, which induced Will Maxwell never to refuse his escort, and which in truth might have accounted somewhat for indifference to the charms of his more immediate playmate.

But during all this, old father Time has been jogging onward in his eternal round, and we must quicken our pace to keep up with him.

CHAPTER XII.

I WOULD the reader to fancy an exceedingly fair and sprightly girl of eighteen or thereabouts, with a broad, free forehead, dark hazel eyes, cheeks tinted beautifully with the glow of health, cherry lips and a soft, round, dimpled chin, that disputed with them the mastery for loveliness.

Several years of unalloyed happiness had scattered their balmy influence upon Elizabeth Lee,—and she was now a full blown rose—the pride, the glory, the hope of her parents. She was an exceedingly gentle creature, somewhat reserved and silent, except indeed when her bosom friend Mary Clifford was with her—a matter of frequent occurrence. Then the halls and arbours were sure to ring with laughter, and no two beings could appear to enjoy themselves more than did these young ladies; as telling over their little secrets, laying the plans of future entertainment, or criticising with good natured mirth, the various gentlemen of their acquaintance, they let the time slip merrily by, scarce even noting that they had both fairly embarked into the wide world, and were gradually quitting those youthful scenes so lovely to look back upon when lost forever.

Young and inexperienced as was Miss Lee, her spirit had already begun softly to whisper, that there might yet be one other added to her father, her mother, and her friend, upon whom her innocent heart could love to lean: and this knowledge, as it moistened her beautiful eye, flushed slightly her cheeks, and lent an elasticity to every thought and movement, rendered her only more unspeakably lovely and desirable.

With the admiration such an angelic creature is sure to awaken, there is in the contem-

plative mind a painful thrill excited, to behold the brightest picture of purity and beauty—perhaps the only one which this earth can afford—and to reflect the while upon the fleeting moments of pleasure, and the years of pain, of sorrow and misfortune, which are destined to follow, like giant and interminable shadows, those meteor gleams of joy—to see one so lovely, yet so human, and to know that all her capacity for sweet and inexpressible happiness can not shield her a moment from the lot of humanity!

But all this perhaps is but the dream of an hypochondriac; at least the fair Elizabeth would have pronounced it so—and rightly,—for that wisdom which foresees the evil it can not prevent, is the outer species of folly.

Like the bird upon her own boughs, she dreamed only of a sunny indefinite future; forgot the past, and enjoyed the present; and such is the summit of happiness—or should be. It was on the morning she had attained her eighteenth year, that Miss Elizabeth might be seen sitting in a small parlour or ‘boudoir,’ which, without being so dignified by name, was generally understood to be especially her own. The furniture was tasteful and elegant; the most prominent article of which was a splendid Piano, the favourite companion of her lighter hours within doors. To this might be added a book-case with a choice selection—a sofa, work-table, and all those *etceteras*

which may well compose the adornments of a young lady's withdrawing room. Miss Lee, herself the chief object of admiration, sat gazing composedly upon the broad Delaware, whose chequered waves, slanting off the sunbeams from their tiny bosoms, threw upwards one broad stream of refulgence—which mingling with the more proper sunlight—lent a splendid mellowness to the scene. Her hair was no longer rolling over her white round shoulders, but was gathered up after the fashion of the day, and she wore a fawn coloured silk, which encroached just so far upon her neck as not to conceal that from the delighted gaze which might well be shown; and at a general view, she presented the most perfect figure of a Hebe imaginable.

The fair subject of our examination had not sat long, ere her mother—whom we do not care especially to introduce to the reader—entered the apartment; and after bestowing a parent's gaze of pride and affection upon the beautiful girl, she mildly enquired—

“Have you gone completely through your lessons this morning, my love?”

“No, indeed mamma, I have not,” replied Elizabeth; “I was strolling in the garden, and then was at the green house, so when I came in I felt tired, and thought to read a little.”

“Well my child,” said the indulgent mother, “do as you please, only be careful not to forget

what you already know. But what book are you reading—it looks like a new one?”

“Yes, mamma, so it is,” replied the young lady. “William Maxwell brought it to me last time he called; it is the *Romance of After Life*—the new novel.”

“Why Elizabeth, my love, you will soon make William Maxwell your librarian altogether. How many books has he already brought you?”

“Only three sets, mamma,” answered Elizabeth, with something very like a blush! “only three, and one or two new pieces of music.”

“*Music!* has he brought you music also—why I never knew of this. Does he insure his welcome *always* by presents?”

“Oh *no*, mamma,” said the maiden, blushing still deeper, “he does not—only now and then, when he thinks there is something new, which I have not seen; but my name is not in them, so they are his yet.”

A momentary pause was the consequence of all this, which became too embarrassing for Miss Lee, who turning hastily round, exclaimed—“Do let me sing you the last song, máma—you can’t think how pretty it is.”

And so, in the most innocent manner imaginable, and with no little hurry, she opened her piano; and whilst a smile of affection, if not of approbation, lit up her mother’s features,

she sung with much effect, though not without some trepidation and confusion—

With a heart as light and a voice as free
As the merry, merry bird on the greenwood tree,
 The youth who woo'd
 Thy wayward mood,
Now bids farewell—farewell to thee.

Well—well thou knowest th' enduring chain,
Which thy ready, ready hand soon snapt in twain,
 And now no smile
 Shall ever wile
The freed one to thy bower again.

Oh think not to thrall as thou thrall'dst him before,
For the sunny, sunny days of his love are o'er:
 He hath sworn the vow
 He leaves thee now,
And whither he lists will he roam once more.

With a heart as light and a voice as free
As the merry, merry bird on the greenwood tree,
 The youth who woo'd
 Thy wayward mood,
Now bids farewell—forever—to thee.

When she had finished this willing task, the parent rose, and kissed her darling child; and without a word, left her to her own reflections. These were mixed up with shame, affright, and pleasure. It seemed that in the very chance by which she made the interesting discovery of the state of her heart, her mother had also become privy to the truth:—a flowery prospect opened before her, but its very novelty terrified

her; and she soon came to the sage conclusion that she did not care more for William Maxwell than any other young gentleman of her acquaintance. As for his presents, they were but trifling matters, and might be treated as such. It soothed her heart, however, to its very core, to think that instead of what she considered and feared should have been a well-merited reproof, she had only received a kiss.

But Mrs. Lee did not lose the earliest opportunity of giving the alarm to her beloved spouse; in such a manner, however, as not to express an opinion herself upon the subject; for she could not, in the depths of her bosom, disapprove her daughter's choice, though she would not openly sanction, until Mr. Lee had previously done so.

She began the subject with something very like tact—"I think it high time, Edward, that Elizabeth should see a little more of the world than is to be found in our own neighbourhood; she should be permitted to visit the city, and learn better to appreciate all that she sees and hears, or she will become too romantic over her novels and her music."

"With all my heart," returned Mr. Lee, "and the sooner the better; I would have her accomplished and sensible, and have no objection to see her settled in life. I suppose that is to the purpose."

"No, I do not mean that," said mama, a

little disdainfully, not indeed at her husband, but at her husband's sex; "I wish her to go more fully out, that she may *not* be settled too soon in life."

This was said to feel the way to a more explicit confidence; but Mr. Lee only laconically answered, "ha—" as if other thoughts were claiming his attention; he soon, however, roused himself to a more perfect recollection of his wife's speech, and exclaimed—

"How—what—explain yourself, dear Mary—I don't understand you."

"Why, my love," answered the lady, "these foolish girls, who mope at home—to be sure, Elizabeth does not mope at all—but when girls of her age live so secluded, and do not see a great deal of gentlemen's society, they are not so discriminating, perhaps, as they should be; their judgment is of course, not so well ripened—they—they—in short, they—

"What do they?—let us have it in short, Mary."

"They," answered the mother, forcing the word out of her lips—"they become foolish, if they are too much to themselves, and may chance fall in love with the first one they meet."

"And is Elizabeth in danger of such a thing?" asked Mr. Lee, with something of awakened curiosity and apprehension.

“Indeed, my dear, I do not know; and do not believe she is, and *if* she is, I can not tell whether it would meet with your approbation, or not. William Maxwell, I find, is in the habit of making presents to her of books and music. Now you know all I know, and may judge for yourself.”

The father mused some time in silence, and his subject of thought appeared to be far from agreeable. At last he spoke.

“William Maxwell is an industrious young man,—of talent, and good principles, but has nothing else whatever to depend upon.”

“Dear Edward,” faintly breathed his wife, in a deprecatory manner, for she thought—though she would not utter—“we have but one child, and more than enough for her.”

This sentiment, however, did not pass her lips, and the ejaculation seemed unheeded, or at any rate passed without answer.

Tired at length of so uncommon and unusual a silence, Mrs. Lee rose up, approached her husband, and said:

“You know all I wished you to know, dear Edward; so you may think of it, and tell me what is best to be done.”

So saying, she left him to his books and his thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE reader may account for the unexpected coolness and abstraction with which Mr. Lee received the interesting confidence of his wife, by being informed that he had several absorbing causes for uneasiness, which he could not then resolve to communicate; but which his foresight told him must one day become public.

Indeed, it would have needed no prophet to warn the merchant, that those favouring gales of fortune, which with little intermission, had filled the sails of five generations, must necessarily be expected soon to cease. He had been already lucky above most others; for whilst old, respectable families were seen to dwindle away into forgetfulness—giving place in estate and consequence to novel adventurers, until their very names were almost forgotten—he had still maintained the dignity of his line, unsullied by shame or poverty. But he was, unfortunately, unmindful of that invaluable advice of Horace, so beautifully translated by Cowper:

But oh! if fortune swells thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

That canvass—a part of which, during a long reach of success, should have been carefully

furled—was widely outspread, for the benefit, indeed, of others, as much as himself; and had Mr. Lee but the inclination and the power to recall but a moiety of what he had expended in charity, he need never have dreaded misfortune in after life.

Besides this threatened reverse, which only secretly lowered in the distance, there was another evil, the effects of which had already been felt, and which was also public and known, and brought with it a full share of those natural feelings of disappointment consequent upon it.

It happened, a year or two previous to the conversation here recorded, that Edward Lee had been nominated by the citizens of his district as a candidate for the coming Congress, and was duly elected. Such an extraordinary event, both in cause and consequence, demands elucidation; and we will give it.

That especial community, of which he was a member, in common with the whole country, had arrived at such a pitch of patriotism, that the excessive attention which they bestowed upon the object of their affection, threatened to derange its systematic operations, by too much experimental handling and bungling—the unavoidable incident thereto. Many and great were the changes which had been effected in those models, which Washington and Franklin considered perfect, as human frailty would permit. Representatives were despatched to

Congress—Judges to their benches—Governors to their chairs, for one year only. Eighteen was the legal age at which a man could vote, and as every thing was done in a hurry, and nothing retained long enough for a fair trial, the noisiest politician was sure to succeed best; and strength of lungs, and weakness of conscience, were a patriot's most available qualifications. Under this state of things, general elections seemed almost of every day occurrence, and as they were nothing else than huge 'catapulta and battering rams,' by which to break down the approach to office; and were worked, moreover, by immense crowds of citizens, the natural uproar—confusion, and insecurity, may well be imagined. The system of government—the social contract, as it shielded, of course, those in office, was ever viewed by those out, with jealous hostility—and often attacked. Three several times, within half a century, had the constitution of the state been altered, and three several times the patriotic mass were still dissatisfied. The happy few in place, knowing how very soon they could be dislodged, were less anxious to perform their duties faithfully, than to acquire partisans to sustain them in the eternally recurring struggle: for whatever their merits or circumstances, they were certain, in some shape or other, of being attacked by the million. These onsets, made without stint or measure, were felt to the

full by the government as so many stabs at its vitality, making up in number what they lacked in strength. In the mean time, liberty had increased gloriously; every man said, thought, and almost acted, as he listed; and none were looked upon with more disdain than those, who, like Mr. Lee, retired within the bosom of their families, and gazed from the loop holes of retreat with a lazy and perhaps scornful eye, upon the unsteady world around them. The country was becoming surfeited with a good thing—but how could such as he prevent it?

One decidedly injurious effect of this liberto-anarchism, might be discovered in an uneasiness of restraint, even of things fitting and proper, which seemed gradually to grow upon the unthinking, the ignorant, and, in some measure, the well informed. It was not so much caused by a sober conviction of its truth, as by an ardent political zeal, which continually progressing, refused, altogether, to be stripped, even by the sanctions of those truths which had, to a great extent, been hitherto deemed eternal and unalterable.

It would, indeed, seem that the mind of man, whether it be sunk into the abyss of ignorance, or elevated to the highest reach of science, becomes, at such extreme limits, unable justly to appreciate the Being who formed it. Like the bewildered wanderer, in the noisome labyrinth, on the one hand; and like the fabled

Alemene on the other, an exceeding degree of darkness or light equally blinds, dazzles, and destroys it.

Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind—

says the immortal Pope—and in it he gives a picture scarce dark enough for the reality. But the reverse is even yet more deplorable—reason is cultivated—the faculties developed—science is sought after—is wooed, and is won; and man becomes proud of his knowledge. He reasons upon every mystery, rejects every proposition, and boldly denies any truth he can not readily comprehend.

There is an unbridled licentious freedom, such as no man can safely be entrusted with, which will suffer no deductions from its claims on the score of superior wisdom, or learning, or intelligence. It can even groan under a subjection to the Most High, until depriving him of his undoubted attributes, it would reduce his omnipotence into impotence. It is this evil spirit that has partially distorted that benevolent and amiable creed, which teaches that the anger of a merciful God will not assuredly last *for ever*; and has, in its place, offered a popular theory that denies all future rewards and punishments, without reserve or exception, and, of course, all accountability in an after life. This, to the ignorant—the evil and the

simple minded, living in a community too, the very bonds of which are cemented by the great sanction of the holy scriptures, is an engine, which, bringing heaven down, as it were, into an equality with earth, is fraught with the direst consequences to public peace and order.

It seems probable, that this specious doctrine which proclaims impunity *at once*, in an after life, for every sin committed here, and which provides a mansion among the blessed for the unblushing and sin-glorying criminal, is the smart steed upon which the civilized world is doomed to ride its downward career. Why preach to us heaven or hell, when you promise happiness—*immediate* happiness to all men. That you may incite us, you answer, to virtue in this world, for virtue's sake! Go, then, overturn your altars, destroy your temples dedicated to the living God, and erect others, as did revolutionary France to the goddess of reason; but be careful to place a guillotine by her side—let us worship her; for if she can not teach us what is best to do, how shall we ask it of that Being whose justice we have confounded with guilt—whose mercy we have made impotency to punish, and whose love of virtue we have in effect denied.

By one of those chances, by no means exceeding rare, the prevailing political party could not become unanimous in its choice of a candidate, and growing perhaps tired, like

Doctor Primrose, of being always wise, it departed from its approved course of selecting its favourite from the gifted many, who vaunt their own talents, and qualifications, and love of the people; and very foolishly pitched upon a sober, retired, bookwise, benevolent man. Perhaps, despite to each other, and not any good will to the individual, occasioned them to nominate Edward Lee, Esq. as their representative in Congress. Certain it is that party spirit was at a great height, and threatened to involve, in excessive obloquy, any man who would be venturous enough to obey its behests, so far as to represent it. But of this Mr. Lee was not afraid. The office he had not solicited—in truth, he cared not for it; but, as few men in our ambitious country are perfectly dead to renown and reputation, so the sudden temptation being so honourable, and so deservedly bestowed, prevailed over his better judgment; and he, at length, accorded a reluctant assent to the requests of his fellow citizens. But from the moment that his election became sure, he became unpopular: there were many faults to be found with his reserved bearing, and a thousand misgivings as to his future conduct. A few hoped for the best—many hoped for the worst—all, with a trifling exception, were ready to let loose upon him, and already looked for a change.

Under these favourable auspices, Edward

Lee, Esq. proceeded to the seat of government.

In order to understand the more serious difficulties which beset the exalted path of the new representative, and describe, particularly, the rock upon which his hopes of public fame were irretrievably wrecked, it will be requisite to give a brief view of the state of the grand Commonwealth, when he took his seat, which might be about (the precise year, it is unnecessary to mention) the close of the nineteenth century. America, holding out the right hand of fellowship to every human being, and welcoming strangers from all quarters of the globe, had long been, not only the home of the free, but the asylum of the oppressed. From being the resting place of the fugitive, it soon, to a certain extent, became his dominion; and the far wanderers, with a hatred of oppression, which they justly entertained, brought with them, also, all their preconceived opinions, prejudices, and nationality. After making choice of their adopted country, they always evidenced the strength of their affection, by kindly assisting the simple natives in their art of government. Yet, lovingly as they felt inclined towards their new and bountiful mother, they seldom ceased to exercise an irritated watchfulness over the land they had abjured; and, also, were sure to view with resolute enmity, those conventional brethren, who, coming from

countries, foreign to their own, had sought, also, for rest, plenty, and a little consequence in the new world. The effect produced by all this, rendered the Commonwealth something similar to a valetudinarian, who, after having been prescribing for himself, with tolerable success, is suddenly pounced upon by three or four quacks—all speaking a different jargon—each armed with a patent and infallible medicine, and equally anxious for the impossible honour of curing him.

Thus it was at the period of which we speak. The papers were vexed with vehement calls to the naturalized English, on the one hand—to the naturalized Irish on the other—to the naturalized Germans on the third; and in short, almost every nation had its peculiar call to its rallying bands, that they might congregate and preserve the poor American child which, but for them, was doubtless doomed to expire in its own innocent security. New Holland had indeed not sent out many emigrants, but still a few there were, as a modest little call in one corner of a daily paper, (which requested all naturalized citizens from Botany Bay, to assemble at a certain time and place, and take measures relative to an approaching election of a constable,) amply testified.

Of these various political ‘alumni’ it may be said, that the Irish were the most noisy—the English most dogmatic—the French most

good-natured and careless—the Germans most ignorant and prejudiced—and the Botany Bay-ists most honest!

During all this, Brother Jonathan seemed constrained to resign the care of his natural mother into the keeping of those accomplished kindred. Their zeal was so loud and unquestionable, that it were treason to doubt. They had felt, moreover, oppression in the old countries, and must of course know better how to resist in this. And so, what with a love of peace and dislike of party brands, the native American citizen of character and standing, had nearly dwindled away into a looker-on, only, of his country's greatness; and herein was a manifest and curious difference between the first days of our Republic, and the jealous principles of that of the Sabine ravishers.

But amidst this exceeding great glory, there was an Hydra of evil rearing its heads so openly as to be invisible to none except those interested and ignorant scores who do not wish to see. The security of society, in this eternal strife of elections, became partially unbased; the sanctions of religion were, under the doctrine of non-accountability, gradually losing strength; licentious freedom, on every topic of thought and speech, was considered an illimitable privilege; and the leaders of the party consisted chiefly of those sober industrious individuals who, having taken good care

to divest themselves of their own substance, might well be supposed to know how to manage the concerns of others.

It was at this juncture, that Mr. Lee had the misfortune to occupy his seat among the representatives of the people, at Washington; and a question relative to this state of affairs was raised in that august body, upon which, as was before hinted, were destroyed at once his dreams of serving the public with advantage and success. The evil indeed had become so glaring, that the attempt to apply a remedy was considered not altogether hopeless.

For this purpose, a bill was introduced by some adventurous gentleman, which provided that every privilege theretofore granted to aliens upon their becoming citizens and taking the oath of allegiance, should be, as formerly, enjoyed,—except the single right of suffrage. This franchise they could by no act or profession gain; but it fell, as a matter of course, to their children born within the country.

Ye Gods! past, present and to come—what a hubbub ensued. One would have thought the country ruined forever, or that a plague like those of old in Egypt, was about to visit it. Meetings were called in all directions—addresses were voted, *nem. con.*—mobs congregated, and the expression of public opinion was so *loud*, that there could be no doubt the

scheme met the anathema of the whole country.

Yet with all this, Mr. Lee and many others well knew that the political world, from which had arisen so much noise, constituted but a part of the sterling body; and that there were vast numbers of men, possessing talent, wealth, and respectability, who, silent and almost supine, calmly allowed others to usurp their rightful places and falsely proclaim their sentiments.

It was to aid these, who would not aid themselves, that our representative stood forward; and the event may easily be anticipated. The enlightened few urged, vainly, the propriety of such a provision; it was in vain they demonstrated that those persons who had spent their youth under despotic governments, could never be brought to a just estimate of the value and delicacy of our own—in vain that they instanced with confidence the conduct of citizens born within our borders, who neither trespassing too much on one side or on the other, were more likely to preserve a happy medium between licentiousness and oppression—in vain—all in vain. The spirit of innovation was abroad—the people were aroused—the moral force of opinion was driven furiously onward, and Edward Lee, Esquire, espoused the bill only to see it lost by an overwhelming majority—to meet with the

unmeasured abuse of his constituents—to be marked as a victim for public persecution—to be burned in effigy, and to be threatened with tar and feathering!

Such was the career of the congressman, short and bitter; but his domestic affairs assumed at this crisis an aspect of a much more alarming nature.

He had scarcely reached home, harrassed in body, worn out in mind, ungreeted by a solitary public dinner, and out of humour with the world, ere he received a confidential communication from Smith & Co. advising him of the expected failure of one of their heaviest speculations, in which event the loss would amount to some hundred thousand dollars more than the whole stock in trade, after payment of other debts. Upon a speedy and anxious inspection of the record, Mr. Lee found the intelligence but too true. It was also with mingled alarm and anxiety, that he perceived what a heavy amount of responsibilities lay upon the firm, and he expressed himself accordingly. Nothing, however, could now be retrieved, and it only remained to await, as well as he might, the final catastrophe.

“Who is this John Poguey, that figures so in the books?” inquired the angry examiner.

“He is a young merchant,” was the reply, “on terms of intimacy with our junior partner; and,” added Mr. Smith, “I had come to

the resolution some time since, of imparting to you on your return, my suspicions that all was not exactly as it should be, between the two friends; but it is useless to take any trouble about that, which could only eventuate in a dissolution;—such must now be the case, at any rate.”

Edward Lee, however, required more explicit information.

“I can say nothing,” replied his partner, who was himself a ruined man, “except that I found a heavy sale of coffee had been made in my absence of a week, immediately before an advance in the price of the article. The purchaser must have cleared fifteen or twenty thousand dollars upon the speculation; and I never have been able to eradicate a suspicion, that, notwithstanding a regular entry in the books, the coffee was not sold at the old prices until after its rise.—Certain it is, it was not delivered.”

Mr. Lee was buried in thought, but at last tossed his head in resignation to what he saw could be traced by no stronger clue than suspicion, gave, and next proceeded to a critical examination of the amount the firm was likely to prove deficient. To make a sad story short, it was soon ascertained, that his own and his partner's private estates must be completely absorbed, and still a small balance of unpaid debts remain.

After viewing this picture of ruin in every direction, and arriving at the conviction of its inevitable approach, the unfortunate gentleman took his leave of the compting house, without a word of sorrow or reproach. Still all this was only in prospect, and in spite of mathematical demonstration to the contrary, there was yet a sickly hope to cling to, that some happy venture or unexpected turn might yet prove all his terrors to have been illusory.

It was thus somewhat in the decline of life, when disappointment, at the ingratitude of his fellow citizens was at the bitterest, that he was condemned to see the shadow of misfortune dogging him in the distance. The young and buoyant spirit, as we have already remarked, can meet the evils of life manfully—the very tears which they shed are set with a beauteous rainbow; but those sources of grief and promise dry up as we advance in life, and all that remains of what was once so glad and so bold, is but the tottering wreck of humanity.

Whilst all the feelings which might naturally arise from a keen recollection of the past, and a gloomy foreboding of the future were battling in his brain, he was, as we have seen, called upon by his affectionate spouse—his unflinching partner in weal and wo—to express his opinion upon a subject the most interesting perhaps of parental consideration. We have also seen how he met the unexpected

confidence. Cold, incurious and abstracted, his thoughts seemed furiously driven to that expected downfall, whose effects would be most heavily felt by that beloved daughter, to whom wo as yet had been but a dream. The prospective reverse that stood at that moment aloof, but yet a little way, broke with fearful vivacity before his eyes; and when Mrs. Lee left him to ruminate upon the advances of young Maxwell, his busy fancy only pointed to the poverty and consequent suffering which promised to await them all.

But the cloud was not yet ripe for bursting; and the delay—fruitful as delays always are with sickly hope—sometimes soothed, and sometimes irritated that noble mind, which, accustomed to behold and relieve misfortune in others, too well appreciated the miseries that poverty and want were sure to bring.

The heaviest and most dreaded precursor of the inevitable blow, was the necessity of imparting the secret to his wife and daughter; but as the evil yet lay in futurity, he could not bring himself to visit those partners of his now fleeting happiness with uneasiness and wo, until the dire truth could no longer be concealed; and in the mean time, all went on as usual.

Mrs. Lee receiving no answer from her husband, upon the subject nearest her heart, like a good wife, did not again press the question; but she now was, notwithstanding, by no means

displeased, at an opportunity of watching her daughter's feelings more narrowly, which presented itself in an invitation from Miss Snare, for herself, her husband, and daughter, to a party or rout on the Thursday of the week following; for she well knew it would of course, be a large and somewhat general assemblage, and that William Maxwell would, be present. She, therefore, resolved to go herself, and take Elizabeth also. Her husband's escort was, of course, at her service whenever demanded.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE are a vast many individuals in the social community, who, being endowed by Providence with sufficient understanding, and enjoying likewise the fortuitous aid of wealth and influence, do nevertheless withdraw themselves entirely within their own selfish shell, or go forth into the world only to levy contributions of money and observance from the unthinking multitude. They are actuated by no feelings of benevolence; they shun with trembling every avenue to a deed of mercy; and no blessings ever follow their footsteps. Fortune, learning, talents, are all thrown away

upon such persons; so far from wishing to do good, they have not even the moral courage to repress evil; and if it touch not *them*, it is of little consequence what crime has been committed, or who has suffered an injury. Those persons whom, we should naturally suppose, form the bulwark of safety by the moral influence of their rank and riches; when they avoid the performance of this sacred duty; when their whole care is of their own peculiar goods; and when to preserve these, they will wink at every other evil, and pass it coolly by, are very little worthy of that esteem and consideration, which, if it costs nothing, they are exceedingly willing to possess. The regular course of our narrative, demands that we introduce a species of this heartless genus before the reader.

It must be understood, that at this time, the borough of F***, although retaining its original name, was a place of much greater consequence and resort than formerly. It was the seat of justice of a county which flourished like a garden; and consequently had, besides all the other good things heretofore enumerated, its full allowance of great men in general.

Among the principal of these was Julius Cæsar Snare, Esquire, counsellor at law, a senior member of the F*** bar, and by common consent, a good lawyer, and a mean, penurious, heartless citizen. It was his niece

who resided with him, and kept his house in order—for he was not married—and it was her likewise, who had, as we have seen, sent out cards for a grand rout; which, in other words, might be called a large, and, of course, an indiscriminate party.

Julius C. Snare, was what might well be called a '*mere lawyer*'—which is a term that the profession well understands, but which others must be informed, means a man, who, having given his whole soul to the making of money in one especial line, has neglected systematically, every other accomplishment and object. To him, literature had no charms—science no perfection; patriotism was but a hollow sound—friendship, glittering ice—benevolence, a bugbear.

Wealth was his darling pursuit—vanity the ruling feature of his mind. An unremitted attention to business, and a careful hand over the '*gains of the profession*,' insured him the former; and the latter was so continually busy in fishing for something whereon to feed, that it at length became—if it had not been ever so—almost indifferent to the quality of the garbage it devoured. Occasionally, from those unacquainted with his shallow conceit, he could catch a stray fly, of superior taste, into his net. But then, such a rare dish must cost no *money* in the cooking; for if it came burdened with the charge of a cent, though sweet

to the taste, it was sure to turn bitter in the belly. On the other hand, if extravagant professions, benevolent speeches, (Byron says, 'good words are a species of good deeds,'—but the schoolboy's 'man of words and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds,' is better authority,) and downright specious falsehoods could gain the desirable dish, he was unsparing in their use. For this reason, the counsellor had few or no friends among the more elderly citizens, and retained the younger ones only until they discovered the falsity of his pretensions to candour and benevolence. Being a good lawyer, he maintained, not only his standing at the bar, but acquired a legal reputation, that assisted him greatly in his darling objects. Mixing with gentlemen, he was courteous and urbane, and the few who knew him thoroughly, laughed sometimes at his egregious folly,—anathematized sometimes his abominable cupidity, but eventually let him 'gang his own gait;' for he was, after all, only a gross caricature of themselves; and so, they troubled themselves but little about him. This was, however, the feeling of the old and middle aged. Among the young, the credulous, and the enthusiastic—as wave after wave passed by him—he was for a brief space duly worshipped, until the reverse of the picture was discovered, and the same scene was to be enacted to another. And such was the charac-

ter and nature of his vanity, that the homage of youthful and ingenious minds—bought by deceit on his part—was the most grateful morsel he could digest.

His usual sitting room was neatly furnished; and it might be, indifferently, a parlour or an office. On this occasion, it seemed the former; for he sat with his fat, dumpy figure, and red face, peering over his papers; whilst his sister was quietly fixing some lace which she held in her hands.

After seeming weary of his task, whatever it was, the counsellor turned to his sister, and began very complacently—

“I think it has been a year since you gave your last party, Helen?—ahech.”

“Just about,” answered Helen, stopping her work, and beating her thimble finger playfully against her chin, as if to recall her memory.

“Well, I hope your next Thursday’s one will go off fine—and it’s quite lucky so many of our friends are away—we shall not be so crammed, nor need we prepare so largely—eh!”

“Very true,” brother.

“But mind, Helen—we have *every* thing in the house—let nothing be bought especially—I protest against that.”

“A little cream, brother, and”—

“Oh, such trifles—but nothing of consequence, I mean to say.”

“Of course,” replied the acquiescent old maid—“I will attend to every thing but the wine; as for that, I wish there was none of it; it is always so troublesome.”

At the mention of this expensive item, the counsellor’s face assumed a solemn aspect; and his vexed feelings gave birth to an audible groan.

“Ah, yes—the wine”—said he—“oh—yes—hum—oh, true—how many gallons of that sixty cent wine did we get last week—eh?—it was—ahech—a capital bargain—was’nt it?—how many—eh?”

“Four gallons, brother;” but I think it is a little sweetish; it will hardly do for company.”

“Oh, we can mix it, Helen—mix it, you know—so let Ross bring up some of those old empty bottles from the cellar; and be careful not to wipe the cobwebs off.”

“I can’t bear to see wine drank out of dirty bottles,” said Helen, who was no stranger to this manœuvre of the brother’s; “do let them be cleaned a little.”

“No—no—wine is—ahech—is always valued according to its age—don’t touch a cobweb for your life—I will manage the case—leave it to me,”—and a gleam of tricky satisfaction shot across the round face of the lawyer; and his mean little gray eye twinkled with delight and admiration at the scheme and the schemer.

This pleasant little tete-a-tete was now brought to an end, by the arrival of a young gentleman, who was duly ushered in, and supposed he had the honour of addressing Julius Snare, Esquire.

At the courteous and ready assent, a small note of introduction was delivered, which ran in this style:

“Dear sir—Permit me to introduce, to your acquaintance, my very particular friend, Abel Groatjack, Esquire, a young gentleman just admitted to our bar, and who pays your place a visit, on professional grounds. Any attention will be duly appreciated, by

Yours, very respectfully, &c.

DAVID GRIPFEY.”

Upon the perusal of this epistle, the counsellor's countenance was overspread with benevolent exultation. He gave his usual ‘hech, ahech,’ which was his wont, on all occasions, when his vanity was up, or when about to perpetrate a plausible deceit—and which was a nondescript sort of sound—between the crow of chanticleer, and the clutter, chuck, and chuckle of the more modest hen.

“*Mister* Groatjack,” he exclaimed, jumping up, and seizing him by the hand, “I am *very* glad to see you. Mr. Gripfey is—ahech—a very good friend of mine—and any thing I can do for him, or you, I will. Sit down, sir.

I am—hech, ahech—proud of your acquaintance,—hech—ahech.”

The heart of the young beginner swelled with delight and gratitude, (whose would not?) and he proceeded to question his benevolent friend, and would-be patron, concerning the prospects of the F*** bar. Now, there were some twelve or fifteen supernumerary lawyers there (how different from those Halcyon days, when she had but one) already—but it must have been an execrable morsel to choak the counsellor.

“None better in the state, my dear Mr. Groatjack. I myself,—hech, ahech,—I myself, I say—hech, ahech—chuck, achuck—I am about withdrawing from—ahech—the practice—achuck—and you come in the very time. Indeed, I have latterly refused all business—ahech, hech—except for my old clients, who will have my services; but I am resolved, very soon, to quit it altogether.”

At this, the young gentleman almost felt ready to prostrate himself before such a generous benefactor—forgetting, that a sudden friend is, generally, but a shallow hypocrite—and his eyes, indeed, beamed such downright adoration, that the mean vanity of the counsellor swam in a sea of delight.

“Ah,” he said—“ah, Mr. Groatjack, if I know my own heart, it *does* rejoice in bringing forward young men at the bar, and in assisting

them to a foothold in their profession—it does, indeed”—and he tried to make his little gray eyes soften, into keeping, with his tongue.

What could Mr. Groatjack do?—his gratitude outpoured itself in a profusion of thanks—and, although a very genteel young man, he fairly wriggled in his chair from the excess of his feelings; and when he rose to depart, was as much a slave to the deceitful Dives before him, as ever bent to a monarch.

The old gentleman's vanity was, indeed, tickled to the utmost, and his heart was opened to give him a pompous invitation to his coming fate. “I had,” said he, “determined to dine and wine a few very particular friends, among whom I should have been proud to have numbered yourself—(here Mr. Groatjack bowed low)—but my sister here, claimed a tea-party right—ahech, hech—and we must always yield to the ladies, you know—ha—ha—ha. But stay, sir—that's true—do let me help you to a glass of wine now.”

This request, in the present state of his visitor's feelings, was received by him as a command—and, at the word, sister Helen, taking the well known hint, reached down to an under closet, where a goodly sized black bottle, which might well be viewed as the receptacle of choice stuff—but was, in fact, a receiver of stolen goods—was placed; for it was destined to swallow up the leavings in the glasses of all

chance guests, which thus, carefully gathered, could be applied to cakes for company, or to the lips of some one whose condition of life or state of mind, rendered it improbable he would suspect the cheat.

The counsellor seized the bottle, and excusing himself, on account of the gout, which he said sometimes troubled his little finger, he proceeded in his usual way—pouring, at the same time, the liquid out, as if it were so much molten gold.

“This—hech, ahech—is some very fine old—ahech—sherry; that I manage to keep—achuck, chuck—for a friend or two—you will find it very choice—ahech. Do let me give you another glass.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the gratified youth, “no more”—and by the way, that glass of wine, good or bad, was all he was destined ever to gain from the friendship of his patron. But this latter still detained him—his vanity could never cease fishing for compliments. “You study diligently, I suppose, my dear sir,” said he. “Now is your time—you remember, of course, the familiar advice of Coke.

‘Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas,
Quod superest, sacris ultro largire camœnis.’”

“Yes, sir,” answered Mr. Groatjack—“and Horace, you know, also, has a fine idea, after

maintaining that valour and nobleness of conduct, are inheritable qualities, he goes on to say—

*‘Doctrina sed vim promovit insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.’*”

“Hech, hech”—thought the counsellor, “this is rather a disagreeable young fellow after all; for his own latin was derived from a small book of maxims, in that tongue, and a few lines from Coke, which, like Jenkinson’s cosmogony of the world, he flourished, on all occasions; and no trifle ever vexed him more than to fall with his flourishes upon a real classical scholar”—but he had his answer ready.

“Yes—yes—I recollect the passage—are you sure it is from——oh, yes—true, it is—my memory—hech, ahech—is so taken up with business, that—achuck, chuck—I occasionally forget my latin.”

But Mr. Groatjack never suspected the cheat, and went merrily on. “A celebrated French writer, likewise, Moliere, you doubtless have read him, says”—

“French,” exclaimed the counsellor, breaking in upon him, with a look of great sagacity. “Ah, my dear young friend, you must not court the muses over much—at least, not beyond the law French of Littleton—ha—ha—ha.” And so they parted.

“These poor young men,” observed Mr.

Snare to his sister, as soon as he re-entered the apartment, "how I *pity* them."

"So do I," said Miss Helen, who had just finished pouring a few drops, which the beginner had left in his glass, carefully back into the black bottle, and putting it away. "So do I, for they are none of them worth a cent."

"Not a cent," replied the patron—"nor likely to make any—poor fellows, how I pity them—hech, ahech—chuck—chuck—uck—uck. It was no harm to invite him to the house, though, you know; he won't forget the favour; and one good turn deserves another—eh!"

"Very true, brother."

But now a modest knock at the office door, announced a second visitant.

"Walk in"—and a respectable looking man, in black, entered—whereat, the complacent visage of the counsellor grew immediately sour. "I have been recommended, sir, to you, as a man of fortune, and must beg of you to look over this paper, which calls for a subscription to the Indigent Widow's Society."

This was one of those direct appeals, which sent all Mr. Snare's vanity, at once, to the bottomless abyss.

"Hech—hech," said he, "I will consider it, sir—where do you stay, sir?"

"At Lafferty's hotel; but will leave this early in the afternoon."

“Very good, sir; if I have any thing to give, I will send it there.”

“Why, sir, really the charity is so apparent—so very needful.”

“I will consider of it, sir, I say,”—and he fairly bowed the poor fellow out of the house.

“Indigent Widow’s Society,” ejaculated he, angrily to himself—“pshaw—it’s all a cheat—a humbug—a take in.”

“I dare say,” said sister Helen, who was an old maid, and seemed inclined to agree with her brother in this, with some little irritation, and in somewhat more than her usual passive manner. “I dare say they have each five children. I never heard of a poor widow, in my life, that wasn’t sure to have five helpless children—the slut!”

“Too bad,” returned the counsellor; but whether he meant the observation to apply to the sin of which his sister had accused the poor women, or only the direct appeal, in their behalf, to himself, we can not say—for here another step was heard tottering along the entry, and the door being opened, the face of a miserable looking creature, clothed in rags, protruded itself.

“Another beggar, Helen,” exclaimed the counsellor—“good gracious how they do infest one’s houses.”

“Oh, I’m so sick—so sick,” moaned out the wretched woman, who was, indeed, the very

picture of want and wo; and as she bent towards the ground, with her hands clasped before her, she again moaned out, "Oh, I'm so sick—so sick!"

"Sick, are you?" quoth Mr. Snare; "what's the matter?"

"Oh, it's all over me; it's the shivering fever; and the cold, and the agers."

"Very well—stop a moment—Helen, there's some extract of bark in that closet; give the poor creature a dose."

The lady accordingly rummaged away, until she found it; and pouring out the nauseous compound, gave it to the squalid invalid. Either really sick, or taken too much by surprise, the woman could not refuse, and with much disappointment in her looks, swallowed the physic.

"There—there"—said Mr. Snare, opening the door, "I dare say it will do you much good, poor woman,—there—there—you need'nt thank us—you're quite welcome—yes—good bye."

"I wonder these persevering wretches don't go to the poor house, Helen—they *do* worry the life out of me—and as to these vile church and meeting people, they are always dunning for some society or other, as if I was made of money. It is too bad—*too* bad."

CHAPTER XV.

ONE of the cleverest and most capital manœuvres which Counsellor Snare ever executed, was in bringing the whole bar of the place, to contribute towards the expense of carrying his books and papers into court!

This adroit feat deserves immortality; and will give the reader an insight into a character, unfortunately, too common in the world.

“Helen,” quoth he one day to his sister, “you must let me have Ross to carry up my satchel—it is quite heavy this morning!—*ahéch!*”

“Indeed, brother,” answered the maiden lady, with a deprecating look, “we can scarcely spare him from his other work—can’t you get some one else?”

“No; not unless I pay them for it.”

“Why, *la!* brother, you often make your clients carry your bag—they don’t get paid for it, do they?”

“Not exactly, Helen; but they always seem to think they deserve some little favour—*ahéch*—at my hands for it, and is productive, sometimes, of disagreeable consequences; they are less ready—*achuck*—with their own money bags.”

“Well then, brother,” objected Miss Helen,

who, like all old maids, had a mortal aversion to spare her servants for other persons' business, "there is the cryer of the court, Mr. Snagsfoot; he lives just over yonder, and must attend as regularly as yourself; why may he not do it?"

"True," replied the counsellor, and was lost in thought; but at last he seemed to hit upon some plausible scheme; for his little gray eye twinkled, and his fawning features evinced much inward satisfaction. Above all, his usual heh-a-heh and chuck-a-chuck, boded that some specious deceit had been hit upon.

Accordingly, just before the hour of opening the court, his head was seen peering from the doorway, and no sooner did the cryer heave in sight, than he hailed him with—

"*Good* morning, Mr. Snagsfoot; how do you do this morning?"

"Thank you, sir,—very well—this is a fine day, 'Squire Snare."

"Very fine, Mr. Snagsfoot—walk this way, will you, one moment—I—ahech, hech—want you to do me the favour to carry these few books to the court house, will you? And, indeed, now I think of it, Snagsfoot, we ought *all* to give you some little token at the commencement of every term. It would be a small remembrance for the many little services you do us, eh?—ahech, hech!"

"Indeed, and it would," answered Snags-

foot, taking the bag up very readily; “and I should be much obliged, if you would, sir, do me such a favour; the gentlemen might bestow me a little in that way; indeed, sir, I should be very grateful for your interference.”

“Well, Mr. Snagsfoot, I can tell you it is no more than right *we* should do so; for you seem always willing to do any little errand for *us*; and depend upon it, I will see to it; so just put the books down on the council table, and take care they do not get rubbed—do so—I will attend to *your* business.”

Whereupon,—as a lawyer would say,—the courtly cryer took up his burden with joyous alacrity, and plodded towards the temple of justice.

It now remained for the counsellor to follow up the hint which he had so kindly given, and he accordingly set about it, as if actuated by the very quintessence of benevolence.

Singling out, in the first instance, a young gentleman who had but just commenced practice, and who, although poor, he knew to be open hearted, he addressed him seriously:

“Mr. Dixon, good morning to you, sir—ahech, hech—don’t you think we might, among us, do something for that *poor* fellow, Snagsfoot? he is a worthy, honest fellow, and a trifle from each of us, say fifty cents, at the commencement of every term, would be really a piece of charity to him and his family.”

“I am ready, sir,” answered Mr. Dixon, “to do whatever is right and proper; I will not draw back in a matter of charity.”

“That is very correct, sir,” quoth the counsellor, “we should all—chuck, a chuck—we should all, I say, be charitable to our neighbours. Ah—if I know my heart at all, it yearns for the good of all mankind,—Oh, Mr. Fairview, you are the very man I wish to see. Our friend Dixon here, and I have just been speaking of the propriety of bestowing a trifle—say half a dollar each term, to Snagsfoot—*poor* fellow—ahech—ech—what do you think of it—eh?”

“I will not refuse, sir,” said the last person addressed, with rather a stiff bow, “provided it be a general thing;” and off he walked, damning Julius Cæsar Snare, Esq., for a busy, meddling scoundrel, who, on all matters of giving money, was willing to sink himself to a level with the poorest and meanest wit—be he who he might—at the bar.”

In this way, however, did the counsellor toil to gain his end; which, clothed in the garb of philanthropy, and having for its apparent object, the comfort solely of the poor cryer, he did not fail of accomplishing. And the delighted Snagsfoot, ever after, received his quarterly dole;—whilst his learned and honourable partner, had the double pleasure of a willing drudge at his service; and of knowing,

that by his adroitness, he had most cunningly forced his legal brethren to pay for the advantage.

There are three things will endow an idiot, almost, with cunning—namely, want, love, cupidity.

To sum up every thing in a word, Mr. Snare was sordid, vain, and deceitful—loving praise, and harbouring a variety of the meanest and most pitiful kind—detesting poverty, and every thing in the shape of want and disease: because he might be called upon to minister to the relief of the one, or run some danger of being infected by the other—and deeming his property the dearest thing to him upon earth, except his own person, of which he was, if possible, still more careful.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILST occasional parties, and interchange of elegant civilities were going on, among those whom riches and education had placed in a state of refinement, the ruder million, led on by artful and aspiring demagogues, were far from a state of political or moral quiescence. From the unlucky moment when Mr. Edward Lee was burned in effigy, their taste for

licentiousness, like that of the tiger for blood, seemed only to have increased. The local authorities, themselves, had apparently become awake to the danger; and every means in their power, which indeed meant nothing, or at most, a secret and hurried interchange of opinions among a few, was resorted to, to counteract the evil. But popular tumults are never so dangerous as where the conservators of the peace are linked, either in interest or sympathy, with the mob they would suppress; and such was pretty much the case at present. What better could be expected, when all held their offices for a few fleeting months, and which they were sure to forfeit, upon their evincing the least preference to the laws, over any suddenly conceived prejudice. One little circumstance, however, was observed by a few, and which tended to express, in a language too emphatic for words, how speedily is that power resorted to in time of danger, which is slightly removed from popular influence. Silently, and as a matter quite foreign to any local cause, the small garrison at the United States Arsenal, from twenty men, was increased to forty; and without more, the regular routine of parade and duty was gone on with. This paltry addition was scarcely noticed, yet some knowing ones imagined they saw in it the effects of the fear of those who durst not avow their sentiments, and were

therefore feign secretly to solicit, what might in one sense be termed foreign aid, for their security. What was, indeed, extraordinary, the circumstance was not alluded to by any of the partisan newspapers of the day; which could be accounted for only, by their being busily engaged waging a hot and scurrilous warfare upon the question—whether a felon, who had escaped from foreign justice, could, upon his landing, by declaring his intention of becoming an American citizen, defeat the claims of his former country and of justice. The debate was indeed exceedingly warm; those who were to profit by the villain's vote in future being his steadfast adherents, and those of the opposite side, as steadfastly his enemies.

In the bustle and confusion of this, the magnificent march of twenty men was miraculously overlooked.

Among the mobility, stood one who had now fallen to be somewhat conspicuous; but who, in former years, was the pattern of a quiet, inoffensive citizen—stood—we grieve to say it—Zephaniah Gropp. His former friend and patron, Mr. Lee, had, after finding rebuke and reproof in vain; and after delaying as long as he possibly could, at length refused to lease him the fishery of 'The Elms.' This was the signal for the downfall of drunken Zeph; but it was a fate well deserved—for he had so far advanced in the road to ruin, that in season,

and out of season, he was generally to be found muddled with liquor. Even at this time, he still retained his honest simplicity of mind, and was as ever an enemy to no one but himself; he never strove to lead in any excess, and was driven invariably by others—even to the harmless refuge of a political meeting—for he had no taste for such matters, and was wise enough to know that to himself was attributable all the misfortunes that fell upon him. Poor fellow! he never became half-seas-over without attempting to elucidate the doctrines of his beloved Snivel—that virtue and vice were to a great extent synonymous—that the intention, not the act, must be looked to—and that come what would, no punishment awaited the sinner hereafter.

A consequent delapidation of his household followed, of course, such idle dissipation. The furniture of his rude dwelling was no longer neat: the ragged hat stuffed into a broken pane—the three legged chair, and the many half broken—all bespoken poverty of the most afflictive character. Yet amidst all this wreck and wretchedness, Mrs. Gropp still managed to keep herself neat, and, as far as lay in her power, her house also. Often did she turn to God, in her heart, and bless him, that he had given her no child to share her misery, and inherit its father's shame. Zephaniah had been the choice of her youth—and the many good

qualities which he then possessed, had so entirely won her to him, that she was even still blinded to his most glaring defects. His criminal indulgence was almost softened into misfortune—and when she could not shut her eyes altogether, she spoke more in kindness than in reproof.

“Indeed, Zeph,” said she to him, as he came home late one evening—and as usual, not beastly drunk, but just palpably under the influence of his liquor,—“I don’t know what will become of us both; you can’t make any more money now, for you’ve sold your boats, you know, and all I can do, can’t pay our rent and keep us decent—if you only could help a little, Zeph.”

“Virtue is its own reward,” answered the fisherman, gazing at his wife with a kind of drunken affection, “and you will be happy in this world, Tab.”

“Ah Zeph, if we can be happy in the next, I shall be satisfied,” replied the poor woman with a tear; “in this there seems nothing but sorrow and bitterness.”

“An’ if that be all,” said Zephaniah, “you’ll get your wish, sure enough—for as Snivel says, universal benevolence is (hic-cough) too overpowering to stoop to punish sin.”

“I wish,” exclaimed the good woman, who, too affectionate to treat her own man

harshly, was nevertheless ready to wreak her spite upon any other that happened to offend her, "I wish you had never seen the face of that wretch; when he first came among us, you were industrious and pains-taking, and if you did drink a little at times, you were always sorry for it afterwards;—but ever since he told you all his nonsense about benevolence, you've been getting worse and worse, Zeph—yes you have—you know you have—and now," added the poor soul bursting into tears, "we'll be turned out of house and home all over the wide world; for William says he will not wait another day for his rent, and if it's not paid by to-morrow, he will seize all.—Oh—me."

This information, together with his partner's misery, which she very seldom so openly displayed, somewhat sobered the husband; and he asked with no little trepidation, which he vainly endeavoured to veil under the garb of curiosity, if their landlord had really threatened to seize his goods?

"Indeed he did," sobbed Tabitha, whilst ever and anon she wiped her eyes with the corner of her patched apron: "indeed he did, Zeph; and he got angry too, for all I gave him every good word I could think of—and said you were a drunken good for nothing rascal. I knew the time when no man dared call you that in the whole country—Oh! what shall we do?"

“I don’t know,” replied the fisherman, after in vain attempting to grasp some scheme of plausible hope. He was just in that situation when his faculties were too much clouded to originate any idea whatever; but not so much so as to prevent his following one up.

“We have sold all we could sell, Zeph, to keep us from starving; and we have nothing left but one bed, and what the landlord claims—Oh! what shall we do?”

“Do,” half blubbered her husband, “do! why we’ll do nothing—just nothing.”

“Suppose we were to try Jack—he does’nt come to see us no more—but may be he would’nt forget, quite, what we did for him, Zeph. The rent is not much, and they say he is getting rich.”

“Jack!” exclaimed Zephaniah, with the greatest scorn, “Jack indeed!—do you mean Mr. John Poguey, wife—eh.”

“Yes, who else—Jack, our Jack—my own nephew, that we brought up as a son.”

“I would sooner,” said the fisherman, starting up and seizing his wife by the wrist, “I would sooner send you to dig my grave—aye, and go down into it—sooner let you beg along the gutters of the town, than go to that scoundrel.”

“Oh! Zeph, don’t call your own adopted child—your sister’s son—by such hard names—don’t—don’t.”

Zephaniah turned away soberer than before, and sat down again upon the bench, whilst a bitter tear came unbidden to his eye. He had kept a cruel secret in his bosom for some months, but now it swelled out on his features, and at last found a vent on his tongue.

“The dog,” said he, half in anger, half in shame, “would not know me, when I passed him one Sunday—the damned aristocrat.”

Tabby dropped the corner of her apron in aghast amazement, but her good nature soon slipped in with an excuse.

“Perhaps he did not know you—or perhaps you were”—

“Drunk, and did not know him—eh.”

“I tell you it was no such thing. He came bousing along with a young girl at his side, like a jack-a-dandy, and met me full, before he knew it. I was dressed very well, for it was Sunday morning; the rascal’s face turned as red as a herring, and he pretended to be speaking to the she at his side; but he knew me well enough, the dog. Oh, wife! if ever I felt like a murderer at heart, it was at that moment. I *could* have killed him.”

Tabby had always been true to Zephaniah, and was so still. She therefore groaned out—

“The ungrateful boy—this is for what we have done for him—but it all comes of his getting among the highflyers like.”

“Not at all,” said the husband, whose good

common sense was proof against such prejudices, "there is 'Squire Lee, a real highflyer, and he'd as lieve a fenced up his fishery ground, as have passed me without a how-do-ye-do, Zeph.—No, no, it's ingratitude, Tab—the damned little aristocrat is ashamed of us."

Tabitha groaned, and acknowledged in the bitterness of her heart, that she would not have him humble himself, by applying to such an ingrate—and she leaned musingly miserable upon her hand.

"I won't go to him," said Zephaniah, "but I know what I *will* do—go to Esquire Lee in the morning, and take up part of that money he has in his hands—and that without, with your leave, or by your leave, I never intended to charge him bed and board; but he has made himself a stranger, and I will do it."

Extreme poverty never presents a bitter pill, without having ready some specious argument, to induce the patient to believe he can, by some means, avoid it. Tabitha's sense of justice subscribed, without hesitation, to the equity of the plan, but she hesitated as to the amount.

"Let it be twenty dollars only, Zeph," said she, "and then nobody in the world can say we were too hard;—and now he is rich, he would'nt grudge it either, although, perhaps, he is too proud to own us."

"Very well," answered the fisherman,

“twenty let it be—I will take no more—for they sha’n’t say we defrauded him of a cent. As for the rest that he owes us, for our kindness and care, I will forgive him when I die. Death quits all scores.”

“Amen,” groaned the good woman, and they sought repose.

Early the next morning, Zephaniah Gropp presented himself before his former friend; and with much circumlocution and periphrasis, begged the favour of twenty dollars, of that which he had in his hands.

It must be noted, that when he first deposited the small sum, he had, with perhaps pardonable vanity, not stated whence it came; and Mr. Lee was both surprised and pleased, to find that the fisherman could be able, with his dissipated habits, to reserve any thing, however trifling. Even after he had been discharged from the grounds, it was often a theme of wonder to his landlord that, how great soever his need, he had not called upon him for the money; and when he did at last come, he was received with a readiness, that argued the immediate granting of his request.

This was, in fact, the only small debt which Mr. Lee owed, and it was one altogether from his own favour. But now, foreboding his future fortunes, he had got together principal and interest, to send to its owner the very next day. The visit was, therefore, opportune.

“Certainly, I will,” answered that gentleman, “and not only twenty dollars, but the whole—you would oblige me by taking it all, Mr. Gropp; and you will, no doubt, find some other person equally capable, with myself, of preserving it for you.”

Zephaniah protested warmly against this, fearing that Mr. Lee, whom he really honoured in his heart, was offended at the request; but much to his surprise, he was forced to carry away with him the whole amount. “Take my advice, Mr. Gropp,” said Mr. Lee, at parting, “and give the money to your wife, to take care of for you, until you find a safe place to deposite it—she is trust worthy and honest.”

The fisherman made his awkward bow, promised so to do, and departed. It may seem strange that such a benevolent man as Mr. Lee, should not have thought to inquire after Jack’s welfare; but to say the truth, his mind was greatly troubled at the presage of approaching misfortune; and he was not at an age that would allow him to laugh at the malice of poverty, or the frowns of the world. Besides, honestly speaking, the matter had passed from his memory; knowing mankind to be ungrateful, he never performed a thankworthy action, without endeavouring to forget it immediately; and in this particular instance, if the circumstance had ever recurred to him, it would but have

brought the pleasurable idea, that he had saved the boy from his father's evil courses.

Of the mere adoption of the nephew he had never heard, and when chance, afterwards, threw him in contact with Mr. John Poguey, he would as soon have thought of the man in the moon, as Jack Gropp, the young fisherman.

As for Mr. Jack, himself, he had, at the age of nineteen, voluntarily quitted his employer, and commenced, in a small way, business on his own account. Thus he continued some years, and having all the tact and smartness natural to the American character, chances fell in his way, were taken advantage of, and he prospered. His hatred of the rich, began now to be tempered with no small degree of contempt for the poor; and any humble situation in life, which, in his youth, appeared to have fixed his affections, was now viewed with dislike and disgust; with those gradual changes of feeling, came also the facility to cringe and to bow; the adroitness to humour and simulate; and last, not least, the faculty of speechifying and spouting.

By dint of all this, and some favouring turns of fortune, without which—say what you please—no man can prosper, the self-made merchant prospered rapidly. Even before his happy speculation in coffee, which had assisted in ruining his benefactor, he was by no means

poor; but, immediately thereafter, he was called lucky and rich. There was, to be sure, a suspicion of collusion between him and the junior partner of Smith & Co.; but as it was mere suspicion only, unsusceptible of proof, none chose to circulate it openly, and it was soon forgotten.

Mr. John Poguey, in short, now was rapidly becoming a bustling, rich, popular man.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG the ancient republics of Greece, of which Athens stood on as proud an eminence, as did her own Acropolis assume over the neighbouring city and port—it was customary for the people to assemble themselves together, for the purpose of sanctioning, in a direct manner, any public measure presented to them. At an early period, (countries, when young, are comparatively virtuous and vigorous,) this was done freely, and without reward; but, in the course of time, every individual was allowed a small sum out of the public treasury, for the time lost in such duties of legislation. A glorious state of patriotic sensibility was the immediate consequence. Thousands flocked to the porticoes and area for the good of the Commonwealth, and scenes of the most uncontrolled

and admirable freedom were continually presented. Thus, therefore, if no enemy of the state could be found, or no traitor discovered, the yeasty operations of untrammelled patriotism could not, on that account, be expected to die away; and, as a subject was necessary, it soon became settled that for the sake of *example*, and, as a warning to all men, an innocent person would answer the same purpose as a guilty one. This precedent is maliciously and scandalously said to have been recognized as sound by one of the judges of England, who was accused of harbouring the opinion that, so that a subject were occasionally hung for robbery, it would matter but little whether he were the guilty person or not; the *consequences* of crime being, at any rate, sufficiently displayed, and the majesty of public justice vindicated. The victim to the mid-day ostracism, or the mid-night cup of the Athenian; and to this latter principle, might, under every circumstance, be considered a very great patriot, and, no doubt, out of the countless myriads of open-hearted and open-mouthed friends which America possesses, although, many *do* make great family sacrifices by accepting seats in Congress, and elsewhere, not one could be found willing to évince his ‘amor patriæ,’ by being hung by the neck, (when there is either a dearth of criminals, or where those who have

committed a crime can not be detected,) as an occasional example to others.

What is, however, a curious circumstance in the history of the Attican republic, and one exceedingly revolting to our modern refined sense, is, that from the date of this general attendance to the care of the common weal, the state withered away like a plucked rose—liberty dwindled into a noisy, spiteful little pigmy, and despotism stalked boldly forward a very giant. We could order things better now, no doubt; and it is greatly to be regretted, that we have as yet not offered to every citizen a small recompense for the time consumed by him in attending on those general meetings which are so often held for the good of the country. That a more steadfast support of our institutions would be the consequence, we may safely affirm, if we but cast our eyes upon those few, who, under existing circumstances, enjoy the benefit of tangible fees, and behold how exceedingly inflamed they are with purest affection for the principles of freedom, and with what virtuous and clamorous indignation they meet every attack against their country, and every attempt to displace her servants from office.

When that era shall arrive, when *every* loyal citizen will be paid for neglecting his own business to attend to that of all, there will, no doubt, be little lack of meetings, or individuals to compose them; but as the time of which we

write did not yet know such things, although rapidly tending thereto, it was still requisite to beat up recruits in every direction.

It must be noted, and acknowledged, as a matter of course, that at the close of the nineteenth century, a multitude could be got together on any pretext. Still, there was a certain lure, necessary to induce a just proportion of the orderly and sober something-to-do sort of citizens, to make their way to the 'trysting place;' and, besides, the resort to worn out puffs and calls, the most expert runners were sure to be employed, to beat up recruits and ragamuffins.

Of these, no man was better qualified than Nathaniel Wolfenstuttle, with whom it is proper the reader should become acquainted. He was generally termed Wolfy, probably for the more easy pronunciation; and we will exercise the same liberty towards him, without apology. Mr. Wolfy then was one of those thorough-going republicans of heaven and earth, who professed, openly, no belief in accountability hereafter, and who secretly believed that cunning and effrontery could avoid it here. Under the guidance of these, and some other lights, he was a character of considerable peculiarity. Dressed always remarkably neat, free of speech, and a fluent arguer, he was the oracle of the ignorant and the factious, among whom lay his chief acquaintance. He was the

most extraordinary lover of his country, and most disinterested friend of the people that the world ever saw; so much so that his small heritage, which had once afforded him a genteel maintenance, began to dwindle perceptibly away. He was, however, much courted, and somewhat feared by more than one person in office, and, in course of time, came to be such a staunch upholder of republican principles, and the rights of the poor, that he was treated with considerable complacency and attention by many, who felt themselves, all the while, ten times better friends to their country and countrymen than himself. In return, he likewise succumbed to those beneath him, and bowed more reverently to a ragged coat than ever he did to a cocked hat. Let no man think that he ever can lead the people—the lucky politician is he who watches the changes in their opinions, and proclaims them, among the first, as his own. In this way he may seem to lead; but never does—a truth which editors of political papers know right well.

There were, however, one or two drawbacks upon Mr. Wolfy's good name, which might make it wonderful how he could rise so high; but party feeling seldom discriminates.

One was, that he lied, on all occasions, so outrageously and openly, that even in politics, he ran some risk of bringing lying into disrepute. The other was (tell it not in Gath) a

secret pilfering disposition, so that he scarcely ever spent a day or night with a particular friend, without casting many a curious glance at any stray article within his reach. This propensity could not, but in process of time, be discovered, but as the petty larceny was upon his confidential associates, and as he was, moreover, a jolly, good natured, obliging fellow, they put up with a small loss, not only from a dislike to come to a rupture, but, also, out of fear of the disgrace it would bring upon their party.

Poor Wolfenstuttle!—Nature, if the sad truth must be told, seemed to have intended him for a thief; but his ultimate destiny was retarded by one of those accidents, which, in some shape or other, happen to all men, and which, leading his fancy partially astray, taught him to become a politician.

The strange medley thus produced in his mind, between a never-tiring philanthropy and patriotism, which forbade his refusing any sacrifice for the good of his party, and an indescribable longing after the small goods of the individuals composing it, is an impossible task accurately to describe. If an idea so horrible could have entered his unsullied mind, one would be tempted to suppose, he considered himself something more than an imaginative king, dispensing to his subjects all those invaluable benefits to be derived from a just appre-

ciation of their rights, and a knowledge of their wrongs, and a proper detestation of all those who differed from them in sentiment; and on the other hand, acquiring thereby the prerogative of subtracting, privately indeed, any little tempting article which his subjects might chance, by accident, to leave within his reach. To countervail this ignominious quality, he was occasionally generous to an extreme. If he should happen to pouch a pair of stockings or a pocket handkerchief, for after such things only did he hanker, the next moment some poor ragged fellow of his own way of thinking could obtain, by a little begging, sixfold its value. As a natural accompanying quality, he was never known to deliver a bill, leaving it entirely to the generosity of the debtor, or to the statute of limitations to extinguish the claim, which feat was, of course, generally achieved by the latter. This unhappy propensity to little thefts, is by no means so rare as to seem unnatural; and, in the case before us, although a proper education and steady pursuits might have eradicated the latent evil, yet, unfortunately, the line of politics which in early life Mr. Wolfenstuttle embraced, fixed irrevocably the principles of dissimulation within him.

Whilst we pity him, however, we must add, that he did not pity himself—he was a chubby-faced, well dressed fellow:—always fat and

jolly: full of small talk and congratulation: fiery and unforgiving in his zeal for the public: a staunch partisan; and one who scorned to desert the *name* of the party to which he belonged. He was never roused to anger except when thwarted in his political designs, or when his sincerity was doubted to his face, which latter was always sure to set him in a blaze. Mounted on his goodly steed, he might be seen with all the activity of a cat, taking his circuit to induce friends and fellow-citizens to attend a grand meeting on the following Thursday. To many, it was but requisite to state time and place; to others, a course of argumentative rigmarole was called for; whilst a few, deaf to all reasoning, seemed determined to stay at home, (alas, for the eloquence of the politician,) and mind their own business. According to custom, he had picked up—apparently by mistake—one or two trifles in his round; whilst, on the other hand, treble the value thereof had been wheedled out of him upon some pretence, by the idle vagabonds, who, in return, yielded due reverence to his republican dignity.

Thus he proceeded, delighted with his vocation, and rivetting the open mouthed attention of not a few, as he discoursed upon the subject of their grievances. It was by no means, however, his wish or intention to meet with Mr. Zachary Snivel, the lecturer; for, to say the

truth, he considered him a sort of rival, and detested him most cordially. Being both, however, engaged in the same task of enlightening the minds of men, one to the affairs of this world, the other to those of the next, they maintained a little show of good will, liable to be fractured by any accident, and which this day was fated to produce.

Zachary Snivel hated Mr. Wolfy with equal intensity and calmness; but never let it appear, except in an occasional remark, apparently shot wide, and intended for the very place it hit. He was full of peace and good will—of whine and cant after his own fashion; and being an established Sunday lecturer upon the subject of universal benevolence, found it proper to be very professionally religious, and full of kindness to his fellow men. He would equally, perhaps, have avoided meeting Wolfenstuttle; but as they came upon each other unexpectedly, and as it was always his rule upon such occasions to stop and give a good word, he could not now, with consistency, draw back; he therefore began his usual sugar-candy, sniffing tone—

“Good morning, Nathaniel—peace and good will to you.”

“Morry, morry, sir,” said Wolfy, with a friendly smile; “fine day, this.”

“Very true; and for which we should be graciously thankful. Improve the passing

hours, you know, Nathaniel. Are you upon your usual avocation, Nathaniel?"

This last was said with a simper, not a little provoking to the politician; for it seemed as much as to say, that he was an object of pity in his pursuits. He answered with a laugh, knowing well where to touch the lecturer.

"Yes,—ha—ha—ha; stirring up the people. After you have made them sure of heaven, it is time they should think a little of earth—ha—ha—ha."

"They should never be permitted to forget that punishment awaits them in this world, though," returned Snivel; "vengeance dire and deep for their misdeeds; yea, verily, vice is its own punishment."

"Very true, sir; and what can be more virtuous than the assemblage of thousands to perpetuate the sacred flame of liberty which yet burns secure and brightly, but which"—

"Bunglers would put out, Nathaniel—very likely."

"But which," continued Wolfy, growing ireful at the interruption, and the smile which accompanied it—"but which is threatened with destruction."

"Exactly so, Nathaniel; if you put out a flame, you of course destroy it."

"But which is threatened with destruction by a set of"—

"Demagogues—very true, Nathaniel; and I

give you credit for endeavouring to set them right."

Wolfenstuttle was completely stopped in his accustomed harangue, which angered him not a little. He knew, by boasting of the number he could bring out, it would raise his friend's envy and ill will in return; so on he went.

"I think I may boast truly of having caused thousands to open their eyes to the truth; no four walls will contain them."

"Ah!" replied the lecturer, recurring with some mortification to his own comparatively small flock—"Ah! better far to seek for the truth in other things."

"There I disagree with you totally, Mr. Snivel."

"Of course you do, Nathaniel; I expected nothing else; but had you been to my last lecture, you would have gone a different man. There were the three Miss Tripups; they never had been to hear me before; and they were no oddities, I assure you; sweet geeirls all; and they declared themselves delighted and convinced:—such triumphs are soul-cheering, Nathaniel."

"Ha—ha—ha"—returned Wolfenstuttle, who felt that all this was levelled at his own contrary course—"ha—ha—ha. But let me tell you of the glorious call which I am now making; and of the thousands, aye, thousands, that will attend it. A few of the old fashioned

Americans stick out ; but they are silent dissenters, as the quakers might say, eh, Mr. Snivel?—ha—ha—ha. Shall we have the pleasure of your company, eh?”

“My company, Nathaniel; you amaze me, and lead me to suspect that too much interference with other people’s concerns has made you mad. It is an—an insult to me—such an invitation.”

“Ha—ha—ha—good, good, Mr. Snivel; yes, I understand; no church and state—ha—ha—ha.”

“You are welcome to your mirth,” replied Snivel, who envied in his heart the large meeting which the politician could convene; “but it is a matter worthy of question and debate, whether these continued inroads into serious labour and business, does not tend to impoverish the community, Nathaniel.”

“How, sir!” exclaimed Wolfy, “would you, by word or deed, or look, repress the exercise of this most glorious privilege of free-men; would you have the citizen remain at home, to attend to his own wretched concerns, when the liberty of the country is in danger? would you have the patriot lose his spirit—the American his name?—would you?”—

“This is all very fine, Nathaniel,” interrupted the lecturer; “that is, if it had any foundation in truth; but it lacketh that saving help.”

“No insinuation against the veracity of a gentleman, I hope, sir,” said Wolfy, bristling up, and bringing his horse also a little nearer that of Snivel’s; “I would take an affront from any man more readily than you, sir; but I hope I misunderstand you.”

“I had no individual allusion, Nathaniel,” said Snivel, still maintaining his provoking equanimity; “it is in general, that I argue the nature of deceit in politics; because there never has been an age or country where it was not resorted to. The practises of yourself and others, has the seal of high antiquity, Nathaniel.”

“And I argue, sir,” returned Wolfy, who was no match in debate for Snivel, but who was adroit enough in this instance to follow his own words, “the necessity of deceit in religion, because there never has been an age or country where it was not resorted to; what do you say to that, sir?”

“I say,” answered the lecturer, flushed with anger, “that *my* creed is above deceit; I declare salvation to all men, without repentance; I display the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice; I would that all mankind should love the one, and detest the other.”

“Umph,” said Wolfy.

“And I would,” resumed Snivel, with a most benevolent glance, “I would I could number you, my poor purblind fellow-creature,

among those, who, through me, have learned to distinguish rightly between them!"

"I am in the wrong way, am I?" demanded the politician, with a jovial, dread-nought sort of countenance, which plainly showed the lecturer he was laughing at him in his heart; "do you so opine?"

"Yes; you are in the gall of bitterness, Nathaniel; you are encamped in darkness; there is as yet no gleam for you, even afar off."

"Well, then, my dear friend, I suppose I shall meet with your wisdom but seldom in this world—ha—ha—ha."

"You can expect nothing else, Nathaniel," answered Snivel, with the most inexpressibly bitter compassion.

"Oh, well then, we may as well bid each other good day here, Mr. Snivel; you know we will be sure to shake hands all happily together hereafter; all universal benevolence *there*, you know, my dear sir, and *equality too*, I hope."

The lecturer, with a glare of disdain, would have paassed on, but Mr. Wolfenstuttle was now in a high good humour at himself. He again pressed his friend to honour the expected meeting with his presence.

"You will see there, sir, specimens of true patriotism, *virtuous* patriotism, sir, divested of all that little, low regard for self, which moves men in their individual pursuits."

“All this sort of language is lost upon me, Nathaniel,” said Snivel, with a smile of contemptuous unbelief, than which nothing sooner raised the politician’s rage; “go to those whom such parrot eloquence can manage, and who are tickled too much with what they hear to doubt the sincerity of the speaker; go, with your trumpery, Nathaniel; it is all lost upon me.”

“I know it, sir,” answered Wolfy, reddening deeply, and speaking very quick; “I am perfectly aware of it, sir; it is not the only thing that has been lost upon you, though—umph—humph.”

“And what may have been lost upon me, friend,” asked Snivel, fiercely enough, “I must yet learn to take an insult calmly from such as you—what has been lost upon me, I say?”

“Why, sir, the caning was lost upon you, sir—the caning that old Addlethorp gave you, for enticing his grandson to your lectures, as you call them.”

“This *is* as much as I can well bear,” ejaculated Snivel, in a half suffocated voice, and he wriggled fairly in his seat, the picture of anger and indecision; until at last, dropping his bridle, he raised hands and eyes to heaven; and exclaimed, “kee-ind Providence! assist me to keep my hands off this man!”

“Oh—psha—psha—with your prayers,”

said Wolfy, in the fiercest look imaginable—"you know I am a peaceable man, and well it is so; or the whole county should not prevent my giving you a thrashing;—no sir—not the whole county."

This explosion seemed to end the dispute; for each having thus, after his own especial fashion, avowed his disinclination to proceed to extremity, they snarled out a few words more, in which the epithets villain and scoundrel, were freely used towards the other, and then passed on in their respective roads.

This disreputable quarrel was altogether sudden and unexpected, and, strange to say, neither harboured afterwards any extra degree of enmity in his bosom.

By the free use Wolfy had made of the first emphatic word which presented itself to his ireful tongue, he proved that he did not hold himself better, or entitled to assume a more self-respectful language, than any antagonist he might meet; and Snivel had eventually done the same; and this, perhaps, accounted for the want of any additional bitterness towards each other after the quarrel.

Edward Lee, Esquire, once said of the politician, that he was a 'pitiful fellow,' and this was resented in a manner which proved he would never forgive the insult. He might allow himself, in a hot dispute, to be called villain, scoundrel, coward, and such like pleasant

appellations; for those who used them, showed they considered themselves at home in so doing; and of course, no more refined than himself—for he could take any thing better than an assumption of superiority, although it only showed itself in a more delicate treatment of himself.

At any rate, he was not detained a moment from the object for which he sat out; and he passed on his recruiting round with all the delight possible—spouting here—promising there:—coaxing one—laughing with a third—and almost threatening a fourth—until the approach of nightfall closed his labours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE circumstances which we have heretofore so slightly touched upon—stating outlines merely to the reader—leaving him to fill up the void from the resources of his own imagination; and which have also been spread over a space of several years, must at length press more closely upon each other.

William Maxwell, the unfortunate offspring of Renfrew Maxwell, Esquire, had now reached his legal age of twenty-one years, and was duly admitted to practice at the bar. He was

indeed in the possession of every blessing but that of fortune. With a sound constitution, florid health, a manly openness of countenance, and a graceful person, he had the more solid advantages of an upright, honest disposition, and an unsullied reputation. He was not only honestly but honourably highminded; and as there had always been something touching and romantic in his fate, he had a number of sincere well wishers and friends. The distant relatives of his mother, indeed, had never treated him with the kindness he might have looked for; but, on the other hand, those who were not so emphatically called upon—strangers to his blood—had assisted his youthful footsteps, and seemed yet resolved not to desert him. All this, with a cheerful contented mind on his part, and no small share of legal talent and acumen, seemed, even before the commencement of his career, to strew his path with flowers.

Among his most conspicuous friends, Mr. Lee and Thomas Clifford of Clifford Hall, had occupied the first rank. They had defrayed nearly the whole expense of his education; they had supplied his modest wants; and without dreaming of a return, still continued with unabated benevolence their kindly offices.—Maxwell was not ungrateful. On the very day ensuing his admission as an attorney at law, he bent his steps towards the mansion of the lat-

ter gentleman, with a cheerful countenance, and heart resolved upon carrying a point which he was well aware would be objected to in the most strenuous manner.

The lapse of years had made a visible alteration in the whole appearance of Mr. Clifford. He bent much towards the ground—the vigour of health that he had sought in his rural retirement, never came—his mind which had evidently trembled beneath the blow inflicted in the loss of his wife, seemed to have been almost subdued by the death of his only son; but of the deepest calamity by far was, those racking thoughts which remorse for ever supplied.

Goldsmith hazards the assertion, that ‘the pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over’—adding, ‘that conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.’—Which I take to be a position entirely too broad for a real foundation. Byron says,

“ There is a war—a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent remorse;
That juggling fiend who never spake before,
But cries—‘ I warned thee’—when the deed is o’er.
Vain voice: that spirit burning—but unbent—
May writhe—rebel;—the weak alone repent !”

Mr. Clifford was repentant, therefore weak,

or on the other hand, weak, therefore repentant. In either shape, it speaks the character of his mind, and his situation. But though he could mourn over his transgression, yet the dread of shame—the horror (for the truth must be told) of parting with his all, shook every good resolution to its centre, as soon as formed. Indeed, the favourite scheme of uniting the orphan within his family, was still as plausible and cherished as ever; and with this in view, half his feelings of regret had been stifled, sweetly stifled.

He had, as before observed, gradually withdrawn himself from society, until, at length, he was companionable with no one but his partner in benevolence, Edward Lee, and the object of it, himself, young Maxwell.

Occasional beau visits were, however, paid to his daughter Mary, who had now also swelled out into all the captivating fulness of womanhood; but they were made not to him; and how he employed the tedious intervals which naturally pressed upon him, no one inquired, and no one knew. The maxim, that happiness is found at home, is never disputed, though seldom acted upon; but it afforded both a reason and an apology, for the course which he seemed inclined to pursue. If a man withdraws himself, the world soon forgets there is such a being in existence, and easily learns to do without him.

Mr. Lee was an exception, for to him the unfortunate gentleman was always at home; and as for Maxwell, he seemed absolutely to have filled the void, occasioned by the death of the former and oft lamented school companion; and by the whole manner of his benefactor, which, in many instances, amounted to an irritable impatience, it would seem, he was destined also, literally, to become his son.

Whilst our young lawyer was walking leisurely along the fine road which led to his patron's dwelling, that gentleman was sitting in his drawing-room, conning, listlessly, one of the morning papers. He was gray, somewhat wrinkled and pale; and appeared, from his manner, to heed but little of what he was reading. Occasionally he would mutter, 'pscha'—'pscha'—as his eye glanced over some interesting piece of information, in the shape of a dreadful accident, or miraculous escape. At length, a more pleasurable animation overspread his features, and he read aloud.

"On motion of E. Littleton, Esquire, Mr. William Maxwell was yesterday duly admitted to practise as an attorney, in the several courts of this county."

"Eh, Mary," said he, "your friend is fairly afloat now—admitted to practise as an attorney. What do you think of this—eh?"

Now, Miss Clifford was an exceedingly open-hearted, good-natured girl, somewhat giddy in

her mirth, and full of laughter; but as regarded the subject of remark, she felt towards him that species of gay, perhaps slightly, very slightly, disdainful indifference, which a young lady might reasonably entertain towards one, who had committed the almost unpardonable crime of not making love to her when he might. As the operations to bring this to bear had been begun by her father, when she was herself quite a child, nothing but that intuitive quickness of intellect with which on such subjects, the sex is naturally gifted, would have enabled her to penetrate his design. This discovered, however, but a short further period intervened before she arrived also, as before hinted, to the somewhat mortifying conclusion, that her own sense of filial duty was not of itself sufficient to insure the gratification of his wishes; for, although always pleased and happy in her company, nothing seemed further from the young gentleman's thoughts, than to metamorphose the friendship of boyhood into a warmer sentiment. Had she ever suffered her heart to have become enlisted, also, in the attempt of her father, this offence would have been truly bitter and hateworthy; but as her vanity alone was touched, and as it found abundant of food elsewhere, Mr. William never forfeited the good will of his fair acquaintance. As they both, thereafter, shot up into life, and understood the difference of each other's feelings, -

they not only met without confusion, but became even more confidently intimate:—they sat, walked, rode, laughed together, and were never at a loss for occasions of innocent merriment;—the effect of which was, to lead the too credulous parent to believe, that his schemes were all progressing most beautifully to an issue.

The answer of the young lady, to the question of her father, was, therefore, as might be expected, full of glee and good humour.

“I am glad of it, papa—he has a right now to talk in court, and be called an Esquire—hasn’t he?—he—he—he.”

“Yes, and more than that; he can take that stand among his brethren of the profession, to which his talent and application entitle him. He is a fine young man, Mary, and as far superior to your other butterfly beaux as can be conceived.”

“My *other* beaux—Lord, papa, how many beaux do you think I want?”

“One is quite sufficient, my love, provided he be a gentleman of character and talent.”

“And fortune, papa—you know, any body is no body, without that, now.”

“Very true; but you will have enough, after I am gone, Mary, to make any man you choose rich. Don’t think of that!”

A tear dimmed the eye of the sensitive girl, at the thought, and she ran and kissed her

father; but immediately afterwards, as if in the very wantonness of the glee, she said—

“So does Mr. Hobson think, I am sure—for he never walks with me, but that he points out where one pretty improvement might be thought of, or some alteration be made. He is poor, to be sure—but—”

“Nonsense, child—it is not every poor man that deserves a rich wife.—Mary—”

“Sir!”

“Mary, my daughter, my only child, you can not have been so long blind, to what I may call the dearest wish of my heart—come near to me.”

The young lady blushed crimson enough; but still her eye sparkled, betwixt timidity and disdain, and her cherry lips pouted forth unconsciously. She made but a solitary step towards her father, and then stood stock still.

“I say, my love,” continued the sire, “after making all due allowances for the modesty of your sex, I consider it somewhat unkind, that you have so continually delayed in making me a confidant in this affair.”

“In what affair?” exclaimed Miss Mary—anger now mastering her confusion—“you don’t think I am so silly as to be in love, do you, sir?”

“Pooh, pooh, child—I understand those blushes; they tell quite a different story from

that of your lips, and much more credible; besides, I have not been *quite* blind, my love."

Miss Mary Clifford placed her finger to her mouth, half in real vexation, half in a pretended pet; but said nothing.

"Let us have done with this nonsense," exclaimed the father, "it would suit a young female friend better than myself, to chase you through all your prevarications and denials. So own at once that your affections are engaged."

"Upon whom, sir?" demanded she, disdainfully.

"Nonsense—upon William Maxwell—have I had you both near me so long, and be blind to what passed under my very eyes?"

"Upon my honour, papa," said Miss Mary, "you pay your young friend rather a high, and I must say, undeserved, compliment. Because you admire him, sir, it is no reason that a young lady should; indeed, the rule generally goes by contraries."

"I don't believe a word of it," rejoined Mr. Clifford.

"I am very sorry for it, papa; but I assure you, I am no more in love with William Maxwell, than with his father, whom I never saw."

Mr. Clifford turned pale with anger; doubtless at the unexpected avowal, although, to say the truth, he did not believe it. Finding it impossible, however, to induce his daughter

to acknowledge the real state of the case, he answered her last declaration.

“And can it be, that you have been luring that poor young man on, to cherish hopes that you never intended to accomplish?—for shame, Mary.”

“If you mean, sir,” answered the young lady, with a flush of resentment against the whole world, “if you mean to say, sir, that Mr. Maxwell has been cherishing hopes which will prove groundless, let me tell you, that he thinks of me not a tittle more than I of him; and, for my part, I would sooner marry poor Hobson at any time, than such an every body’s favourite; I hate every body’s favourites.”

“Impossible—impossible”—reiterated the Esquire; “Mary, my child, do not deceive yourself; the young man regards you with the deepest affection; but you are both too bashful to speak out. I will see him, and clear up the matter.”

“Pa! if you do!” exclaimed Miss Clifford, in the utmost terror and dismay, “if you do, I will run away—I will drown myself, or take poison, or something; indeed, I will.”

“Ah!” replied the old gentleman, with a knowing grin, “I have frightened you, have I?—I knew it was all bashfulness and maiden fear.”

But the young beauty happened to know that her father was quite mistaken; and she

took the only means left to her of undeceiving him; so she answered spitefully enough.

"If he were to die to-morrow for me, I would not have him. I hope, sir, there is no danger of *my* being sacrificed to any whim of his; indeed, not even your commands would induce me to—to—to marry him."

"Oh, my daughter! my daughter! don't stab your poor old father to the heart," exclaimed Mr. Clifford, bursting into tears, "recal that cruel speech."

Mary was instantly at her father's side; she saw that one of his irritable nervous spells was already upon him, and against which, it had ever been, for a while, impossible to wrestle. The hypochondriac's manner had, however, frightened away all her pride; and, as she hung over him, she said, as soothingly as possible,

"But he does not wish to have me, dear papa; he likes Elizabeth Lee better, and I oughtn't to love him; don't cry so, dear father; oh, it breaks my heart to see you cry."

The sick man folded his daughter with a species of irritable affection, to his bosom; but still his seeming and real weakness of intellect clung tenaciously to the long cherished idea.

"You are mistaken, my Mary," said he, more calmly; "I have watched him with you an hundred times, when you little dreamed of it; and I know he loves you, or there is no truth in man."

“*Indeed*, he does not, papa; and there he comes, as I live,” exclaimed the young lady, growing suddenly pale, and then blushing crimson all over. The next moment almost, she was in her own apartment, the door of which she locked with great perturbation.

Mary Clifford was decidedly not in love with young Maxwell; had she entertained the least tenderness towards him, it would have vanished in angry and proud dislike long before. There might be an occasional disdainful coquetishness of feeling towards him, because he *would not* fall in love with *her*; but she was at heart so thoroughly amiable and good natured, that she could not harbour resentment against him. Indeed, she felt towards him in general, very much as a sister would feel; but after she had reached her chamber, and took a little breathing time, she seemed, on this occasion, very much inclined to be out of humour, although he had certainly committed no new offence.

When William Maxwell entered the drawing room, he perceived, at a glance, that Mr. Clifford was under the influence of one of his dark fits of extreme nervous agitation, and which, he well knew, rendered him, for the time, as weak and unreasonable as a child. He, therefore, hastened to make his business as brief as possible—experience teaching him that he must expect to converse with an irritable

invalid, who would turn suddenly, and with the waywardness of disease, from the most piteous complaints to wilful anger, and who would, nevertheless, be listened to with the same deference, as if he were still the firm, sensible man he once appeared. Under these circumstances, the orphan, fearing, almost in his heart, to commence, dived at once into his subject.

"I am now twenty-one years of age, Mr. Clifford, and have a profession by which I hope hereafter to support myself, without continuing longer a burden to those honoured friends who have heretofore assisted me so nobly."

Here a tear dimmed the eye of the young man, and the sick and dejected proprietor of Clifford Hall, ejaculated.

"I know it, Willy—I know it all—poor boy. Yes—yes—I do!"

"It is to tender you thanks for your continued kindness to me, Mr. Clifford, that I have come; and to say, that never, under any circumstances, in any vicissitudes of fortune, will I forget the enduring favour with which I have been received."

"Will you not, Willy—will you not?" eagerly exclaimed the unhappy hypochondriac: "under *no* circumstances—eh!—under none, whatever?—say so again."

Maxwell repeated his words, and continued,

“But, sir—although the debt of gratitude can *never* be paid.”

“Stab me—stab me, William Maxwell; but do not kill me with your cruel speeches,” exclaimed Mr. Clifford—rising fiercely from his seat, but sinking almost immediately back again—“you know not what you say.”

“Do but, but hear me, honoured sir,” said the youth, taking his benefactor’s hand. “Although I say the debt of gratitude can never be paid, yet, that by no means acquits me of a duty—a solemn duty, which I owe to you and myself, of giving you, in short, an obligation under my hand, for the sums which you have, heretofore, expended for me.”

The hypochondriac burst into tears, outright.

“You wouldn’t be so cruel, Willy,” he exclaimed, “no, you wouldn’t treat your old friend so;” and then, of a sudden, becoming almost infuriated, he asked, sternly, “do you mean to insult me, Mr. Maxwell?—I am yet man enough to answer you, sir—do you mean to insinuate that—that—Oh, God!—no—you wouldn’t be so cruel, Willy—would you?”—and again he sunk into his melancholy whine.

Seeing, by this time, how impossible it was to sober down his patron’s mind to a business transaction, Maxwell, with a heavy heart, arose to take leave.

But Mr. Clifford seemed unwilling to part

with him, and becoming more calm and firm, after motioning him to remain, said, "You have been to me as a son, William;—would to God that I could be a father to you."

It was impossible for the young lawyer to misunderstand the evident tendency of this speech; and he hastened to turn the conversation—"You have already, sir, been more than a father to me; what more could I wish, or ask for?"

"I repeat, William," said the old gentleman, earnestly—"I repeat, I would consider you as a son—ask of me what you will; were you to demand the only object I have left on earth, to love, how could I refuse her to you?"

"My more than friend—my almost saviour," said Maxwell, utterly unable to conceal his confusion and distress, "I would be a villain to take advantage of such unregarded generosity; you are unwell and weak: let me call in assistance."

The master fell back in his chair, and muttered, audibly—

"She told me the truth—she knew it, poor girl." He then rose from his seat, and said, with feverish firmness, "William Maxwell, we are now even; you have, fraudulently, destroyed the happiness of my only hope—you have—yes, sir, you are a—no—I can not say it!"

Maxwell covered his face with his hands,

and when he removed them, his eyes fell upon his benefactor, whose childish wrath passing quickly away, had been succeeded by a clammy paleness, and absolute quivering of the muscles, as if in the very depths of despair. He turned for the purpose of calling assistance, and then of leaving the house; but the moment he raised his foot, the unhappy sufferer cried out—

“Stay, stay, Willy, where are you going, my boy—where?”

“You are unwell, sir,” he answered, pity mastering every feeling, but an anxiety to get out of so awkward a situation as speedily as possible; “and having some business to transact with your old friend, Mr. Lee, it would be improper for me, at this time, to trouble you further.”

“To Mr. Lee’s are you going?” exclaimed the irritable invalid, with a sudden return to all his childish feelings and hopes, “why, Mary has been wishing to go there these three days past—do attend her, if you please—do me the favour, Willy, and her also;—do.”

As Maxwell and Miss Clifford had given unequivocal proof that they understood perfectly each other’s indifference, he had no objections whatever to escort her; but when called, she proved refractory, as may well be supposed; and it was not until she saw her father’s cheek pale, and quiver with excitement, that filial

affection induced her to change her mind. She had long since learned, that when under the influence of such occasional spells, next to gratifying his every whim, it was requisite to leave him in solitude; so that in thus accompanying young Maxwell, she sacrificed, on more than one account, to her parent's health.

It may well be supposed there was some little confusion, on the part of the lawyer, and an equal share, of icy disdain, on that of Miss Clifford. Indeed, as they sauntered along, for the distance was not greater than what a pleasant morning's walk might require—there was, in both, an unusual degree of reserve, amounting almost to coldness. Heretofore, they had been on terms of the most fraternal intimacy, which, so soon as they each understood was to eventuate in no affair of the heart, grew delightfully with their growth. Now, however, there was nothing but restraint upon restraint; for Maxwell more than suspected that his fair companion had been subjected to the same process as himself, by Mr. Clifford; and she, ready to die with shame at the thought, felt a similar conviction as to him.

Although they had both plainly perceived the parent's desire, and without breathing a word, had come, as before stated, to a tacit and full understanding with each other; yet, when at last the scheme appeared to have been openly brought to an unsuccessful issue, there

was a weight upon the bosom of each, mingled, on the part of the young gentleman, with feelings allied to confusion and self-contempt; and of the maiden, with a slight possible mixture of offended vanity. Indeed, any of our fair readers may imagine what was passing in the ingenious mind of this open-hearted, merry girl;—she knew she had no right to be offended, yet, she certainly was, slightly so; she felt that *she* had done nothing improper, yet, still was, at some flashes of thought, ready to sink to the earth with confusion. During all this conflict of feeling, she bore up but indifferently well. It was in vain, also, that Maxwell endeavoured to break through the chilly reserve that was fast enveloping both;—the sky, the earth, the weather—any and every common place topic was taxed with an effort, and, of course, without success; even those subjects which were always sure of producing a laugh, now fell like lead to the ground.

Thus they might be seen, moving slowly along the beautiful fields: and the merry sunshine, which had so often set them laughing, outright, through the mere pleasurable sensation of buoyant existence, seemed, at length, under this heavy spell, to have lost all power of charming. It was a pitiable situation for both, and very awkward.

Several minutes of total silence, at length, ensued, more eloquent and embarrassing than

the most open avowals, and Miss Clifford's good nature, and real amiability, could stand it no longer. Turning, therefore, to her companion, who was now from his confusion an object of absolute pity, she said, with the softest and most compassionate manner imaginable—

“There is a subject, William, upon which I think it my duty to speak; we have always been friends together; and, you know, I never forget a kindness.”

“Duty—friendship—kindness,” thought Maxwell, as he bowed in sudden and painful attention, “good heavens, she is not going to propose the filial sacrifice—I can't—I *can't* agree to it—what *shall* I do?”

The young lady proceeded in the same tenderly compassionate tone of voice, “My father has been opening a melancholy subject to me this morning; and upon which I, in my turn, deem it proper to converse with you, in all the openness of our long continued friendship.”

Maxwell again bowed; but his cheek waxed crimson; his very heart sunk within him, and with fear and shame, he only muttered—

“Oh, yes—certainly—not at all—by no means—of course—indeed, I assure you, Miss Mary.”

“Let me speak, William,” interrupted the beautiful maiden, “for it belongs to me to do so; and, indeed, it would be but a poor triumph

in me, to draw you out into any sinful confession."

The young gentleman's eyes began to be perfectly fixed; still his natural politeness did not, altogether, desert him; for he offered his arm to assist her across a small chasm in the road:—without heeding this, she tripped lightly over, and continued—

"In short, William, my father has this morning—"

"Oh, Miss Mary, do let me intreat you—now do—"

"My father has, this very morning," continued the determined girl, "informed me that you have been secretly, and most unhappily, nourishing an attachment for me, which I ought to take the first opportunity, personally to declare, I can *never* return."

Maxwell raised his eyes in astonishment; but by the twinkle of gratified glee, in those of his fair friend, he saw, at once, the strange subject of merriment she had hit upon. A load was instantly removed from his breast, and with a light heart, and smile, which he endeavoured to conceal, he answered—

"Indeed, Miss Clifford—indeed, I ought to be very grateful to you for your kind candour."

"Oh, by no means, sir—or let me, at any rate, entreat you to show your gratitude by endeavouring to weed out from your mind,

this unfortunate and hopeless passion,"—answered the gleeful girl, with another slight twinkle of merriment in her eye.

"Since you so command it, my most friendly—unfriendly goddess," said Maxwell, restored to himself—"I will strive with my feelings, and endeavour so to do."

"Well, then you promise me not to indulge such boyish tenderness towards me any more, and to be very sober, and brother like, do you?" replied Miss Clifford, bursting into an unrestrained laugh, which Maxwell immediately joined in with, until the very tears came to the eyes of both.

Nothing more was breathed upon the subject; but all coolness and restraint was over;—the merry sunshine now, indeed, enlivened their path—the veriest trifles became interesting—they again talked and laughed, and were, once more, the almost brother and sister they had ever been.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE Seraphim placed with the flaming sword to guard the gates of Paradise from mortal intrusion, is allegorical of the angel within our own bosoms, by whose power we are prohibited

from ever entering into the fruition of contentment, the only blessed garden in this world. Or, it might be said, that the watchful Seraph still wanders over the earth, whilst no traces, whatsoever, are to be found of the once lovely spot; and that his flaming sword is armed now not with terror, but with hope, which obstructs not our pathway; but on the contrary, points and flashes from hill and valley—from wave and from sky, to lead on in search of fanciful bowers and glistening streams, which waver and flow beautifully in the distance; but are sure to fade into nothing, as we approach them. The unreal Paradise can never be attained.

Miss Elizabeth Lee had no sooner arrived at that age, when childishness flits away before the dreams of womanhood, then she began to fear she was not so happy as she thought she was, or ought to be. Some secret fairy was whispering into her heart, that its affections were not *all* pre-engaged by her filial sentiments; and that there might be yet another, who would claim perhaps the deepest share in all.

As her acquaintance with William Maxwell lost its childish tone, and the subjects upon which he spoke became more serious, and himself more manly, she perceived, or thought she perceived, that his animation was never so great—his voice never so melodious—his at-

tention never so gentle and graceful, as when upon herself fell the pleasing duty of entertaining the favourite visiter.

The complacent satisfaction of this would soon have been destroyed, had not the covert language of his eyes spoke even more freely, and told her, that the tenderness of her heart, although she would not own the sentiment to herself, was in every degree reciprocated. It was this feeling which gradually came to nestle within her bosom, like an undefined hope, which, without pointing, exclusively, even towards the object of her young affection, taught her to feel that something yet was wanting to her happiness. That something, indeed, seemed lost sight of, or gained, when William Maxwell was with her; oft times such undefined hope vanished like a morning mist; and it was not until she found herself again alone, that the same indescribable feeling of imperfect enjoyment oppressed her. This, of course, was at first but very slight, and grew apace, in some such gentle, irresistible way, as that with which the young, silent, motionless tide commences its waveless flood. These secret inroads of love, were for a long while never dreamed of by herself, or suspected by her fond parents. And now, even now, although she undoubtedly felt all the tenderness of the 'belle passion' towards Maxwell; yet she had questioned herself so slightly on the subject, and, indeed, fled

so hastily from all mental investigation, that an assertion, to that effect, would have met with a most vehement denial. The unanimity of sentiment between the two, on this delicate point, will account, satisfactorily, for that which has been heretofore unaccountable—the strange indifference of the gentleman, to so lovely, blooming, and good-hearted a girl, as Mary Clifford.

Miss Lee received her visitors, who were now in perfect good humour with themselves and the world, not only with the smile and courtesy every one was sure to receive, but also with that delighted freedom, which is so allowable, when such happen to be the young lady's very particular and intimate friends. First came a joyful exclamation—then an unfixing of the bonnet—a trifling refreshment, and innumerable little questions asked and answered. Many a laugh too, rose, like sportive birds, caroling along; and a happy and innocent half hour was absolutely thrown away in all the glee and good will of light hearted enjoyment.

Maxwell, at length, desiring that his company might be excused, withdrew in search of Mr. Lee.

The moment he had left the room, Miss Clifford, with a face full of animation and importance, lifted her pretty little hands and exclaimed—

“Oh, I have *such* news to tell you, Eliza-

beth. What do you think of two refusals in one day?"

"By whom?" asked Miss Lee; "who were they—who were the gentlemen?—do tell me, Mary; I am dying to know."

"No; you must guess; come, I *will* tease you a little; the persons refused, are two very particular acquaintances of your's."

Thus assisted, Miss Lee ran over the names of several of her young visitors, but without success; at last, she owned herself fairly at fault, and insisted on being told all about it.

"Well, then," said Mary Clifford, "you mus'n't be surprized—but—would you believe it—papa actually made me an offer of William Maxwell this very morning."

Miss Lee's face became as pale as marble; but, true to her sex, she burst out into a laugh, and said,

"Ha—ha—ha—Is this the way he manages his first suit? I thought he was now lawyer enough to do his own business himself."

"But you have not heard all," interrupted the sprightly girl, who had come to the resolve to laugh off her mortification, and who had long suspected her friend to have usurped the orphan's affections; "what will you say, when I tell you, I actually *refused* him?"

"Oh, Mary, I am sure all this is a joke," said Elizabeth, "and you are only telling me to—to teaze—no, not to teaze me—for I care

nothing about it ; but I am sure there is not a word of it true."

"Indeed, it is," replied Miss Clifford, and then, with the slightest possible blush, added, "but you have not heard the other refusal."

"True, I forgot—that is, I didn't—no, I—psha, Mary, what has got into you this morning?"

"Oh, nothing at all; and if you do not wish to hear of the other refusal—"

"Oh, yes, I *do*; I am dying to hear of it," said the young lady, endeavouring vainly to hide the trepidation she already had suffered; "do tell me of the other one."

"Why, you must know, Elizabeth, that papa, (papas are always tyrannical upon such subjects, you know,)—why, la! what makes you shudder; I don't mean to say *your* papa will be tyrannical to you; nay, if you tremble and shake so, I have done."

"Tell me of the other refusal, and don't teaze me, Mary," said her friend, endeavouring in vain to hide her confusion, under a pretended pet.

"My dear papa, then, going directly contrary to my most solemn refusal, undertook, immediately afterwards, to make a generous offer of my poor person to his young friend, William Maxwell, Esquire."

"What then?" demanded Miss Lee, faintly,

and with the most painful attempt at indifference imaginable.

“What then,” said Miss Clifford,—“ha—ha—ha—why, he refused me—ha—ha—ha. Did you ever hear any thing so provoking in all your life?”

Poor Elizabeth felt as if a load were removed from her heart; but it had sunk too deeply within her to regain its usual merriment so suddenly; she therefore suffered her laughter loving friend to proceed.

“I thought for a while I would never speak to him again; I was so angry; but you know I never do *really* get angry; and besides, I paid him for it on the road; oh, it was too sweet. There he was, walking beside me like a pea stick, without a single word to say, he was so ashamed; and so I told him how I pitied him for cherishing so unfortunate an attachment; and made him promise never to think of me but as a sister. I thought of it all at once, and after I had plagued the poor fellow long enough, I let him see it was all in fun; and so we laughed it off. But isn’t it a very provoking thing to be refused so off hand like?”

Miss Lee, good-humouredly expressed her surprise at the strange circumstances; she was fearful of saying much on so delicate and strange a matter.

“Oh,” answered Mary Clifford, “papa got into one of his sick fits; you know he is trou-

bled with them sometimes; and then out comes every whim of his brain, and he seems to think the whole world bound to obey his wishes. We left him alone, which is the best method to bring him to himself, and when he gets over the spell, ten to one he never remembers one word of all the mischief he had like to have made.”

Here the young lady of the mansion ventured to compassionate Mr. Clifford's situation.

“Indeed, so do I, deeply,” answered the lively girl, “and often tell papa how foolish it is to be so, when he has every thing he can wish around him. But when the spell comes on, it must have its way, and he is always better for a while afterwards. But Elizabeth, as this has been a day of tender and sentimental accidents, I intend to keep it up as it was begun, and end with another offer.”

“What is that?”

“Why, I will tell William Maxwell plump, at once, that there is a young lady on the banks of the Delaware with whom he may hope for better success.”

“If you do, Mary,” said Miss Lee, blushing to the finger tips, “I will never speak to you again.”

“Oh!” exclaimed the merry maiden, “do you expect to escape without your share of the mortification?—no, no; I am determined you shall be refused too by this piece of perfection.

Where is he, eh? where is William Maxwell?" and so saying, bonnet in hand, she ran towards the breezy lawn in front of the house, Elizabeth Lee following her, the very picture of shame and consternation.

The gentleman was, however, not to be found; and the two young ladies, after sitting in an arbour for the purpose of taking breath, then strolled laughingly along the green bank, wild, almost, as the very birds around them, with glee.

In the mean time, the young lawyer had sought, and obtained an interview with Mr. Lee, his remaining benefactor; and after a similar expression of gratitude, proceeded, as he had done with Mr. Clifford, to proffer his obligation for the amount expended.

This, however, that gentleman firmly refused to take.

"What I have done," said he, "was in the shape of a benevolence; a free gift; and I should lose half the pleasure I experience from its recollection were I now to accept a promise of payment."

William Maxwell, on the other hand, insisted.

"It is enough, sir," said he, "that you *ventured* so large an amount upon one to whom you were an utter stranger. The debt on my part is so sacred, that I could never forgive

myself if I hesitated, at the very earliest opportunity, to show my sense of it."

It was in vain that Mr. Lee resisted; in vain that he absolutely, almost angrily, rejected the offer; for Maxwell, with tears in his eyes, insisted upon his accepting, at least, a memorandum of the amount.

To this his patron would have had but little objection, had it not been for the withering idea, that the claim would probably pass into other hands, and its payment, in all probability, be insisted on. At the same time, there arose a hurried question of conscience, whether he was justified in refusing the repayment of a loan, when all his property would scarcely satisfy the demands against it. Mr. Lee was a strictly honest man; and this idea induced him, at length, to cease his objections, though not until he had said, with much solemnity, to Maxwell, that he freely forgave him the debt; if, indeed, he ever owed a return of a voluntary donation; but that, if he yet insisted on giving his obligation, he must not be surprised if he were thereafter called on for its payment.

The young gentleman still insisted, and his patron, with a heavy heart, after making a few calculations, which reduced the demand one half, declared that fifteen hundred dollars, principal and interest, all told, was as much as he could conscientiously demand. There had been so much difficulty in inducing him thus

far, that Maxwell saw the uselessness of urging him farther, and he therefore drew up a simple promissory note for that sum, payable on demand.

This matter being arranged, the two gentlemen joined the young ladies; and well was it for Miss Lee, that her father's presence restrained the giddy mirth of her friend Mary; but, as it happened, the conversation turned upon many kind inquiries of Mr. Clifford's health, and ended in Mr. Lee's expressing an intention of calling upon him that very afternoon. He also proposed to Miss Mary to remain until then, and accompany him in his carriage. This invitation was accepted with pleasure; and Mr. Maxwell, although much pressed also, bade adieu to the friendly party, and took the road homewards.

He had not proceeded far, when his attention was arrested by an old acquaintance, no other than black Pompey, who was sitting on a fence, and dangling his legs to and fro in luxurious idleness.

CHAPTER XX.

POMPEY GANGES, grandson to one of those unfortunate Africans, who were rescued from a slaver on the high seas near a century ago,

and brought over in the ship Ganges—whence their universal surnames—pretended to reside in a miserable, dilapidated hovel, not far distant from Mr. Lee's mansion; and from which latter, to say the truth, he drew his most important supplies. His entire household consisted of himself, a half clad boy, related to him nobody cared how, and an ugly little affectionate, good-for-nothing, pepper-and-salt terrier. He did not, like the wandering Arab, carry his tent with him, whenever his subsistence in its immediate vicinity became too precarious, but merely betook himself to some one of his numerous haunts, in search of better fortunes. Indeed, his habits in this respect, had grown into a certain degree of restive regularity; so that he was sure to enjoy, during the year, two grand Saturnalias, which might be termed his vernal and autumnal jubilee. One was, when he prepared to quit his habitation for the winter; the other, when he again duly took possession at the commencement of summer.

It is difficult to say at which he most enjoyed himself.

As the season of snows and storms drew nigh, he might be found lagging about his crazy tenement, with something like awakened interest and affection for that which he was so soon to desert; until, the important day having

arrived, the old straw bag was carefully placed on the rafters, under the least leaky part of the roof, the board bedstead turned on an end, and two or three cooking utensils cunningly hid beneath a neighbouring stone. After this was done, the door was closed, a corncob or crooked stick stuck to secure it, and the premises then abandoned to fate, (which occasionally visited them in the shape of a stray cow, or runaway hog,) for the winter. Towards evening of the same day, Pompey could surely be found lurking at some farm house fire, looking out for work, as he said; although the rascal could never be persuaded, the whole summer through, to lend a helping hand; except, perchance, at harvesting, or other times, when labour assumed the appearance of a frolic. As for the boy 'Lijey,' he was despatched pretty much on the same errand—to seek his fortune; and shifted for himself with a species of natural instinct, that had probably descended to him from the elder Ganges. The commencement of the summer jubilee was known, by a thin blue smoke, seen to ascend from the barrel crowned chimney, and any curious observer would be sure there to find both the usual occupants; although, it was always an equal impossibility, to discover which came first, or how they always managed to arrive together.

From all this, it may be gathered, that Pompey was somewhat advanced in life; lazy, and

good for nothing. He had a grizzled head, grinning mouth, and saucer eyes: ragged he was, of course, and generally good natured; perhaps knavishly so; at least, once or twice, in earlier days, he had been lodged in jail upon suspicion of theft; but was, on the other hand, sure to be honourably discharged in absence of evidence against him. He was, indeed, a true specimen of the hearty, idle, shackling country negro; was fond of fishing for catfish half the day, and of spreading himself out the other half, like a black snake, in the hot sleepy sunshine. When Sunday came, he could generally find one or two bound boys, or runaway urchins, to whom he taught, practically, the art of catching 'snappen torkles;' and, to say the truth, there was no greater adept than he at it, the whole country round. You might see him of a clear sunny afternoon, with a clean pair of faded second hand trousers on, in honour of the day, accompanied by two or three admiring youngsters, slipping with silent importance into some old, sundried, leaky batteaux, and then paddle away to the well known creek or cove, where the 'torkles' themselves, like so many little, fat, squabby negro papposes, were stretched across every stray log and mud encrusted stone, enjoying the luxury of *their* 'siesta.' From the very egg, a hot sun seems favourable to the little shell-shielded animal's existence; but,

although Pompey might justly sympathize with their predilections, yet was he a bitter persecutor of them, as full many experienced; for he never returned towards nightfall without beholding some of his victims fairly laid upon their backs. Once—(poor Pomp, he never forgot it!) he had been unusually successful; and, after stowing his cargo, as he thought, all safe, he sat himself down, and began to row, or rather float, leisurely home. Now, he happened to occupy the very seat, through which, when the sail was set, the mast went into its steppe; without ever reflecting that the same aperture which would admit the spar downwards, might also, most treacherously, give place to a snapper's head upwards. It was not long before the 'torkle's' eyes began to wink and twinkle with ireful curiosity; and sundry turns and twists of its vicious looking head, to evidence an awakening sense of Pompey's injustice. Indeed, an adept in natural signs might have perceived, that preparations for an attack through the unlucky postern were silently progressing; for a species of musing meditation seemed to have overcome the captive, whose face was bent inquisitively upwards.

All was serene and beautiful; the sun was just sinking below the level plains; the smooth wave reflected every object, and nothing was heard but an occasional lowing of kine from the shore. Of the urchins, one was gazing

over the boat, at his face, as in a mirror ; the other lay half asleep in the stern. Pompey had been humming faintly, a tune, probably in the hymn fashion ; but, at length, he too, became silent, and then all was still. How grand and majestic ! to see the trees, the banks, the clouds, and the blue sky, all asleep, far down in the motionless flood. The negro, rude as he was, enjoyed it with all the lazy satisfaction of an idler, and resting upon his paddle, let the skiff float calmly with the tide.

Good heavens ! what a yell succeeded ; what an agony of doubt and dismay, until he pulled himself clear of the hidden foe ! Indeed ; so completely had terror mastered him, that the cunning enemy had hurried out of his prison, had waddled up the side, and had plumped over into the water before his consternation would permit him fully to comprehend the exasperating truth.

Many a Sunday thereafter did Pompey search for the self-same ‘torkle,’ intending to inflict upon him the most summary Indian vengeance. He insisted, he should always know him again, from the bitter look of his eye ; but it was altogether useless ; the destined victim was wider awake than ever, and maintained a most freezing distance towards his former acquaintance.

Pompey Ganges, from the nature of his pursuits, was a much greater favourite with the

younger part of humanity than with their fathers. He was very cunningly acquainted with all the best fishing grounds ; could tell where the perch bit most freely ; up what gut catfish might be caught ; and, in short, was the oracle of every idle youngster in the community. He had not unfrequently been an object of admiration to Maxwell in his childish days, and even as he grew up, was still often resorted to for trifling information. In memory of this, he never passed him without a good word, although he knew it undeserved ; for at this very time, when his labour was needed, he was to be seen, as often before, dangling his feet over the fence, smoking a segar, and looking sideways at the sun ; being the very picture of ragamuffin content.

“ Well Pomp, what are you about ? ” asked Maxwell, good naturedly enough.

“ I ’ m hunting for John Grimes ’ stray heifer, master, ” said the negro, taking his segar respectfully from his mouth.

“ Ah ! and you have a fine prospect of finding her ; you expect her to come to you, I see. ”

“ Why, master William, it ’ s no use you know, to take the world too hard ; it ’ s little enough poor folks can find in it, ” whined the old negro.

Maxwell offered him a trifle, which was duly accepted ; and then, with a changed, jolly tone,

he began to discourse learnedly of the best shoals for perch fishing.

"Wouldn't it be much better for you, Pompey, to take to honest labour," objected the young lawyer, "and leave off these idle habits; you could get much more comfortably along."

"Ah, master," rejoined the negro, "there's al'ways a body or two, like you, and they wouldn't know where to find out the eels and catties of a holiday; and you'd often miss an odd hand at boating, or so, if I was to take to honest labour."

"I'm sure I ought to be very thankful if you injure yourself so much on my account, Pompey," said Maxwell, with mock solemnity; "give it up."

"Ah, master, I like you if I daar say so; and haven't I known you from a child, like; no, no, you must have your frolic, too; I couldn't see you without it."

"Well, I believe you are too old to amend," said Maxwell, with a smile, "but your exposures will kill you yet, depend upon it. Recollect the fever you took three years ago, and thank Dr. Senecks that you ever got through with it."

Pompey's gratitude and respect for the physician was indeed unbounded, and he answered,

"Ah, master, he's a witch; he knows more nor a body thinks of; I believe him against

the world, that your father—you don't recollect him, I guess—was never murdered."

This subject was to the young orphan, one of the deepest and most painful interest; the whole world, to use the negro's phrase, had passed their opinion on it; and yet, in one or two conversations upon the subject, the doctor had nearly convinced him of its impossibility. Still, he was unaccountably rejoiced to meet with any one, even an ignorant negro, who would also express that conviction; for any idea was less horrible than that of cold-blooded murder. He lingered, therefore, a moment, whilst the fellow prosed along.

"Most folks say as how he was killed with a bludgeon, poor man; but I never believed it; it was impossible, somehow."

"Then, Pompey, explain—what do you know?"

"Oh, I know," said the ragamuffin, with a look of great simplicity, "that 'are Doctor Sencks says as how it couldn't 'a happened as they say; he only got one heavy blow, like, on the top of his head."

"Don't mention it," exclaimed Maxwell, sickening at the thought; "it is impossible; otherwise;—he—was—murdered."

"Moughtn't he 'a hit his head against a post so; his horse was spiritfule, like; moughtn't that be?"

"But he was robbed by some villains ; his pockets were rifled."

"And what did they get?" asked the old crone, with a sneer ; but the next instant, assuming a more natural tone, he added,

"He mought ha' been found dead, master William ; it's easier to rob a dead man than a living one, you know."

Maxwell groaned in spirit. "The empty pistol tells another tale," said he.

The negro had no answer to make. At last he asked—

"Supposing we caught 'em, master, would you forgive 'em?"

"Yes," replied Maxwell, with kindling eyes, "after they had hung an hour on the gibbet, I would freely forgive them."

"Well, I 'spose it must be so," said Pompey, shrinking almost beneath the fierce glances of the lawyer ; "the jury said as how he was murdered ; and they would be hanged if they were caught, sure enough ; only I can't see, as that 'are old Doctor Senecks says"—

"What business have you to see any thing about it?" said Maxwell, angry at himself for having wasted a moment on the harrowing subject, and still more angry with Pompey for yielding his opinion up to the behests of the jury ; "go, search for John Grimes' heifer, or any thing else you please ; but never dare to mention this subject to me again."

"Well, well, master."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE day fixed for the great rout of Julius Cæsar Snare, Esquire, came on slowly, and surely; whilst there also appeared, gathering in the moral atmosphere some indications, which, by a possible chance, might interfere, unfortunately, with it.

Several public meetings on the state of the nation had been held, at which more than one friend to the people, made vigorous efforts to enlighten them. The elements of discord were in a state of inquietude, and plainly threatened an explosion, unless the strictest guard were laid upon the passions of the multitude. And this alone was not confined to the peculiar locality of the counsellor's village. In every quarter of the commonwealth, with the unbridled freedom that was beginning to reign, most outrageous evils seemed, nevertheless, to be existing. Although the crops promised abundance, and the bounty of an overruling Providence had been scattered with a lavish hand; although legislative messages, and anniversary orations were continually rejoicing over the unexampled prosperity of the country; yet, no sooner did one of the true friends of the people come to be heard, than he convinced

his hearers, without the possibility of doubt, they were the most wretched, miserable, neck-trodden slaves that ever existed ; or, at any rate, would be so, unless they resolved nobly and patriotically to attack the powers in office. Then a few shafts were sure to be let fly at the rich and educated ; after which, the blessings of an equal division of property were slightly touched upon.

All this was like yeast in the bosoms of the well meaning, but sudden and prejudiced crowds who listened thereto ; and it fermented and foamed, until very many who had aided the dissatisfaction, with all their power, now shrunk half aghast, at the consequences of their wordy thoughtlessness.

It happened, most unfortunately, that the evening of the counsellor's fete, was that of a day on which a large and respectable public meeting had been called, for the purpose of expressing their disapprobation, in a legitimate manner, of the proceedings of some of the representatives in the late Congress, and especially of the course pursued by Edward Lee, Esq. It was stated, expressly, and so understood, that the citizens should assemble peaceably, pass the requisite resolutions, and adjourn ; leaving it to the moral force of public opinion to achieve the rest.

It must also be stated, that Mr. Zephaniah Gropp, alias drunken Zeph, being degraded,

by his own conduct, into an eel fisherman, found himself, about noon, up the small creek which flows past the arsenal grounds, pursuing his vocation, with but indifferent success. Owing to which, probably, another hour showed him seated at one of the numerous grog shops thereabouts, discoursing, learnedly, upon the system of universal benevolence, the happiness that awaited all men hereafter, and the ills poor fishermen were doomed to suffer in this world. In this state of mind and body, it was no difficult task to persuade the boozy patriot of heaven and earth to join the stragglers towards the meeting. There we must leave him for the present, he being in that happy state of mental ductility, as to leave it entirely to others to lead him onwards, or astray.

“Helen,” quoth Counsellor Snare, rubbing at the same time his hands, with much self approbation, “remember this wine in the black bottles is fine—old—hech, ahech—let me see—sherry, yes—pale sherry. This in the decanters is—ahech—Madeira, so you won’t forget. But where did you put the *real* Madeira—eh?”

“I didn’t put it any where, brother, it is up stairs in the store room, I suppose.”

“Well, we *must*—heigho—we must have *some* of that to begin with; do you get down five or six bottles—no more!”

“La, brother, think how many gentlemen are to come, six bottles will not go far.”

“Right enough, Helen; but we must be careful who we give such wine to. There’s young Maxwell, and this Grojag, (he is a literary genius, and talks French—ha!) and Abel Label, and Tyson, and all that host, they are—ahech—no judges of good wine, and at any rate they will—ahech—swallow the affront—ahech, hech—and be thankful. Be sure to give to all such the old sherry—ha—ha—ha.”

“Well, brother, just as you say; but I should like to know who, in particular, the best must be sent to, so that I make no mistake in the plaguy business. The waiters must be told a dozen times, they are such bunglers.”

“First then, do not forget the Judges, they are all—ahech—very fine men, and there’s Counsellor Shufflebrief, and Gripfy too, and Grimstone, and *that* set; you understand, Helen—ahech.”

“What of Mr. Lee?”

“Send him the real Madeira, by all means, for he is a wealthy man, and they may—hech, ahech—they may talk of popularity, or unpopularity; but—achuck, chuck—show me a man of wealth, and I will show you—aheck—a man of consequence. He is a very particular friend of mine:—if I know my own heart, Helen, it would go through fire and water to serve him.”

“He has enough to help himself, I think,” replied sister Helen, alluding to his reputed fortune.

“To be sure he has,” returned Mr. Snare, “and such is the very sort of persons we are willing to serve, Helen. Who would dream of helping a man who is too poor, or too lazy, for it’s all one, to help himself?—no—no.”

“What a dreadful thing it was, was it not, brother, to burn the poor gentleman in effigy; and such a shocking figure they made of him too? I wonder he could get over it, or ever show his face.”

“So long as they let his property alone, or do not burn down his house, I suppose they are welcome to their humours. But now I think of it, Helen, there is one gentleman of considerable political promise, and very thriving, he was introduced to me very lately, and is, it seems, growing rich and popular; I gave him a verbal invitation to come this evening. He—ahech, hech—he paid me—chuck, achuck—a handsome fee last week, and, upon inquiry, finding him a very respectable young man, I asked him here—no harm, you know.”

“Oh, none in the world, we will have room to spare. Is he a married man, brother? what is his name?”

“Let me recollect,” said the counsellor—“hech, ahech—Hogey, no—Roguey, no, no—Pogey, that’s it—John Pogey—Mr. John

Poguey, who, they say, has already realised many thousand dollars by his own industry."

"Is he a handsome man, brother? What family is he of?"

"He is of no family that I can discover, which, you know, Helen, is next best, after coming of a first rate one. I am told he has no known relatives."

"Lord bless me, brother—perhaps"—exclaimed the old maid, looking unutterable things.

"No, no," replied Mr. Snare, shaking his head, "his mother was a very honest woman, that much I know; or at least the law teaches us so to presume."

"Well, well, brother, and must the good wine be sent to him?"

"Lord, *no*. He is very popular at public meetings, and so forth, and pays a fee like a man, so his acquaintance is worth having; but don't throw away the good wine upon him."

Every preparation was at length satisfactorily ended. The fat little counsellor was decked out in all his finery, and his sister, stiff and starch-expectant by his side, ere the guests began to assemble.

Soon, however, the rattling of carriage wheels were heard, the bustle of alighting, and all the various ill-assorted sounds of coming company—then a subdued tread sounded along the hall, and the well oiled doors moving silently on

their hinges, ushered in the smiling guests. On came the stream, beauty and beaux—gray-head, and beardless youth—simpering Miss, and watchful mamma—all jumbled together in glittering confusion.

Among the rest, an unwilling victim to his lady's wishes, might be seen, Edward Lee, Esquire, with the blooming Elizabeth half shrinking beneath the glare, and gazing, with pleasure, upon every well known countenance she could distinguish. Young Maxwell was quickly at her side.

The host played well his part—not a gentleman arrived but was welcomed with a Corinthian urbanity, not to be found fault with, except that it partook most detestably of a tea-party demeanour, and was, therefore, far from easy.

And now began the bustle and the buzz—covert glances coursed eagerly about—pretty things were said by the beaux—merry laughs tittered and twittered in all directions—the young ladies looked so happy, and

‘All went merry as a marriage bell.’

In one particular corner, a few older heads were assembled; those whom father time had led far away from all communion with the joys of youth, and it was to them that he apportioned the

‘Logic and the wisdom.’

whilst the thoughtless and happy younglings enjoyed their share of his favours, in the

‘ Wit, and the loud laugh.’

Among the former, Mr. Lee was to be found; his daughter with the latter.

“ I am quite delighted, I protest, to meet you here this evening, Miss Lee,” said young Maxwell, addressing her in the throng, with rather more observance than when at her own quiet home. “ I was afraid perhaps some accident, or change of mind would have prevented.”

“ And which, do you think, most likely to operate in a lady’s case,” demanded Miss Mary Clifford, who sat beside her friend, “ accident, or change of mind ?”

“ Change of mind is only a species of accident,” returned the beau, smiling, “ one, however, to which some ladies are very little subject.”

“ And others very much, is it not so ?” said Miss Clifford—at the same time, gliding off into another part of the room.

“ What is your opinion upon the important subject, Miss Lee ?” asked the lawyer, “ there are some honourable and beautiful exceptions, even to accidents of this sort.”

“ Indeed, I cannot tell, sir,” answered the young lady, with affected simplicity, and looking also to the ground.

Maxwell kept up the fire in the true tea-party style.

“Have you read the last new novel?—I suppose not, for it was out but yesterday. I have a copy at your service, and will bring it to you, if I am permitted.”

This unfortunate proffer brought vividly to the mind of the maiden, the scene with her mother in the little parlour; and having been ever since exceedingly terrified at she knew not what, was now only anxious to stop, at all hazards, any future presents.

“Indeed, Mr. Maxwell,” said she, “you are too good; but I must first insist upon your taking away those you have already lent me, before I borrow more—besides, I have not read them through,” and, thereupon, she began to fan herself, and look aside.

“Why, Miss Lee, do excuse me; but I—I thought you had read them all, and were much pleased with them—at least, so I understood you.”

There was the slightest possible tinge of anger in this speech, which no one, but a young lady in Miss Lee’s state of heart, could have detected—she did though, and the spirit of her sex and of coquetry, which is inseparable to it, answered—

“I only *skimmed* over them. I have not had time to read them carefully; and now I think of it, do not believe I shall very soon,

what I did get through with, I found very dull and uninteresting."

Maxwell looked the picture of mortified astonishment, so much, indeed, was he thunder-struck, that he could only answer with a bow; and had it not been for Mr. Snare who happily just then came, with a request for him to join in a glass of fine old sherry, he would really have made a fool of himself, one way or the other. As it was, he bent a look, not without meaning upon his tormentor, made another very polite bow, and, without a word, withdrew.

"He has found out one more that can change," said the young maiden to herself, half mortified, and half pleased at his evident vexation.

But William Maxwell was too fond of being near the beautiful girl, to detain himself long from her side.

"Miss Elizabeth," said he, somewhat tremulously, but glad, at the same time, of an excuse for again addressing her, "will you permit me to introduce to your acquaintance, a gentleman who desires that pleasure, and who Mr. Snare informs me is very genteel, and received in all good society."

"Who is it?" half whispered Elizabeth Lee, her face again wearing the most bewitching smiles.

"Mr. Poguey," returned the young law-

yer—Mr. John Poguey, that gentleman with light eye brows and hair.

The lady could, of course, have no objection, and Mr. Poguey—no other than our former acquaintance, Jack, was properly introduced. He was wonderfully improved—dressed well—looked well, had rather a taking manner about him; and were it not that he had called in the aid of musk, or some other perfume to his hair, would have passed muster, without question or comment.

“I have a strange recollection of having seen you somewhere before, Mr. Poguey,” observed the young lady; “but where, I cannot say.”

“I never enjoyed that honour, to my knowledge,” replied the gentleman, with a speech rather more studiously arranged than belonged to a really well bred person; but it passed in the crowd, and we will leave him, with a host of others, which the extreme beauty of Miss Elizabeth had drawn around her, to make his way into her favour as he best could, whilst we lift the veil, momentarily, from the last five or six years of his life; for we hold ourselves bound, fully, to account for his being detected in such unaccustomed society.

CHAPTER XXII.

JACK POGUEY, as we have already seen, made no mean use of his time and opportunities. Indeed, so far had he, at the age of nineteen, advanced on 'his own account,' that his employers felt no objection the lad should leave them, although he was undoubtedly both smart and handy. There was something which could not well be expressed; a lurking distrust against him, which amounted not to suspicion; a dissatisfaction, seemingly without sufficient cause, which, nevertheless, induced them readily to grant his request; and, from that time, the youth started forward on his own career of greatness.

He possessed a mind which, with an object once grasped within it, never relinquished its hold. If his cupidity set up a distant mark, at that he aimed, secretly, perhaps, but unfalteringly, until he either attained it, or until time proved, not the improbable, but utter impossibility of his efforts. Whatever he coveted, he seemed to consider his own, and his after exertions were more to gain it as he could, than procure a right to it. Did desire or love inflame him? But let us pause—this was not only a supposable, but an actual case.

Strange as it may appear, whilst curses against the wealthy were quivering on his lips, he was yearning for the riches he so affected to despise, and unattainable as seemed the object, he soon also admitted the image of the wealthy bright eyed girl into his bosom ; and, when once there as a thing to be desired, true to himself, it never forsook him.

His thirst for money had, at the age of twenty-two, been strangely, but not miraculously, gratified; he had, moreover become, to a certain degree, eminent ; for he was secretary to many a patriotic meeting, and he consequently came to be considered a very promising young man—a friend to his country—an enemy to every tyrant ; and a well-wisher of the poor.

What were the exact means of his elevation, few inquired, and no one cared about. Strange! if among the thousand and one self-made men, *he* should be singled out as a subject of ridicule or examination. If, as he rose, he railed less against the wealthy, he bore more open testimony against too liberal an education, which he dogmatically undertook at last to say, was the true criterion of a tory. The subject of family pride, also, afforded him many a biting jest, and no man who could count back to his great-grandfather, but was sure to meet with his concealed hatred. And, in fine, all those things which he found it impossible to

attain, (reckoning strict honesty among the number,) were viewed with unqualified envy and ill-will; those, on the contrary, which he could hope to pick up in the stream of life, and which gradually presented themselves, were treated very complacently, as they came severally within his reach.

Thus, as money began to fill his pockets, he came to entertain a most strange reverence for wealth and wealthy men; and as he also successively rose to be clerk, secretary and chairman of public meetings, he learned to admire the airs of the great men around him, and to follow in their footsteps. His fierce detestation of poverty and vulgarity increased accordingly, and, to end the tale, after one or two trifling throes of a very convenient conscience, he determined to cut his adopted parents altogether, and to darken all his other vices with the hue of ingratitude. Thus he stands unmasked before the reader.

We must now also notice, that before the company began to assemble at Counsellor Snare's, the great political meeting was duly called to order, and it being soon ascertained, that no room would hold the assembled crowd, it thereupon adjourned into the open field. More than one orator tried the strength of his lungs beneath the pale blue sky, and many was the wild shout and hurrah that rose with every palpable hit at the wealthy and enlightened.

The mass listened, and listened, until, through the persuasive eloquence of the spouting leaders, the good souls who composed it, were led to a firm conviction, that they were the most miserable creatures upon the face of the earth. It signified little, that many were fat and well fed among them; it mattered not, they could utter any thing their hearts conceived with impunity; the objection to righting themselves by main force, seemed itself a thorn, and one which they were every moment becoming more desirous to pluck away.

“Yes, my friends,” exclaimed Wolfy, at the conclusion of a spirited oration, “yes, we are all brethren of the great republican family, one and undivided; no upstarts, no aristocrats; no—no—among us; down with the tories, say I.”

“Down with the tories, and hurrah—hurrah—hurrah—” cried the loyal respondents, whilst many added, gratuitously, “yes, and tar and feathers for that old tyrant, Lee, who would curtail us of our just rights.”

“Tar and feathers—hurrah,” shouted the mob.

“He—he—he—” simpered Mr. Wolfensuttel, to a small knot that had collected round him so soon as he descended; “he—he—he—gentlemen—no, no, I wouldn’t advise violence. Let us redress our wrongs in peace, eh?—he—he—he.”

“I say yes, damn him,” shouted one out-

rageous dog, "he is a black hearted traitor for that vote of his ; you don't pretend to uphold him, do you, Mr. Orator?"

"Who, *I*?" exclaimed Wolfenstuttle, with marks of the greatest respect and reverence for the ragged rascal who bearded him ; I?—no ; I don't admire violence ; but whatever the majority says, is right ; of course I love to err, if I do err, with the majority."

"But I say no," exclaimed Zephaniah Gropp to the fellow, "and I say Edward Lee is no tory, and a better man than you ever were in all your life, damn you, whoever you are." With that he squared himself for battle.

Now it happened, that he was even more shabby and ragged than the violent scoundrel before him, which, according to the usual laws of a mob, entitled him to greater deference ; besides, he was no fool at fisticuffs, and so his antagonist knocked under.

"Oh, I didn't come here to fight and kick up a row," said he, "I'm for being decent at such places," and he slunk off the first opportunity to another quarter of the ground, his rage against Mr. Lee burning ten times more violent than ever.

Drunken Zeph was in great glee at this victory, and roved about, catching the exclamations from others, and shouting them forth with delighted vociferation.

"No qualification," roared some one near him—"hurrah."

"Hurrah," repeated the fisherman, whose brain was too much muddled to distinguish very nicely: "hurrah for liberty and no colourfication; red or white we're all alike; a'n't we, I say, Pompey, you damned black nigger?"

Mr. Ganges was indeed also in a state of glory no whit inferior to his fair favoured friend, and they grappled each other's hands with hearty good will.

The noise and tumult seemed to increase. Resolutions were passed by acclamation. Every thing was capable of amendment, and nothing was heard of but those eternal and immutable principles of equality, which, if carried out into practice, might chance to end in the cutting of throats, but nothing worse.

Here was then to be seen that admirable display of person, and unanimity of sentiment, which is one of the true standards of perfection, and all went on in discordant harmony until the final question was put, to adjourn, and carried with three times three; aye, with most vociferous acclamation. After which, the more orderly and less enthusiastic retired, not without much self-sufficient loquacity, to their homes, seeking immediately thereafter in their usual routines of business, to make as good bargains out of their dear friends and fellow citizens as they possibly could.

But old Stokes, drunken Zeph, and a long list of particular acquaintances, (Pompey Ganges among the number,) of that sort, among whom Nathaniel Wolfenstuttle was a species of king, notwithstanding his 'love of level,' felt no desire to end the sport in so off hand a manner. As for the fisherman, the 'wine was in and wit out,' and although, when sober, he was honest and sensible enough; yet now, alas! he seemed ready to follow with a shout of joy any pathway, provided it did not carry him peaceably homewards. Groups of such sort moved slowly along, sojourning at one grog shop, and then at another, listening to speeches which became every moment more violent and dangerous, and almost ready for open outrage. Thus the evening began to set heavily in, and the shadows of night wreathed themselves imperceptibly over the fair face of creation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVERY thing went on, or rather went off, admirably, at Counsellor Snare's. The young people, careless altogether of the quality of his wine, sipped, indeed, the insipid stuff, little dreaming of considering it either an object of desire, or a source of enjoyment.

As for Miss Elizabeth Lee, she continued to attract so much attention, both from the extreme beauty of her countenance, and from a bashfulness which sat exceedingly natural upon her, (to say nothing of her being an only child,) that Mr. John Poguey, with all his endeavours, aided by a certain half easy impudence which he mistook for good manners, could obtain but a very limited share of her attention. His discrimination soon led him to perceive, that Maxwell appeared actuated by similar desires; for the which, he awarded him at once, no small degree of dislike and hatred. This discovery was not to baulk him, however, in his views; and he continued the pursuit, as if it were nothing more than a mercantile speculation. Perhaps he he considered it so; for the world, as yet, gave Mr. Lee credit for immense wealth.

Meanwhile, the counsellor and a few others, whom he chose to dignify with the epithet of particular friends; those, in fact, whose sympathies, arising almost altogether from a similarity of ages, enjoyed the treat, rare at that house, of a really good glass of wine. They were a favoured few.

The conversation naturally turned upon the proceedings of the meeting held that day; indeed, Mr. Lee himself introduced the subject, and the remarks, of course, passed upon it, were by no means complimentary.

“A large, a very large meeting, I am told,” said Mr. Snare—“ahech—all wind—noise—ahech. These fellows are bold enough at a distance—ha—ha—ha; yes, this puts me in mind, brother Gripfey, of a bad, bold fellow, whom I once—ahech—was concerned against. No sooner had I left the court house, than I saw him making up to me with doubled fist, *‘manu forti,’*—ha—ha—ha. Come on you scoundrel, said I, waving my bag, ahech—ha—ha—ha; but the coward was afraid of me and slunk off—ha—ha—ha. My own client, who was a huge built fellow, stood by my side, and saw the whole transaction.”

“These brawny rascals,” said Counsellor Pursey, after a short pause of admiration, “these brawny rascals have a respect for nothing but their own brute strength.”

“A mere flea bite,” returned Mr. Snare, “no match whatever for moral courage.”

“Such brute strength is dangerous at all times,” observed Edward Lee, “when not under the dominion of reason. A maniac with nerve and sinew, disposed to mischief, wants no impulse from moral courage.”

The counsellor could, by no means, assent to such a proposition; and after striving, in vain, to recollect some appropriate maxims from the list of latin quotations he had made, he was forced to sink into plain english.

“I am perfectly convinced,” said he—hech,

ahch — perfectly convinced, that the firm face of a *single* man—chuck, achuck—of a man of courage—one man can effect more than the brute strength of a multitude. I have myself —ahch—had some experience that way.”

Here his modest opinion was cut short by the approach of Mr. John Poguey, who had been fairly beaten out in his attempts to attract the notice of Miss Lee. Like a wary general, he thought proper to take advantage of his defeat, and reconnoitre the rooms, by which, perchance, his eyes, or ears might pick up something serviceable.

His approach was to be deprecated for nothing else but that thereby an extra glass of the real Madeira was in danger, which was, at all hazards, to be saved.

“*Mister* Poguey,” exclaimed the polite entertainer, with as much apparent delight as if he had seen him for the first time that evening, and seizing at the same time his hand, “I am glad to find you in our corner of the house, among the old fellows—eh! Do let me have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you.”

With that, in the most easy manner imaginable, Mr. Snare circled one of his arms around the new comer, and gently moved him a few feet further from the chosen club; and all this with an air of the greatest friendship, until within the sphere of the cheaper article, he seized a decanter, and pouring out a bumper

for the aristocrat, and a few drops for himself, he proceeded in his usual style.

“This is—hech, ahech—a remnant of—ahech—fine old Madeira that I managed to procure some years ago. It has all that—hech, ahech—that peculiar flavour which such rare stuff generally has—perhaps—ahech—it has a slight touch of the must, or rather the mellowness of good old age—eh, sir?”

Now, Mr. Poguey, from the nature of his avocations was no very bad judge of wine, and no very good judge of manners, and, for a moment, he lost the beau in the merchant.

“It has,” said he, as if answering the query of a customer, “it has, according to my taste, no small touch of good old cider.” And he most unpardonably put his nose over the glass after he had emptied it.

“Um,” thought the counsellor, “a very disagreeable sort of young man this.” But his words betrayed no such sentiment.

“Ha—ha—ha—excellent, Mr. Poguey, *excellent*—ha—ha—ha. Now come, after that let me introduce you to some of our fine belles—ha—ha—ha—do, sir, come—permit me.”

After having thus, with no little tact, deposited his charge out of all danger of ‘the best,’ Mr. Snare again returned full of complacency to his chosen knot; but his countenance fell, as he perceived that several more glasses had been drank in his absence than he intended

there should be. There was, however, no remedy, and grievous as it was, the chief servant Ross was summoned for another supply.

He accordingly came; but only to the door—a picture of trepidation and terror—his face seemed almost white, and his eyes were bursting half out of his head. Forgetting, indeed, his place, and all respect, he stood like an idiot, beckoning to his master; behind him, at some distance, were also one or two other domestics, half concealing and half betraying their troubled visages.

The counsellor was very much of a cot in his own household; and on this occasion, curiosity and fear both at work, with no little anger likewise at the man's foolery, he bounced out, and demanded in an undertone—

“What's the matter, you rascal? you haven't broke any thing—have you?”

The whole group of domestics, black and white, retreated rearward, followed by their master, whose puny wrath was beginning to rise.

“Oh, no, sir, not that,” at last, exclaimed Ross; “but—”

“But what—speak out you fool—what is it?”

“Something worse, sir,” said the man, his teeth beginning to chatter perceptibly.

“What is it then?—do tell me Ross—quick

—quick—good heaven! the wine hasn't been leaking, I hope!"

"Oh, sir," said one of the maids, whose tongue could move more glibly than Ross's, (he having, wicked wretch, made somewhat free with the wine bottles); "Oh, sir, there's a great mob down the town, and here's butcher Bob just come up, and says he heard 'em swear they'd come afore long and mob our house, and tar and feather Mr. Lee, the tory—and—and—burn us up—and—and may be worse; but you'll take care of me, Bobby—won't you? And she wrung her hands in the most piteous maiden misery.

"My God—my God! you don't say so," exclaimed the counsellor, "what shall we do?—Helen—Oh! Helen—what shall we do?"

"Just nothing at all," replied the old maid, who came up at the moment, and to say the truth, had twice the spunk of her brother. "I do not believe one word of it. A set of drunken men, wretches, no doubt, I warrant they can scarcely lift their vile selves from the ground. Don't mind it brother, and do nothing."

"D—d—do—do—ye—you think, Helen, there's no danger—eh?"

"None in the world—just go to your company, whilst the ices are sent in—do now."

Mr. Snare, accordingly, with meek spirit and contrite heart, again found himself at his

accustomed place; but as if for very torment, his friend Edward Lee, again broached the subject on which they before had differed.

“That moral courage which you just spoke of, Mr. Snare,” said he, “is valuable, chiefly on account of the resolution and fortitude it imparts. It may enable us to risk our persons, and to bear with evils, when unavoidable; but it cannot prevail against fierce enthusiasm, or stormy rage, when such passions stir the bosoms of a powerful and reckless multitude.”

But the subject was *now* any thing but a happy one.

“I agree with you my dear sir, perfectly—perfectly that, as you say, a reckless multitude is—is—yes, sir, is much to be feared—feared, sir—yes.”

The representative bowed courteously. “I do not exactly think that any violence is to be *feared* by the cool and self-depending; but I thought I understood you to differ from me with regard to the *effects* of muscular force, opposed only by moral courage.”

“Me, sir,” exclaimed Mr. Snare,” without a single—ahech, hech—“by no means, sir—a—a mob, sir, is the most horrible monster upon the face of the earth—but good heavens! what is that?”

The tone and manner of their entertainer was such, as to convince all around him that he laboured under a strong excitement, and his

last exclamation caused a painful listening silence.

But the merry dances and continued buzzing in the next apartment, drowned, for a season, every other noise. At length, the distant and doleful beat of a drum was heard audibly enough, and seemed to approach.

"It is the mob," shouted the counsellor, "I knew they were coming—yes—Oh! yes, they are coming to burn down my house, and tar and feather you, Mr. Lee."

"Impossible!" said the representative, scornfully; for the piteous cowardice of Snare raised his utmost contempt; but the next moment his proud look fell, and he cast his eyes to where his wife and daughter were sitting, with all the anxious care of a parent and husband beaming from them.

"Where is Captain Languish?" again exclaimed the terrified host; "I saw him here not five minutes ago—where can he be at this distressing moment—say, who can tell me?"

"He wath danthing with me," lithped a very pretty young lady, "and thome one gave him a note, and he begged me to excuthe him; but he withpered

'From sthport to sthport they hurry me,
To banith my regret.'

and he sthpoke so slow and thoft, I thought he was only putting on his airth; it was *tho* like him."

“So it wath,” replied the counsellor, lisping unconsciously, in his terror. “Fasten the doors, Helen—Ross—Betty—Tom—ho—fasten the doors;” but his commands had been forestalled; and as for himself, rushing up stairs, and hastily throwing open a small window, he listened with drooping head to the dull beat of the drum, and the hoarse and mingled sounds of an approaching multitude.

By this time the ball room was completely alarmed—the ladies shrieking at they knew not what, rushed timidly together; and in spite of the serious aspect of the matter, the beaux could not but feel unutterably tender, when assuring them of safety and protection. But the first impulse was the strongest; and bonnets, shawls, cloaks, all hastily seized, without regard to rightful ownership, were put in the most unbecoming requisition—the doors flew open, and in less than five minutes the whole splendid party was dissipated.

Some, however, remained : Mr. Lee was too scornfully proud to flee at a mere threat, and insisted upon staying a short time, at least, to prove the folly of such fears. His wife, of course, was with him, and as for Elizabeth, pale as death and speechless, she sat gazing in fixed stupor at her father, with one hand pressed against her forehead, and the other clasped by Mary Clifford, who, scarcely less

terrified than herself, had hastened nevertheless to support and comfort her.

Young Maxwell was there, of course, as also Mr. John Poguey; who, being indeed on very good terms with the popular party, felt not the slightest alarm; whilst the opportunity which seemed fast approaching, of ingratiating himself with Miss Lee was keenly waited for. Besides these, there remained half a dozen noble souls, determined to shield their friend, or share his danger. They were nearly all members of the legal profession, among whom has ever been found, notwithstanding individual exceptions, as large a portion of honour and courage as in any other body whatever.

It was soon palpable enough that the story of butcher Bob had not been exaggerated. The mob seemed inclined to go no farther upwards than the house of Mr. Snare, which, when they had reached, they commenced such a shouting and hallooing, as if they would shake down the building by mere noise. There was the beating of the drum—the odd sound of a conch shell, shrieks, groans, huzzas. The counselor was in a frenzy of terror.

“What shall we do, gentlemen?” said he, wringing his hands, and addressing the calmer and more collected remnant, “what *shall* we do?”

“Mr. Snare,” whispered one of the maids, with teeth chattering and eyes rolling, “there’s

a low knock at the cistern door, shall I open it?"

"No," shouted the master, "not for your life." But a glance of reason shot athwart his troubled memory, and he added, "Stay, I will go over head and see who it is."

The scrutiny proved favourable, and in a moment more the door was cautiously opened for the visitant.

Job Chatterly—for it was he (a well known gossip) had come, not out of friendship for Mr. Snare, for the counsellor had no friends among the poor—but merely to gratify his love of talking, and of being of consequence, though but for a moment.

"The mob," said he, "swear they will either have tory Lee to tar and feather, or pull your house down."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the master, "do they—ey—say that Mr. Chatterly?"

"Yes, sir; but they say they will be satisfied with Mr. Lee; they say you—"

"What—what do they say of me, Job?"

"Oh, I don't like to tell, sir."

"Only l-listen to those sh-outs—do—do pray tell me Job, what they say of me, for heaven's sake, do?"

"They say you are a penny dog, sir, and too mean to be worth mobbing; if I dare tell you, sir; but they will have the other—"

"Thank God!" piously exclaimed Mr.

Snare; "*thank* God; come in—come in to the gentlemen, and tell your story, Mr. Chatterly; quick, or they will have the house over our ears."

The gossip again repeated his story, or so much thereof as related to the ex-representative; for the counsellor did not press him further.

"Indeed, Mr. Lee," said the latter, as calmly as his agitation would permit, "it is the crime that renders a man *truly* infamous, not the punishment; think of that, my dear sir; think of that."

The threatened victim had plenty of moral courage, and cared little for himself; but he was sorely troubled on account of his wife and child. He did not, however, comprehend the kind hint of Mr. Snare.

A shout and slight crash, as if one of the upper sashes of the house had been stove in, brought the counsellor again to the attack.

"Indeed, my dear sir, when we consider that the nature of tar is very healing, and that feathers—feathers are nothing so dreadful—and that—that—in short, suppose we were to satisfy this horrid rabble; an innocent man may smile in the midst of punishment."

"Will you take the pleasure of the tar and feathering, then, Mr. Snare?" asked Maxwell, himself wild with rage and resolution.

"*Me!*" exclaimed the terrified host, "my

God—no, sir. They wouldn't have *me*; such wretches are always particular, *very* particular, sir."

"I will quit your house without delay, Mr. Snare," said Edward Lee, with as calm a voice as if he were freed from all danger, "since you appear to consider me a burden."

Mr. Snare kept silent, and wriggled under a sensation of shame utterly too slight to battle with his terrors.

Mrs. Lee took her husband's arm, and sobbingly whispered, "I will go with you—I will—Edward, I will."

As for Elizabeth, totally overwhelmed with sudden astonishment and horror, she still sat gazing fixedly at her father.

"I ask but one favour of you, Mr. Snare," said Edward Lee, proudly, "and that only on the most cruel necessity; will you lend me your pistols, and grant my wife and daughter a momentary asylum?"

"Readily, my dear sir—any thing—any thing in the world;" which meant, any thing to get rid of him.

"Edward," said Mrs. Lee, gazing steadfastly into his eye, from which, in spite of himself, a tear trickled, "do not think to go alone; I will not stay behind."

"Nor I," shrieked Elizabeth, tearing loose from Mary Clifford, and rushing towards him,

but falling so as to embrace his knees; "oh, dear father, dear father!"

Maxwell turned aside to hide his agitation, and every one in the apartment was moved to tears, except Mr. Poguey and the counsellor.

"My dear young lady," said the latter, "yon mistake altogether; they would only smear some tar over him, *very* peaceably, perhaps, and add, it may be, a few feathers. Indeed, I fear they *will* have their way."

During all this, the babel without was raging and roaring in ravenous confusion, and another slight crash showed that, notwithstanding the endeavours which the more peaceable among the mob were doubtlessly using, the work of destruction could not be long delayed.

"The pistols, Mr. Snare," said Edward Lee; "your property shall not be jeopardized for me or mine."

"Shame—shame—" was heard from one and another, but the counsellor would not heed it.

Mr. Poguey, who, cool and calculating, had waited until some advantage should offer to him, now saw the moment favourable.

"Let *me* first endeavour to mediate with these men; perhaps, they may listen to reason. At any rate," (bowing,) "for the sake of these ladies; I am willing to offer myself a victim."

It is impossible to describe the glance of grati-

tude that gleamed from the eyes of the young lady upon him. It was what he had expected; his bosom heaved with pleasure, and before the pistols could be brought, or Mr. Lee object, he had slipped out of a side door, and was amongst the mob. The small group he had left, in vain endeavoured to divine the fate of the embassy or the ambassador. As to the latter, Mr. John Poguey was in no danger whatever, for he was known to many around; and as noisy a brawler, upon occasion, as any of them. He did not attempt, indeed, to divert them from their purpose; but hastily calling one, whom he appeared especially to know, into a dark corner—

“Kline,” said he, “this won’t do.”

“Why not? it must—we’re up now.”

“Hark ye, Kline; come to-morrow to my counting-house, and you shall have twenty dollars—but this do, if you would earn it—raise a cry, ‘to the stables, to the stables,’ to seize Mr. Lee’s carriage and horses, and carry all those about this side of the wall off, if you can, will you? but be quick.”

“Twenty dollars! Mr. Poguey?”

“Yes, twenty dollars; and mind, whilst you are about it, you may break that old rascal, Snare’s carriage too, and hamstring his horses.”

“To the stable, to the stable,” shouted Kline, with all his might; they are at the carriage to get it out; “ho! boys! to the stable.”

Off shot the unsteady throng, and crash, crash, went the carriage; and, in the mean time, Mr. Poguey again found his way to the reasonably alarmed group.

"I have been arguing in vain with the people," said he, with a ready falsehood, "and find it impossible to turn them from their purposes; I ran myself near being stoned."

An expression of fierce regret from more than one was the answer.

"There is, however, one chance yet left," said he, "but we must not delay to seize it a single moment. The small postern door through which I went, ushers us beside the wood shed, where there is scarce a person now to be found, and we may creep along the shadow of the building, in a direction opposite the stables, through the garden, until we reach the lane that leads directly to the creek. There is risk in all this, but it must be run; a boat is, I believe, made fast to the bank; come, I will lead the way. Miss Lee permit me to protect you; your father and mother can follow close behind, and such other of the gentlemen who please to accompany us."

"All, all, every one," burst from the lips of those around.

"Right, gentlemen," exclaimed the counsellor, "and I—I will stay to take care of the house. God prosper ye."

Mute and miserable, Elizabeth Lee per-

mitted herself to be raised up, and was about to comply, when Maxwell stepped up and said,

“I will shield you, Miss Elizabeth; do not trust a stranger before a tried friend.”

“As you please, madam,” returned Mr. Poguey, coldly, for he saw she hesitated; “such an arrangement, however, might risk all our safety.”

“No, no, William,” said she, in bitter agony, for it seemed, strange as it was, that under the dreadful circumstances, they would be safer led by Mr. Poguey than by him—“Oh, no, no; any other time, but not now.”

Maxwell, deeply mortified, drew back; but the whole group seemed to entertain the same idea. This dependence upon the almost stranger was, without doubt, mainly in consequence of the extraordinary coolness which he manifested. Without possessing any merit for such virtue, for he had nothing whatever to fear, he still impressed every one with a sense of his prowess and abilities.

“Come with me, William,” said Mary Clifford, seizing him by the arm, “come and we will follow close after Elizabeth.”

Mr. Lee would have also gone first, but this was of course objected to; he should be kept in the middle of the party, and shielded, if possible, from observation; and, after this fashion, all was soon arranged, in much less time, indeed, than is here taken to record it.

Scarcely breathing, and with stealthy steps the fugitives were ushered forth and glided behind the shadows of the wood shed, for the moon was shining bright and clear in the silent heaven. It seemed almost a miracle that they were not perceived; but the truth was, Kline had his twenty dollars in prospect; and after setting on to the stable, he had cunningly returned to the critical point, and every one who approached, he instantly sent off with a loyal shout after his fellows.

The garden was now traversed, the small lane nearly gained, which was itself fitfully shaded with trees, and only one broad, unequivocal stream of moonlit ground was to be passed, ere they might consider themselves in comparative safety.

Even Mr. John Poguey drew a deeper breath than usual, and his heart almost failed him as the sound of voices from the place they were approaching, reached his ears.

In another moment, a rude voice was heard, as in remonstrance under the now no longer distant shade, which, to his dismay, he knew instantly as that of Zephaniah Gropp. It said,

“No, no; he is a just man, and I will not stay and see him abused—come along—we have done too much already.”

These words fell like balm upon the hearts of all but that of the aristocrat; who, with his present company, would have met any one

sooner than his justly incensed uncle. In his confusion, he did not even comprehend what he had heard, but only increased his desperate efforts to pass the moonlight ere he was recognized. But he was disappointed, and the moment he stepped with his lovely burthen out of the protecting shadows, he was fully confronted by three men, one of whom was the fisherman.

Zephaniah Gropp, although not altogether sober, was much more so than at the commencement of the evening, and seeing his nephew's situation, at once comprehended the truth; he spoke almost kindly.

"Eh—Jack—is it you, man? that's right, though."

Poguey was irritated at the stoppage, but beyond bounds by his being recognized and familiarly addressed; he could not contain himself.

"Drunken scoundrel," said he, and raising his right arm, he struck him a severe blow upon the neck that prostrated him to the earth; he rolled over and over in agony of mind far surpassing that of body.

His two companions seeing things take such a sudden turn, fled a very short distance, and then raised the alarm.

"Tories—tories—halloo—here they go."

"Tories—tories," was heard still farther off,

together with the sound of many feet in horrible confusion.

“Quick—quick—quicker,” whispered Mr. Poguey, who now literally carried the fainting girl; “run, run gentlemen, for your lives.”

It was indeed a perilous moment; but Mr. Lee’s better fortune prevailed, for before the pursuers reached the bank, the boat had plashed into the stream, and hugging the opposite side, was gliding swiftly downwards, under the deep shade of the overhanging willows. They were scarcely beyond stones throw, when a whole gang of ruffians filled the bank, whose noise and vociferations luckily prevented them from hearing the light splash of the oar. Even before they had reached their ark of safety, a few missiles, cast at random, had lighted among them, doing, however, no further harm than increasing the terror of the females, and inflicting a slight wound upon the arm of William Maxwell.

Mr. Poguey, so soon as he saw the boat fairly off, slid with great dexterity round a pile of boards; and in another moment was in the midst of the rioters—you may be sure he did not venture to curb or reprove them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALTHOUGH the threatened victim had eluded his pursuers; yet counsellor Snare's situation did not appear to have been much bettered by the expulsion of his guest. When the mob discovered their loss, it exasperated them even yet more; and the lawyer was at his wit's ends.

"Helen, Helen, is there any whiskey in the house, Helen?"

"Plenty, brother," answered the old maid, pale and trembling, "a couple of gallons were bought yesterday, of that cheap sort, you know."

"Never mind that," he returned; and cautiously putting his head out of the door, very humbly addressed the diminished throng, for the far greater number had gone towards the creek.

"Gentlemen, will you walk in and take a little good whiskey—come, do. I am very sorry for the mistake that has happened, indeed I am."

"Come in, Tom," said one of the rabble, coarsely, "let's try this old fellow's whiskey."

"Do, do, sir—do gentlemen," replied the

counsellor, showing them in. "This is some fine old rye, bottled for particular use."

The men smacked their lips, very grim, and dissatisfied.

"But you let the old tory out—you did."

"I protest I did not, gentlemen; besides, I thought you wanted him."

"Wanted him—d-mn—n; but we did not want him to escape."

"Escape—ahech—let me give you some more—escape, why he has only gone home; that's a *poor* escape; you could get to his house in half an hour."

A shout of joyful comprehension was raised by the throng within, and out they rushed.

Shouts, and hurrahs, and shrieks, bowled along until they reached the multitude at the creek, and then there came a struggling silence, as if of some horrid momentous consultation. Its issue was first heard in a low growl or murmur—and, at length, shouts upon shouts—calls to order—and the most horrid imprecations.

"To the house—to the house—down with the tory—tar and feathers, hurrah!" and accordingly a rush towards Mr. Lee's dwelling on the Delaware was commenced. The almost awful rap of the drum was again heard—the conch shell grated upon the soft moonlight rest of nature—the hurried voices of wrath and ruin filled up the pauses between, and all was soul sickening and terrible, until becoming fainter

and more faint, every sound died sleepily away in the distance.

"Helen," said the counsellor, almost worn out with his exertions and his fears, "they will burn the house down, and tar and feather Edward Lee; poor creatures, how I pity them all."

At the instant of the movement of the mob, Mr. John Poguey was perfectly aware of it; and if he did nothing to urge them on, he certainly did not endeavour in any way to restrain them; for he foresaw another opportunity, in all probability fast approaching, by which to ingratiate himself still further with Miss Lee.

He accordingly followed at a slight distance on one side, keeping even with them; whilst he coldly rejoiced over the benefits he had that evening received, and still hoped for more. Indeed, he revolved every possible contingency likely to be connected with the sacking of the country seat, so as to be able to act once again as the saviour of Miss Elizabeth Lee, and, perhaps, also as a mediator for her father; of this last, however, he cared but little. The lady was his object, and she alone.

But there was one contingency which he had entirely overlooked, and which was destined to arise, and snatch this last cup of pleasure at least from his lips.

The mob had proceeded about a mile, vociferating to the pale moon, bent on destruc-

tion, and perfectly mad with excitement; whilst our hero managed, as usual, just to keep up with them, without absolutely mingling among them. On they rushed, little dreaming of any stumbling block in their pathway, when all of a sudden—

“Rat-tat-tat—rattitat—tat-tat,” thundered in their ears, and the shrill music of the fife danced over hedge and ditch.

All was breathless silence and repose, in that human tide which, a moment before, had rolled so tumultuously forward.

The next moment the heavy report of a single warning great-gun came booming along from the arsenal, waking the mid-night echoes with a single jar. As soon as they died away, the soft drawl of Captain Languish was distinctly heard in the now breathless silence, and not a mother's son of the rabble but shook, as they listened; for they knew him to be a perfect dare devil, with all his tea-party airs.

“At-ten-tion, men—pre-sent *arms*.”

Mr. John Poguey sprang to a fence, and stood upon the topmost rail, holding by the bough of an overhanging tree to steady himself. It needed no witch to tell him that the civil authorities in their extreme terror had sent a requisition to the commander of the post. He looked abroad, and could see the muskets of about forty men gleaming in the pure moonlight, with that very beau Languish at their

head, against whom he before had conceived the most thorough-going hatred, on account of his prowess with the fair sex. Here was fresh cause of displeasure.

Another warning gun sent its bellowing note across the midnight waste;—and then came the rush;—kings, princes, and nobles (of the mob) led the way;—the very air seemed to be aroused at the unexpected movement;—south,—west,—north,—in every direction but towards the dreaded spot,—fled the terrified bacchanals. It seemed a miracle, even a miracle unto Mr. John Poguey himself.

One little pursy fellow—who had once been a constable, and had been tempted to join the rabble more for the hopes of plunder than from the love of liberty—in his dismay, came near to the disdainful merchant, and tumbling, in his haste, head over heels across the fence, exclaimed, dolefully enough, as he rubbed his shins and capered off.

“Look out for yourself friend! it’s all *nully boly*.”

And even so it was. Forty men with a gallant young officer at their head, had, by their simple appearance, completely routed a gang of hundreds—hundreds too, who but a moment before, were breathing fire and devastation.

Any person beholding this sudden discomfiture of a cruel multitude, might justly have indulged an innocent wish, that some of those sticklers for state rights, who every now and

then raise themselves into consequence, had been present, to see the untold advantage there is in having the powers of government removed slightly from popular influence. It would have spoken an emphatic lesson.

Perhaps, however, they would think as Mr. John Poguey thought;—he damned the garrison in the bitterness of his heart, especially Captain Languish, whom he resolved, for ever thereafter especially to avoid, as he seemed a dangerous man to deal with. Indeed, this glorious opportunity of carrying Miss Lee's affections, through feelings of gratitude, was completely destroyed, and he became for ever, thereafter, ten times more bitter and voluble in his abuse of the outrageously dangerous assumptions of right in the general government; never forgetting to testify also against the increasing evil of a standing army.

He was, indeed, almost stupified with rage and astonishment; and stood for a considerable time upon the fence where he had first stationed himself. When he at last descended, he found he was now completely alone; there was not the vestige of a human being near him—the crowd was dispersed, and the garrison at the arsenal had been turned in.

It was also the noon of night, and the unclouded moon was sailing high in heaven. The trees cast their broad masses of shadow darkly to the ground, and the wide fields were pensively brilliant in the silvery flood. Above

below, every thing was at rest. It was a scene beautiful indeed beyond belief: a distant glimpse of the ray-lit Delaware might occasionally be caught, and the pale streaks slept calmly on its bosom:—not a cloud spoke to the expanding sight, and every sound was hushed in the slumber of nature—earth seemed steeped in placid forgetfulness, whilst heaven was watching over her.

All this, however, was lost upon Mr. John Poguey—for there was nothing in his bosom which would allow him to sympathise with the beauties of nature—nothing could lift his heart from the slough in which it neither swam nor sunk; his mental beam was but a pillar of smoke.

Still a feeling of awe overcame him at the unusual solemnity above and below. He thought, probably, like many other cits, accustomed to a crowd, that moonlight is not half so merry as starlight; for, in the first instance, there is but one to hold you company; whilst the latter, although they be *only* stars, still afford a multitude. So he thought, probably; for in spite of himself, a shudder began to creep along his frame, as a recollection of the blow he had given to his adopted father, roused itself within him. He strove, indeed, first to smile it away—then argue it away, and, at last, to drive it away; but he could not. In the stillness of that night, conscience for a moment

reared herself within. The image of his tender adopted mother, and affectionate father rolled heavily across his soul, and mingled in light and shadow, came the haunts also of his youth—the favours he had received—the inexpressible kindness with which he had been reared—wave of memory succeeded to wave, and the solemnity of the hour seemed to deepen around—the voice within to become more audible. He could not bear the unwonted ordeal, and longed, with almost superstitious violence, for the presence of his fellows, that he might, for once, escape from himself.

In this state of mind he turned almost tremblingly towards the village, and with a sensation of joy, strange even to himself, he perceived some one astray apparently, likewise, moving slowly towards him. It was, without doubt, a member of the dispersed body, and the society of any one at the moment was far preferable to solitude. He therefore moved so as to meet fully the approaching stranger; but he started with almost a shriek of dismay, when, fully confronting him, appeared the now pale visage of Zephaniah Gropp. For a few short moments they both stood like statues, whilst the deep moonlight streamed silently down upon them. The contrast was as great as could be conceived, Mr. Poguey was dressed genteelly, and in the fashion, whilst his father was ragged and dirty; but he was perfectly sober,

and a glance of unutterable scorn lit up his features, as he gazed in his son's face, and said, "Villain."

It sometimes happens that we are so suddenly surprised as to be unable to rally instantly, cooler reason, or even pride to our aid; such was the case now with the ungrateful wretch.

"Father," said he, trembling like a leaf, "I know it."

"Know it then and prosper, and know that here alone, under this silent heaven, as God is still awake, and never sleepeth, I call down curses on your head—thrive upon them."

"Father, father, you will not leave me thus," exclaimed the remorse stricken child, "you will not leave me thus—whither are you going?"

"I am wandering from thoughts of myself; and you, begone."

The old man would not be softened—he pushed his adopted son, now a trembling suppliant, rudely from him—broke away, and left him standing where they first met—with a heavy sigh, he moved forward in his solitary path.

It was just at the gray of dawn when Zephaniah Gropp thrust open the door of his own dwelling, and found his sorrow stricken partner still asleep. She had awaited his coming until midnight, and then worn out nature claimed her due, and she sunk to repose, leav-

ing an entrance open in momentary expectation of his arrival.

When she awoke, he was sitting beside her, looking steadfastly in her face. The unaccustomed sight, together with his solemnity of countenance, aroused her fears; and she said with some trepidation—

“Where have you been Zeph?—what have you been doing?”

“*Praying*” said he, hiding his face in his hands.

“Oh, Zeph,” said the affectionate creature, “how often have *I* prayed that you might see the folly of your ways, and turn to your Saviour; and will you really pray so to?”

“I will,” answered Zephaniah Gropp, in a manner so changed, and with a voice so hollow, that Tabitha rose up in terror.

“Why, what is the matter with you?—something has happened.”

“Something *has* happened,” replied her husband with evident emotion. The alarm of Mrs. Gropp greatly increased, and she held herself in breathless suspense, until the fisherman again spoke. But his face flushed, and his bosom heaved without a word coming to his lips. At last he seemed to have mastered himself sufficiently to command his voice, and said—

“*He* struck me—Jack Poguey.”

The good woman wrung her hands in agony

—“Oh, Zeph,” said she, “it could not be; you made a mistake.”

“I gave him my curse and I left him,” returned the fisherman, as if half arguing to himself against further violence. “I cursed him—it is enough.”

Poor Tabitha burst into tears, “Oh that I should have lived to see this day—woe is me—Oh my husband—my child.”

“He is neither my child nor thy child,” replied Gropp, somewhat sternly, “nor yet even our nephew. Let us never think of him, or speak of him more.”

“I always feared it would come to this, Zeph,” sobbed on the wretched woman; “you would take the boy to Snivel’s lectures, and it has helped to make him all this. Oh, husband, how shall you hope to prosper?”

“I will prosper though,” replied Zephaniah, “for from this moment,”—here, with a look of firm resolution, he took a small bottle from his chest and dashed it in pieces on the hearth; “from this moment I am a sober man, and I renounce Snivel and his doctrine. I have been mad and miserable ever since I knew him.”

“And will you, Zeph,” exclaimed his wife with clasped hands, “will you, indeed, do all this. Oh, we shall be so happy again, if only our poor boy’s heart would be turned, once more to us.”

The fisherman rested his hands on his face for a long time in tristful silence; at length he started up and said—

“Yes, I will be once more a sober honest man—once more I will worship where my father’s worshipped; and this moment I will go to Mr. Lee and ask his pardon.”

“Why, Zeph,” said Mrs. Gropp, “have you been affronting ’Squire Lee again? or is it on the old matter?”

“No, Tabitha,” he answered with a groan, “you have heard but half the crimes and sorrows of last night. They mobbed him, and I—I—I was among them.”

This was too much for the poverty stricken and wo begone woman; she fell backwards on the miserable bed totally exhausted—and when at last she did exhibit signs of consciousness, it was only by sobs and groans. It was long ere she roused herself up once more, and said—

“Only reform your ways, Zeph, and we will forget it all. I will forgive you, and Mr. Lee is a good man, and will forgive you too—we won’t give up all hope yet.”

Zephaniah Gropp’s spirits were completely gone, and sobbed with emotion. He listened therefore willingly to the earnest entreaty of his wife, to defer his penitential visit to his former patron; and after his usual wretched meal, with a firm heart, and almost proud of

the resolution he had formed, he sallied out in search of labour.

In the mean time, Mr. John Poguey, by no means satisfied with himself, had sought and obtained that repose he so much needed. The morning sun which awakened him once more into activity, dispelled at a glance all those fleeting emotions of self-accusation, which had so stung him the night preceding. As his memory recounted like a faithful chronicler every circumstance of the affray, so far from feeling any remorse, he was only exasperated at himself for having, for a moment, been weak enough to be touched with such vile compunction; and as his ready anger continued to rise upon him, he easily shifted it from himself to Zephaniah Gropp, the mean fisherman. The very idea that he had bowed in spirit to such poverty and rags raised a grating sorrow, that partook more of real vice than many a more infamous crime; and the conclusion of the whole matter was, that he, John Poguey, had acted like a fool, and his uncle like a mad man and scoundrel. So he betook himself to his pursuits.

That same morning F**** and its immediate vicinity was, of course, alive with buzzing—wonders, and whispers. No one took part with the rioters; yet few were hardy enough openly to express their disapprobation of the outrageous proceedings. Even Counsellor

Snare seemed inclined to consider the whole matter as a joke, and laugh it off; so that, as regarded the breach of the peace and of the law, there seemed as little prospect of punishment as there was danger of detection; for when all were afraid to come forward to accuse, the matter hung up of itself, gradually grew flat, and became a thrice told tale. There, however, *seemed* to be but one sentiment with regard to the timely interference of the soldiery. It was unanimously voted, by those who met for that purpose, a daring infringement upon the rights of the Commonwealth, and as furnishing a precedent replete with the most dangerous consequences. In an assembly hastily called, it was therefore

‘Resolved, That the conduct of the citizens, who solicited the aid of Captain Languish and his armed men, was unpatriotic and slavish.’

‘That the drawing out the garrison of the arsenal was in direct violation of every chartered right, and ought to be met with unusual reprobation.’

‘That Jonadan Schaafimstall, Esquire, Governor of the state, should be, forthwith, addressed on the subject, with a request that he should make a formal protest to the general government against the assumption of such unwarrantable powers; and finally’—

‘That the freedom of the country was in danger.’

These proceedings were signed by the chairman, Mark Meddle, and countersigned, Hugh Grabup and John Poguey, Secretaries. Notwithstanding this, some quiet folk thought it was very well that arson, and perhaps murder had been so easily prevented—but they said nothing; and thus the matter appeared for the present to have ended.

END OF VOLUME ONE.



ERRATA.

Page 3, line 12, for 'smart steed,' read 'swart steed.'

Page 123, line 31, for 'niece,' read 'sister.'

THE ARISTOCRAT:

AN

American Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ZOE,' &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



PHILADELPHIA:

KEY & BIDDLE—23 MINOR STREET.

.....
1833.

THE ARISTOCRAT.

CHAPTER I.

THE precept "know thyself," has been recognized as pithy and emphatic for a long succession of ages, and is still received and taught in all its pristine authority.

Pope, in his admirable Essay, also declares that

"The proper study of mankind is *man*."

a truism indeed, and not requiring the sanction even of his name to make it self-evident.

Now there be many inducements which lead individuals to engage in this study, which, although interminable, is professed in no school—recognized in no institute—and only pursued in a desultory manner upon the great Academy of the world. The scholars who turn their

attention to it are also numerous, and may be classified with much distinctness and individuality.

The first and chief branch consists of those who apply themselves to attain this knowledge that it may enable them to cheat their neighbours with better hope of success and less risque of detection. And many do become greatly adept and very knowing. Their most common lure is an undeviating benevolence of speech, and a smile which seems branded upon their lips.

The second class may be put in opposition to this, and is very small. It includes black letter students and visionary moralists, who, separating from their fellows, and divesting themselves of passion and feeling, search for information in books alone ; and endeavour to scrutinize human nature with a microscopic eye. Being theoretical men, they become very opinionated—deeming their method of study as thoroughly scientific, and leading to the only true conclusion ; but they never venture into the real living world, without being voraciously devoured by those of the first class, who show them no mercy and seem delighted with their prey.

A third class is formed of such as endeavour to be honest to others, and to compel others to be honest to them. Here are still fewer members to be found.

A fourth is of those who acquire a knowledge without any specific interest or purpose ;

but who, by dint of cheating and of being cheated; by the rubs of fortune and misfortune, and a speaking acquaintance with the extreme chances of existence—by being kicked and petted, and driven and coaxed—do at length also become very apt scholars and exceedingly expert—perfect sophs. Of these, many from want of tact and inclination never direct their acquirements to any peculiar purposes but follow along in the tide without appearing to know more than their fellows. A few turn their knowledge to good account, and enter the first class without more ado.

The fifth class contains a multitude, each of whom, in his own little sphere, has a partial acquaintance with the science; but this is so slight, and avails them so little, when out of their beaten track, that they may be compared to a man, who, having a coin current but in one place, is forced to remain there in order to spend it; and who runs some danger of starvation and want if he endeavours to remove into a wider circle.

There may be another small class, consisting of a community of scholars who study human nature for the sake of portraying it in a thousand fanciful and poetic situations, in the same manner as an artist examines the true lights and shadows of any object he may wish to delineate. This is, perhaps, of all, the least numerous, and scarce therefore to be dignified with a distinctive appellation; but adorned with the names of a Homer, a Tasso, an

Ariosto, a Terence, a Shakspeare, and a Scott, it stands in unclouded pre-eminence above all others.

This last comprehends so few of the inhabitants of our unsteady planet, that, were they all suddenly swept away, the hiatus would not be perceived. Very many, indeed, profess to believe that such a misfortune might occur, and the world at large be none the worse for it—a strange and unaccountable species of delusion.

The chief peculiarity of a proficiency in this study is not only emphatically to know, but also as emphatically to conceal that we know; to be expert at fathoming and probing the characters of those we meet, and at the same time to conceal the adroit scrutiny beneath the glaze of suavity and indifference. Thus, a knowledge of the world, and of man, is chiefly beneficial to him, who, whilst he uses it for his own purposes, can conceal from the eye of the most wary that his own actions are prompted by the suggestions of such knowledge. The adept who can penetrate into the character and dispositions of his fellows, and thinks proper to let it be known that he does so, stands a fair chance of meeting with the fate of Scott's King Roderick, who, by his superior insight into hidden mysteries, had the satisfaction of beholding himself pursued by an avenging host, overthrown and immolated.

But the great masses of mankind jostle past each other, so absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure

or the anxieties of business, that they notice the peculiarities of each one only so far as personal appearance may individualize, or specific occupation distinguish him. A narrower insight is little dreamed of, or if such examination be commenced, it penetrates usually no deeper than the smile upon the countenance, or the language of the lips.

To this inaptitude of discrimination may be attributed the success which many persons meet with in life, from no other cause than that they carry a fair outside, and wave a banner of smiles perpetually before him. Such conduct catches the eye, and all other benefits follow of course.

After this digression, which the reader may consider applicable to the general scope of the narrative, as well as to some characters who figure in it—we will proceed more regularly and to the point.

CHAPTER II.

MR. John Poguey, who was now altogether enamoured of Miss Lee, had not failed to observe during the memorable evening of the counsellors route, that young Maxwell appeared equally sensitive on the same subject. Of course he gave him credit for no more disinterestedness than he himself possessed ; and

as the lady's reputed fortune was the moving consideration with him, so also was it, he concluded, the beacon which lured the lawyer to the pursuit. This discovery did not give birth as much to jealousy as to scorn and dislike—for, on comparing himself with his rival, the mere matter of money placed him, in his own conceit, so immeasurably above the "charity boy," as he mentally termed him, that scarce any fear could be entertained of his pretensions. Still the fact that he was aiming at the same object, and the possibility of defeat, roused not only the anger, but the business energy also of our hero—for he was certainly gifted with much cunning and adroitness—which, by a mistake, natural enough for a man to make, he considered would be just as available and triumphant in this as in other things. But he was a peaceable citizen; and although he had nearly, or quite, reached a grade of society where the point of honour was preserved at the risk of life, yet he would sooner have thought of returning to his original avocations, than to jeopard his existence for any consideration whatever. A prudent calculation therefore rendered him coldly cautious of giving offence, whenever this species of difficulty might by any possibility follow; and as Maxwell was not a person to be trifled with, he consequently avoided even the semblance of ill-will. Indeed, he rather seemed inclined to court his friendship.

But the young lawyer had been as sharp

sighted as the merchant, and had almost instantly perceived, or perhaps only fancied, that there was something marked in the attentions of Mr. John Poguey to the fair Elizabeth. This would perhaps have been disregarded at the time, were it not that events succeeded which placed it in the power of the latter so unexpectedly to deserve her gratitude and good will ; and Maxwell doubted not, as was actually the case, that he would thereupon become visiter at the Elms. His determination upon the subject was soon made. "If this fellow," thought he, "interferes openly with me, we will settle it quickly between ourselves:" as for any thing else, I have no right or inclination to prescribe whom Miss Lee shall, or shall not receive.

He had not, we have seen, escaped without a slight wound from one of the mob, which, although not of sufficient importance to confine him to his bed, or prevent his returning on the next day from Mr. Lee's mansion to his own residence, still admonished him of the propriety of consulting his learned friend, Doctor Senecks, upon the ultimate consequence of the occasional shoots of pain which thrilled across it.

Whilst he expected this professional visit he reclined upon a sofa, in his office, less on account of pain than to recall once more musingly the events of the preceding days. In the midst of this communion, a step was heard without, and, in another moment, instead of

Doctor Senecks, Mr. John Poguey entered, and in the most friendly manner. There was indeed an appearance of extreme openness about him, and his features were lit up with a ready smile—he being no inapt scholar of the first class of worldly students.

He inquired kindly—Maxwell thought too kindly,—after the welfare of the unhappy family which had, as he expressed himself, been so suddenly assailed.

“Say, wantonly assailed, sir,” replied Maxwell, “and you will express the fact more correctly, for it was a most unprovoked and villainous attack upon a peaceful citizen—a bitter piece of persecution.”

“It went certainly to improper lengths,” very cautiously answered the young merchant; “but it shows the necessity under which we labour of cultivating the good will of those who may well be termed our masters. Their wrath is not to be restrained when once it openly puts forth?”

“But how is the friendship of such men to be cultivated?” returned Maxwell, who saw and despised the narrow cunning of his unwelcome acquaintance. “Must we drench them with liquor, and preach liberty to them in such guise that they shall confound every species of license with ideas of freedom.”

“It is a delicate matter, I confess,” said the Aristocrat, for such was he at heart, “and requires some little prudence in its management. But, still with a moderate share of

caution, although a man may seem to bow to the people, he can yet master them with ease."

"Which, perchance, requires duplicity," replied Maxwell, with a slight appearance of disgust. "I respect my countrymen in whatever grade of life they are to be met, for there is more virtue among them than in the mass of any other civilized nation upon the globe; and were it not for artful demagogues, Mr. Poguey, who work upon their best feelings until they become their worst, they would also be the most orderly and well disposed. And for this reason, that I *do* respect the people, and myself, it is that I cannot consent in any way to deceive them."

The time-server gave a sigh like "Ah"—as much as to say, "I think differently; but must decline entering into the list of argument with you."

Maxwell continued, "There are no men in the country who so thoroughly despise their fellow citizens as those who are what I call trading politicians—those I mean who are forever prating about the exalted motives which influence them. Of course there are many honourable exceptions. I allude to such men as Wolfenstuttle, for instance."

"I cannot answer for that gentleman," returned Mr. Poguey somewhat drily, "my sentiments to a certain extent tally with his, but 'tis impossible we should think alike on many things; he being a man of no property,

and I, by the blessing of providence, having a full share of the world's goods."

This was spoken with an air of conscious dignity and pride; and, coming from a fancied rival, caused a thrill of anger, perhaps envy, to cross the complacency of poor Maxwell's bosom; but he hushed the emotion, for there might have been nothing meant, and it was by no means strange that Mr. Poguey should be proud of his success in life. He proceeded, therefore, calmly in his argument.

"Whenever any man professes a philanthropy so excessive as to cause him to care more for others than for himself, I set him down as a cheat and imposter. Now the most of our citizens have been taught to admire no one, unless he pretend to an utter carelessness of all his private concerns, whenever they interfere with his public duties, to an utter contempt, also, of his private opinions, and makes himself, in fine, what he never dare make his constituents, a perfect slave. Can such a man be sincere; does he not intend from the first to deceive, and, having succeeded, does he not despise those who had the folly to believe him?"

"It may be all very true," replied the merchant doggedly, for he suspected, perhaps with justice, that all this was not aimed wide of himself, "It may be all very true; but success, we know, carries one a great distance, whether in law, politics, divinity, or physic; to neither of which professions, however, have I the honour to belong."

“If we but cast a glance,” continued Maxwell, “at the majority of our professed politicians, and see the issue of their exertions, how poorly are they rewarded for all their anxieties and sacrifices, how short is their career; begun in deceit, it ends in disgrace. Where shall we point out the citizen, who having gained the favour of his countrymen, can retain it to the end of life; no sir, some shoal, or quicksand, or rock, destroy him at once; his popularity, be it founded on what it may, his talents, even his true patriotism, contend in vain against the desire of change—the first artfully fed whim of the moment destroys him—he falls, is disregarded, and a new favourite supplies his place.”

“Very true,” replied Mr. Poguey, “and excellently exemplified in the fate of our friend, Edward Lee.”

“He shares no faults or feelings with the calculating politician, sir.”

“But has notwithstanding met with the same fate,” replied Mr. Poguey, with a simulating smile—for much as he detested the stubborn sense of Maxwell, it was by no means prudent to come to an open rupture with him, and he added, “but it is of little consequence what our individual sentiments may be upon any national question; the majority, you know, must govern, and if *we* disagree with them, it can avail nothing—what I thought of asking was, whether it be the intention of our good citizens to proceed against the rioters?”

“Certainly,” answered Maxwell, “I myself am determined to have some, at least, prosecuted. There is positive proof that a fisherman by the name of Gropp—a certain Anthony Freeman, and one or two others, were undoubtedly concerned—process is already out.”

“It would have been more prudent perhaps,” rejoined Mr. Poguey, “to suffer the unfortunate occurrence to sleep. If this had been done, we, on our part, that is the great public, should not have insisted upon a meeting to express emphatically an opinion against the outrageous interference of the soldiery.”

“A most blessed interference,” ejaculated the lawyer.

“We differ, sir: in our views of ultimate consequences—if the matter is to be judicially investigated, there must be an expression of public opinion also.”

“To influence judge and jury, I suppose,” said Maxwell, scornfully.

“Not for that, sir, I could, however, have wished every thing dropped; but you gentlemen of the green bag perhaps know best.”

With this Mr. Poguey withdrew, for Doctor Seneck had in the mean time come in, and showed evidently that his visit was professional—he bowed stiffly to the Aristocrat, and then waited his departure in silence.

“That is an impertinent fellow,” said he, “and as much a mob man at heart as any of them, only he would be discriminating in his ani-

mosity and bestow a kindly glance upon all who have parts and possessions like his own."

"How strange and provoking it was," ejaculated Maxwell, "that he should have apparently contributed in no small degree to Mr. Lee's safety—it has raised him immediately in his own conceit, although he would scorn to own it."

"And the safety of his daughter likewise," said the Doctor, with a keen glance at his friend, who did not bear the scrutiny unmoved.

"Come, come," he added, "no more of this at present"—and he proceeded to inspect the wounded arm in a nice and scientific manner, until convinced that after all it was but a trifle. He then began again, as if to provoke argument, which, with an intimate acquaintance he delighted in.

"I am sorry, my dear boy, that the 'vox populi,' or rather more strictly speaking, William, the 'knocks populi,' should have singled you out so early in your career—the bodily harm, however, is slight."

"I do not regard the pain, sir, although I deemed it prudent to ask your opinion," said the lawyer, "but my mind is pestering to think I should have suffered a blow from such villains—*that* galls me."

"I sympathize with you fully," returned the physician, taking a little snuff from his forefinger and thumb, in pretty much the same way that a chicken will eat corn, that is, in

picking at it with his nose, "I sympathize with you fully, but am surprised at your miscalling those respectable gentlemen who assailed you, they truly are not villeins, as the word should be pronounced."

"I understand you, sir; but they are such, according to the common acceptation of the word."

"The common acceptation is improper then"—taking another pick at the snuff; "a villein was one who served his master, whether ill or well, was answerable to him for his conduct, and liable to be punished for any thing, or nothing. In this sense, my dear boy, you are the villein, and those respectable gentlemen are your masters."

"A pleasant idea, truly," quoth Maxwell, "but they are amenable to the laws of the country, and shall suffer for this breach of good order."

"Umph! you will be able to punish them about as readily as a villein in the days of king John, could have lorded it over his master; no, abandon the idea."

"The act of Assembly, in such case made and provided,"—

"Poh, poh! who passed these acts?"

"The people, sir; the majority of the people."

"And that majesty, my dear boy, has inflicted a blow upon you, which you had better silently suffer, and be done with; every one of those respectable gentlemen, who mobbed

Snare, is as proud and haughty as Diogenes himself."

"There is an end of our liberties then, sir. If a mob is to govern us, what will become of freedom?"

"Alas! my dear boy, that is a word but poorly understood—it is that, which I fear me, is destroying us outright. For near a century, we have enjoyed it to perfection, and we are now destined to be drenched, drowned, flooded with it—it must all be vomited up again."

"If such men are our masters," said Maxwell, with much sense, "then ought we as true servants to consult their interests, and the first step would be to enlighten their understandings, that they might see the folly of their ways."

"True," replied Senecks; "but the task is a difficult one: I have a theory on the subject: the human mind is a rugged soil."

"Had this late violence arisen from a mistaken sense of duty," said the lawyer, "I should regard it rather in pity than in anger; our law teaches us that it is the intention which constitutes the essence of crime."

"A sense of duty is so often shrouded in prejudice or governed by passion, that very few rush into an enterprise without momentarily believing themselves right. Teach mankind the doctrine which Snivel promulgates, and we shall soon behold wherein a sense of duty consists.

“It is fraught, I own, with deplorable consequences.”

“And productive of every species of evil: mobs, thefts, murders.”

“If such be the case,” groaned Maxwell, “the last, best, and fairest experiment will be ruined by its own success, and Columbus might as well have not discovered a new world.”

“Can I never,” exclaimed the doctor, who was getting fast upon his hobby; “can I never imbue you with a just respect for the propriety of language. That man *never* discovered a world, he merely lit upon one that for a few centuries had been forgotten. Ever since I read, and could comprehend the nature of his false epitaph, I have entertained an unconquerable dislike towards him.

“To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world.”

Had it been,

“For Castile and Leon
Columbus reached the lost world,”

it would have been more consistent with historical, philosophical, and geological truth. I would, however, just as soon admit that his epitaph was correct, as that Schwartz discovered the compound called gunpowder, or Faustus the art of printing.

“Yet their claims are allowed on all sides.”

“Do not believe a word of it. The art of printing, and of making gun powder, was doubtlessly known ten thousand years ago; of course the secret died away in the lapse of age, like that of the Greek fire, and indeed every thing else. No no,—say that the monk hit upon the *lost* art of compounding gun powder, or that Faustus luckily re-discovered the lost art of printing, and you will approach the truth. There is nothing new, my dear boy, under the sun—the world is too old for that.

“Perhaps so,” replied Maxwell, not unwilling to humour his friend.

“I have a theory” continued the doctor, to his patient, and respectful listener, “which, connected with other vast and magnificent ideas, sometimes leads me to believe, that at one exceedingly remote period of time, the negroes, that despised and degraded race, were not only masters of the globe, but enjoyed and distributed all those benefits which a knowledge of science and the liberal arts could bestow.

“A strange doctrine,” ejaculated the young lawyer, “and somewhat fanciful. I should however like to have it explained; in that case there might arise a question, which were the meaner circle?”

“And prejudice would immediately decide in favour of the pale faces, eh,—but you must not call the idea absurd, or even fanciful. Listen, whilst I explain. There is nothing stationary under the canopy

of heaven—the most minute and the most stupendous works of creation have impressed upon them the same principles of decay and change;—and to rise even higher than any inanimate object—the human mind itself appears ever to have vibrated, and to be still vibrating, in an immense segment (to traverse which is the work of untold ages) between ignorance and knowledge—between an alliance, almost, with the Godhead, and a degraded community with the beasts of the field. The very face of the globe seems doomed to be desert and fertile by turns; and, in many places, where proud cities, like Tadmor and Palmyra, reared their glittering crests, to overlook cultivated plains and luxuriant gardens, the silent sand is alone to be seen.”

Here the doctor paused, and Maxwell took advantage of the opportunity, and objected,

“But we have never been taught to believe that Palmyra was at any time aught than a city of the desert; surely it was not the head of a fertile country.”

“Ach, hech, hech,” coughed the theorist, but recovered himself almost instantly and proceeded; “If Palmyra had been surrounded as at present by the endless sands, where could her multitudes have obtained water? Bored for it, you will answer, perhaps—exactly so—and even in this point of view it goes far to show how the abstruse practical arts flourished in ancient times, notwithstanding the ceaseless cry that forever vexes us, of *new discoveries*.

However, be that as it may, modern investigations lead the learned to a settled belief that long before those ancient epochs, of which the present time but equivocally discourses—of which nothing is known but that ignorance and barbarism pervaded all things—there had been a period when knowledge—the sciences—and the arts—were as highly cultivated and as widely spread as they are even now. Then all things retrograded, and thus may we darkly and faintly trace one long—long and mighty vibration of fate.

“Let us dream for a moment, that, thousands of years ago the human mind flourished in all the beauty of its strength—that it reached the utmost limits assigned by providence, and then, that like a gigantic pendulum, it slowly receded across the oft-described space, until ignorance and mental darkness once more deluged the earth—that its track, in the succession of ages, has gradually been retraced, until it now appears to have almost reached its appointed goal; if we conceive this, may we not conclude, and justly, that thousands of years hence, will witness the same progressive fall,—a similar glorious reascension.”

“Suppose we were to allow all this,” said Maxwell, “how does it prove any thing with regard to the negro side of the house?”

“Simply, that in the same manner, do these two incomprehensible tides of colour vibrate between their respective degrees of depression and exaltation. Thus, ages ago, of which the

very name and memory is lost—a swarthy population mastered, perhaps, the world. In their possession were the keys of science, the privileges of power, the blessings of wealth; and the once immense flood of fairer complexions, (an opposing colour, dwindled into a narrow course) had reached that extremity, where it was fated, in the slow heaving tide of time, to swell out as we now behold it.”

“A pleasant theory,” observed the young lawyer, “and exceedingly fanciful and grand.”

“Aye, and you smile, my dear boy, whilst you say so; but yet, a twilight glimpse which we are enabled to gain of the by-gone world, appears rather to substantiate than destroy the theory. A moments examination will convince us. Puckler Muskau speaks of ruins discovered, of splendid temples and palaces, erected at a period far beyond the era even of fabulous history—some hewn out of the solid rock, and the execution of which testify to the highest state of the arts and sciences. These were the effects of the labour of congregated multitudes, in those places, where solitude now presides over her desert kingdom. Here are still to be detected the sculptured idols; objects, no doubt, of superstitious veneration—and what do they resemble?—an African negro!”

“Too fanciful, Doctor, and revolting likewise to all my prejudices and feelings; I see no plausibility in the argument.”

“Well, what do you say to Herodotus—he visited the Egyptians, near four thousand

years ago, in order to obtain from those priests of knowledge and wisdom, some sparks of that mental fire, which they engrossed, and which none other known inhabitants of the world then possessed. Does he not describe them as being black, with crisped hair?"

"Herodotus is no authority," said Maxwell.

"Not as to his fabulous recitals of legends, received from others, I grant; but of what passed within the scope of his own observation, and was withal so easy of detection, if false, his account may be relied upon."

"So, therefore, my dear William," concluded the Doctor, altogether warm in his subject; "so therefore, if we ascend to the first glorious completion of the earth, when man was placed in the garden of Eden, we may well be permitted to doubt whether Adam and Eve—do not smile—were not negro and negress: for what warrant have we for saying that white was the chosen colour."

"Horrible," exclaimed Maxwell, and then added, "if this were not entirely too far-fetched and imaginative, you might become an apostle, like Wilberforce, for the African race, and promulgate it to the world."

"Why no; I would argue directly the reverse of what you suppose, and indeed I have no patience with those bunglers who, out of pretended or mistaken benevolence, would almost impiously, but vainly, endeavour to forestall the slow operations of destiny. In a few

thousand years hence, the black wave may, and undoubtedly will, be found swelling across the earth; but at present it is God's will that they should be degraded, and even slaves—no human power can prevent it—and the consequences of fool-hardy interference in the mysteries of Fate will be productive only of convulsions and bloodshed. For my part, I eschew all interference in the grand designs of Providence, or in the vested rights of my fellow citizens; and as I would boldly venture my life to prove my faith in the one, so would I shoulder my musket to defend my neighbour in the enjoyment of the other.”

“Right gallantly said, sir; and I can look upon your theory, even without deeming it painful or revolting, if it leads to such a determination. However, after all, it is only not impossible.”

“Possibly so; but it illustrates my grand principle that, there is nothing new under the sun. But I tire you—cheer up, you will be sound in a day or two; and then heigh for law and love. ‘*Floriat lex*,’ as your friend the Counsellor would say. I once interfered a little with the codes and pandects, but I soon exchanged my path for one equally good and more pleasant.”

“You seem perfectly at home now, sir; and I heartily congratulate you upon the favourable chance, whatever it was, which induced the change.”

“Um! It was not any accident whatever.

There was, indeed, a ridiculous story about the case of a patent right with which I was entrusted, but my very good friends made much more out of it than the reality justified. No; it was the result of scientific calculation, and which has proved itself correct. I argued, and still do so, that people in any tolerable degree of civilization will do two things, sometimes by chance, sometimes by necessity, namely: take physic, and go to law; but although they are sure to sicken and quarrel more or less in every place, yet the moving causes are different in different localities. Now you may take it as a position, tenable as any contained in your old black letter busses, that the more amusements a people have, the more they get sick; and the fewer the amusements they have, the more they go to law. Upon this principle, the country is favourable to the lawyer."

"How, sir; do you contend that large cities are not favourable to the practice?"

"For a few, I admit; but a young lawyer, unless with many friends, should seek to settle himself in one of those nests where, for lack of other amusements the good citizens have become fond of litigation. What a glorious thing it is for an ancient rusty family, which has vegetated for years without any thing to disturb the dreary monotony of existence, save a death or a birth, or perhaps a disputed doctor's bill, to become, all at once, by a miracle as it were, involved in an exciting, delight-

ful and intemperate quarrel with its neighbour. Then indeed there is a pleasure in seeing counsel—in collecting evidence—in boasting of the victory not yet gained—in short, in being whirled in the vortex of a lawsuit, provided it be not for slander.”

Maxwell did not interrupt his friend, and when he ended thought it useless to contradict him. If he chose, by a little harmless vanity, to cover or overcome the mortification of having been able to make a figure at the bar, it would have been poorly worth while to deceive him. The young lawyer therefore once more congratulated him on his fortunate change of pursuit, wishing him still the success he had already experienced. And soon afterwards they parted.

CHAPTER III.

THREE days had scarcely intervened after the riot, ere Zephaniah Gropp, now determined in the paths of sobriety, bent his way with firm footsteps and a steady heart towards the office of Julius Snare, Esquire, for purposes which will shortly be explained. He was in fact aware that he had been singled out as one of the victims to the law, and thought it very proper to come forward and deny having been guilty of any outrage whatever.

He of course expected sour looks, an upbraiding speech, but he was hugely disappointed. The Counsellor's habits of timid caution had grown upon him, and he was not at an age to discard them or gain new ones. By his usual process of reasoning—skilful enough, when not carried into meanness—he had resolved to put up cheerfully with a small and irrevocable loss rather than risque more by the appearance of anger and ill-humour, and was to the astonishment of Zephaniah, as we shall presently show, very well satisfied with the amusing little occurrence. Indeed, he declared himself willing to assist any individual in his defence if requested, and seemed any thing but a party injured. The fisherman at one period had been a good client—that is, paid well, for he had involved himself in more than one lawsuit at a time when he had plenty of money to spare, and was consequently much thought of by Mr. Snare. The recollection of this supported him somewhat, as, dressed as well as his means permitted, he stood a moment irresolute and doubtful. At last he had the courage to walk boldly forward.

“Hah, my old friend, Mr. Gropp,” exclaimed the counsellor, “how do you do? Come in and sit down. Well, how is your good lady?”

“She is hearty,” said Zephaniah, “and thank you, sir.” And then a silence of half a minute or a minute ensued, which the fisherman found necessary to break,

“I have come, sir, Mr. Snare,” said he, “to say how sorry I was about that what happened to you on Thursday night—and I hope—”

“The *noise* you mean?—Oh! ha, ha, ha, that was nothing, Mr. Gropp—an innocent amusement, that went perhaps a little too far, but we must make every allowance, you know. I think nothing of it at all, I assure you.”

The poor fellow felt his heart lightened of a heavy burden, and under these un hoped for circumstances, he did not deem it needful to avow exactly how far he had himself been concerned. It was, indeed, a matter of no little astonishment that the counsellor should so magnanimously disregard the loss of a carriage and several windows beside, and he rose proportionally in Zephaniah’s good opinion. He ascribed it, naturally enough, to the excess of wealth—for every poor man thinks he would be generous if rich;—and he said, “Well, you rich gentlemen, to be sure, can afford to lose a little sometimes, without feeling it overly like, that’s certain.”

“Oh, Mr. Gropp,” said Snare, in the most deprecating tone of voice imaginable, “I am not rich—no, no; can just get along. I consider my loss in reality very serious, but then having so many *friends* among the good people, I am willing to put up with such matters—hem, ahem—if they do not come too often.”

The fisherman still thought that his excess of money taught him (a thing by the way

wealth *never* does teach) a contempt for trifling and diminutive losses, but he did not again express such an opinion; and as one point had been gained somewhat unexpectedly, he proceeded with more self-confidence to the remaining one.

"I happened," said he, "to drop in at the ale-house, down there, and whether for good or for bad, they would have I should go long to see the fun, as they called it."

"Ha, ha, ha," giggled the Counsellor.

"And so," continued he, cutting his story very short, "they are going to sheriff me, I hear, and old Anthony Freeman too. Now I am poor and Freeman is rich."

"Well, Zephaniah, what then," asked Snare, "what do you wish?"

"Why, sir," answered the fisherman, "Toney says he will give two hundred dollars to a lawyer; and, as I used to be a lawing pretty often, he asked me to tell him of a good one. So I made bold to mention your name, and was a thinking as you have had a good deal from me afore, if I brought him along you might perhaps do my business for sake of old times, seeing I have nothing to pay."

"With all my heart," said the Counsellor, rubbing his hands, "two hundred dollars Freeman will pay; will he?"

"Yes, sir, every cent; and you will do mine along in, sir, will you?"

"To be sure I will. Do you think I *ever*

forget my old friends? No, no. You will be sure to send Freeman to me, eh?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will."

"Well, do so Zephaniah, and I will attend to your business for friendship's sake. But—ahem—ahem—yes,—now I think of it—ah,—yes—the very thing,—there is a poor young man, just commencing, to whom a little business would be real charity. Suppose you were to go to him—he would not expect to be paid."

"Well, but sir," said the fisherman hesitatingly, "perhaps he is'nt up to it like—"

"Oh yes, he is a very smart young fellow. I know him excellently well—his name is Groatjag; and besides, I will assist him if hard pushed."

"Well sir," said Zephaniah, "if you would only do that, it would be the same as being my lawyer like. I will go to him off hand. What is his name, Groatjag?"

"Yes. And really I would not ask you to do this did I not feel a very great interest in the young man's welfare; he is I believe quite poor. You won't forget to send Freeman to me?"

"No, sir—no, sir."

"A case of this kind, Mr. Gropp, might assist our young friend into notice, you know; so it would be a real act of charity in you to go to Mr. Groatjag. I hope you will—*poor* fellow."

"Yes, sir;" said the fisherman, whose heart,

rugged as it was, was always open to sentiments of kindness, "and I take it very good in you to try to help him forward."

"Ah, Mr. Gropp," returned the counsellor, "if I know my own heart, it *does* always delight in the welfare of others. Well, then, you will be sure to send Freeman to me?"

"Of a certainty, I will sir."

"And you will go yourself to Groatjag, will you?—poor young fellow, I am afraid he will have a hard time of it."

"Yes, sir, indeed—you need'nt doubt it—I will go to him?"

"Farewell to you then," said Mr. Snare, taking his hand with much kindness and shaking him gently towards the door, "and remember me to Mrs. Gropp."

"I will, sir."

"When you go to Mr. Groatjag you may—ahem—hint that I sent you, if you please."

"I will, sir," said the fisherman whose heart was no proof to the exceeding great suavity of his learned patron, "it will make him feel good and grateful to find you are thinking of him. And, indeed, sir," he added with a glow of animation, "I am very glad to find you so well and hearty." The story went first that you were killed by the mob."

"Ah, yes;" replied the counsellor with a smile, and then recollecting one of his Latin maxims, "*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*," his vanity could not resist the temptation of fishing for

a compliment even in such muddy water—
“Yes, true, so it was reported. Well, what did the people say of me when they heard I was dead?”

Zephaniah Gropp was a truth teller at all times; but he considered himself especially bound to conceal nothing from the court or a lawyer. In this instance, however, he hesitated—shuffled his feet—looked every way but towards the question, and remained silent.

“Nay, I must know;” insisted Mr. Snare, smiling. “I must know what the good people said of me when they heard I was dead.”

“Oh, nothing of any account, indeed, Mr. Snare.”

“Well, but what was it? I must absolutely know; do tell me.”

“Why most of them said, sir,” replied Zephaniah, thus driven to the unpleasant disclosure, “most of ’em said as how the devil had certainly got you at last.”

“Oh, hem, ach, hach, ha, ha, ha,” at length giggled the counsellor, “good bye, good bye.”

Zephaniah bowed, and walked off, and with a heart much lightened of its sorrows, and a determination more strongly fixed than ever, he plodded homewards, resolving to avoid, as he would a serpent, not only the seductions of the brandy bottle, but also every temptation to visit where it might be offered him.

“And, indeed, Zeph,” said his wife, “you look a great deal happier than I have seen you do this twelvemonth, and as there are only you and myself—we can get along comfortable yet,

and have our Christmas-fire with the best of them."

"Don't talk any more about it," answered the husband, "for it's of no use, I tell you, I am resolved to quit two things; drink and Doctor Snivel."

"Well Zeph," said the sensible women, "if you really want to quit them, you must take to something else; and, indeed, now I think on it, you had better not go eel-catching any more, it is so tempting to drink like."

"It's of no use to say a word," "replied Zephaniah, "I tell you, I can resist all temptation, and the sooner one would come, the better, just on purpose for to go to show how my mind is determined."

"We ought to pray," objected Mrs. Gropp, "to be kept out of temptation, and I am afraid you are too venturesome to wish for it—you don't know, may be, how weak you are."

But Zephaniah seemed fully determined to deserve his degrading epithet no longer; in the short time, since his reformation, he had religiously abstained from liquor, and irreligiously from Snivel's lectures. The small earnings of his renewed industry had been deposited with his wife, and a very slight air of comfort was beginning to prevade the once desolate dwelling. This was perceivable more perhaps, in the complacent half happy looks of Mrs. Gropp, than elsewhere; but things mended apace.

It was, however, at this unlucky moment

of time, that Zephaniah's wish to be led into the way of temptation, was gratified—for it happened that Mr. Wolfy, on a grand political round, knocked at the door of his humble cottage. The fisherman, indeed, had never meddled himself much in politics or party work—but having been involuntarily something of a conspicuous character, on the night of the riot, he was deemed deserving of a visit of compliment, perhaps of condolence, and no one, of course, so fit for such an errand as Mr. Wolfenstuttle.

“Good day, good day to you, Mr. Gropp, how do you do, madam?”

“Sit down, sir,” said the fisherman, who was just sufficiently acquainted with the intruder, to know him by sight, for he lived rather beyond his usual circle.

“Well, how do you come on after our frolic, ha, ha, ha. That old traitor, Lee, had a fine scurry for it—hech, Zephaniah; he'd like to have been singed in good earnest, ha, ha, ha.”

“Umph,” ejaculated Gropp, not knowing precisely what answer to make, whilst his wife fidgetted in angry vehemence at the unhappy allusion—but the politician knew nothing of all that had so changed the complexion of Zephaniah's feelings and character, and he went cheerily on.

“I am glad you didn't go further than prosperity warranted though, political propriety I mean—we shouldn't give those highflyers any advantage over us; use our freedom, Mr.

Gropp, you know, and not abuse it—eh? ha, ha, ha. Well, I've come to invite you to the grand meeting, to be held in the city, to express emphatically the sense of the patriotic public, of the outrage committed against state rights by the general government, in drawing an armed force into the state's highway, to intimidate and—and—to—to—what do you say to it, Mr. Gropp, will you attend? perhaps, no one knows, but perhaps it might benefit you individually in some way—what do you say to it?"

"I say," said Zephaniah, whose temper was by no means calm upon the subject, "I say, I wish the regulars had shot half a dozen of the mob, and you and me amongst the rest."

"Why, my good friend, you astonish me, perfectly astonish me—something has set you wrong to-day—no bribery and corruption I hope, ha, ha, ha."

"No, sir," said Zephaniah, seating himself square in his chair, and eyeing the politician resolutely, as if he had made up his mind to argue the point with him, "no sir, no bribery, I scorn that, though I am a poor man; but let me ask you, Mr. Wolfenstuttle, why should I attend this meeting?"

"Why sir!—why to uphold the glorious principles of freedom, which we are at this moment in such danger of losing forever; to assist in showing the world, sir, a bright example of what we dare to do, to proclaim that freemen never will be slaves, to—to—come

forth as one man in the majesty of virtue and power, to—to—”

“But,” interrupted Mr. Gropp, “what in the mean while is to become of my house and my wife, I can’t live without work.”

“Oh! as for that, the great republican party never forgets friends, and besides, I promise you, that for half a day you need neither hunger nor thirst, for there will be plenty provided—yes sir, meat and drink of the best, plenty to drink—Zephaniah, ha, ha, ha,”—and here the politician winked knowingly, whilst the good woman’s face beamed unutterable vengeance at him.

“And what good will drink do, Mr. Wolfenstuttle, but to set me on to another mob-riot; I won’t disgrace myself with it.”

“Disgrace yourself! my dear fellow; why there was no disgrace, ’twas a trifle, and if—if—a carriage was demolished, or a window broken, it only proves that the great spirit of the party will sometimes overbubble; such evils are perfectly necessary, Mr. Gropp, and consistent with propriety; we could not do without them, but we have a serious regard for you individually, and can’t let you off, so you must come and make one of us—we’ll have plenty to drink, ha, ha, ha.”

“I’ll tell you once for all, Mr. Wolfenstuttle,” began the fisherman, but his patience could hold out no longer—further argument was discarded, and giving full vent to his somewhat vulgar indignation, he turned to his wife, who

on her part, was ready to burst with terror and vexation, and said—

“Tabby, what did you do with that tub of stinking caties; you ha’nt thrown ’em away, ha’ you?”

“No, Zeph, that I haven’t,” said she, jumping up, and catching his meaning with great joy.

“Why, Mr. Gropp,” exclaimed the politician, “you look angry; don’t let me offend you, my dear fellow—what are you ^{about} going to do?”

“Do,” replied Zephaniah, rising up with a stern look, “*do!* why pelt you, sir, with rotten fish, unless you quit the house.”

“Pelt *me* with rotten fish,” roared Wolfy in an ecstasy of rage—buttoning his coat also with the greatest vehemence; “what—what is this, sir, do you mean to insult me, sir? answer me that—yes, sir—say you mean to insult me at once, and don’t prevaricate at this rate.—Pelt *me* with rotten fish! why, sir, it would be an assault and battery, an outrageous breach of the peace, and will render you liable to be fined and imprisoned, sir—yes, sir, it will, sir, or there is no longer any justice in the country;” saying this, he stood, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, the picture of passionate indecision.

“You’d better be off,” said Zephaniah, restored somewhat to good humour by the sudden discomfiture of his visiter, “for I hear my

wife coming with the tub, and she'll pelt you herself, without waiting for me to do it."

"Then, sir, I'll have an action against you both, sir," replied the man of freedom; stepping, however, two or three paces towards the door, "yes, sir, or there is no more security for a peaceable citizen;" and he unbuttoned his coat as violently as he had buttoned it.

"Open the door, Zeph," screamed Tabitha, in altissimo; for her hands were both employed in lifting the unsavoury load.

"Right willingly," replied the fisherman, turning his back upon Wolfy, in order to comply with the request of his incensed helpmate.

"Where is he, where is he?" she exclaimed.

But the prudent politician taking advantage of the moment, when Zephaniah's back was turned, had slipped out of the door, walking withal exceedingly fast, until he thought himself fairly out of reach of harm, after which he relaxed his pace, and breathed more freely.

The first undoubted partisan he met, was doomed, of course, to hear his tale of suffering on account of his principles.

"'Pelt me with rotten fish'—yes, these were his very words, and his wife was a party accessory before the fact, for she bawled out, 'open the door, Zeph!' and although I did not exactly see that she had the rotten fish in her hand, yes, I can take my sacred oath before any court of justice that she had, for I smelt a horrid odour, and indeed it was that drove me from the house; I would have scorn-

ed to have yielded to his threats, but I cannot abide a bad smell."

His friend ventured both to compassionate and congratulate him.

"It is what I suffer for the party," said he; "but I'll know before to-morrow night whether there be not law in the country to punish a man for such threatening language. I may say it was both slander and assault, for there were violent threats and gestures, accompanied by foul language—it was a most shameful outrage upon a peaceable citizen; but I know who was at the bottom of it."

"Who, pray?"

"Oh! that rascally old tory, Lee—he has bribed the old fisherman, no doubt, and this is the way these highflyers would ruin our country; bribery and corruption, nothing else—I warrant me he has promised him money, or meat, or drink, and in this way is the spirit of freedom stifled. Oh, sir, the country's going to ruin, sir;" and Mr. Wolfenstuttle shot off to meet another friend, rehearse again his sorrows, and wind up as usual with an accusation against Mr. Lee.

And Tabitha Gropp congratulated her husband with tears of joy and excitement in having resisted the temptation he had wished for.

"I would have pelted him," said she, "sure enough, for he only tried to incite you to drink again; but I would have been sorry for it afterwards, and I am glad he has ran away."

"So am I," said Zephaniah, "for though

he pretends to be a great friend to poor people, its only while they serve him one way or another, you may depend on it, but though he palavers so, he is at heart as big an aristocrat as the best o' em. If I had struck him, he would never have let us alone 'till he had ruined us out and out; I am glad he's off peaceably."

"And pray heaven he never comes again."

"Amen," said the fisherman, with some conscious pride, "but you see I can stand temptation, Tabby."

"Yes, Zeph, and I feel I love you like better than ever I did; but I am glad for all I just happened to be with you."

The poor couple then finished the evening in pacified contentment; one at her needle, and the other at mending a net, a job he had procured for the purpose, chiefly of keeping him at home.

CHAPTER IV.

TAKING the world as at present civilized and constituted, there are no more important transactions of life, than that in which pecuniary responsibilities are involved. The being able to honour a note and sustain credit, are matters of deep moment, and a simple failure of ability to comply with this artificial necessity has

driven more than one unhappy debtor to seek refuge in death. The mercantile career of Smith and Company, was drawing rapidly to a close. So far, however, the secret was in the bosom of the partners, and the credit of the house, in appearance, unimpeached as ever.—All engagements that fell due were met with punctuality, and the cloud that was about to burst was unperceived, except by those upon whose devoted heads the bolt was to fall. A horrible situation!

The feelings that tortured them, it might not be difficult to pourtray. The very faces of their old mercantile friends, although the same—seemed already in the trepidation of fear, to wear a strange—unwonted expression. Busy fancy was engaged unceasingly in her work of torment—painting to the life—how soon, they who were get full of compliments and good wishes—would be ripe with sneers and self-gratulating witticisms—how soon a cold forgetfulness would seize upon the mind of many a yet warm and professing friend, whilst real want and poverty girmed grimly in the distance. The agony of expectation was indeed worse than the reality, and a careworn aspect began to settle upon their brows—calling forth the kindest inquiries and condolence from many, who, had they divined the cause, so far from perceiving the expression of countenance, would probably not have even discerned the person.

Mr. Lee shared little of this—he had few

mercantile acquaintances—and mixed so rarely in the world that he had become utterly careless of its smiles or its frowns—an unpardonable sin in a republican country—and one sure to be followed by condign punishment. No man that holds firmly fast the golden mean—who practices virtue—and hugs his own fire-side—leaving the world to others—courting none, and asking to be courted of no one, but is sure to be most patriotically disliked for his independence.

But although the ex-representative apprehended nothing from averted looks or false summer friends, yet he was vulnerable in a spot still more tender than ever pride or vanity nestled in. It was in the thoughts of a helpless wife and delicate daughter, doomed to buffet with him, and after a time perhaps without him, through the cold world—unpitied and forsaken. Such thoughts were agony indeed. As to the political persecution to which he had been subjected—it's very violence had destroyed it, and it died away almost as suddenly as it had arisen. His most violent opponents, those, that is to say, who had any sense of propriety were fain secretly to acknowledge that matters had already been carried too far against him. The sober minded citizens were beginning likewise to take the alarm—doubtful whose turn might come next—and the stream of popular feeling, although flowing with much rapidity towards a state of anarchy, licentiousness and "Agrarianism," was yet not sufficiently

strong to overcome the barriers of reason and timidity which opposed its progress. This being the ascertained sentiment, the calm that now intervened was so far not deceitful, and promised to be of long continuance. Mr. Wolfenstuttle and his admirers, and secretly Mr. John Poguey and *his* companions, discovered that the great projected meeting was likely to prove an abortion, and the scheme was abandoned, so that the elements of social life ran once more in their accustomed channel.

This, whatever might be its effects upon the ex-representative, was balm to the wounded spirits of the members of his small family. It satisfied the mind of Mrs. Lee, and recalled the buoyant spirits of her daughter.

Indeed, Elizabeth, in the condolence of many friends, and in the constant praise bestowed upon her father for his firmness, together with the contempt expressed for the party which had assailed him, was led to consider him in the light of a hero, and his persecutors as ruffians. The most harrowing feelings of her bosom therefore died naturally away, and the open brow—the sunny eye—and smiling countenance soon betokened the peace and happiness which once again dwelt within. A few minor ills however yet remained.

“Mama,” said she with a slight tremor of nervous reminiscence, which she could never totally divest herself of, “Mama, I have been trying my very best to feel grateful to Mr. Poguey for his services on that dreadful eve-

ning, but indeed I cannot; I sometimes fear I am very ungrateful, I endeavour to be as entertaining as possible when he visits us, and do all in my power to conceal any appearance of being tired of his company, but I am afraid some day or other he will see it—what shall I do?”

“Treat him with politeness,” answered the mother, “and do not try to seem pleased with his company. His conduct at the time was very praiseworthy, and he is entitled to every *proper* expression of gratitude, my love, nothing more.”

“Well, but Mama,” continued Miss Lee, blushing deeply, and gazing with sudden interest at a flower leaf upon the carpet, “I sometimes think he considers me quite too cold after what he has done. His attentions seem to say as much”——

“You are to judge of that yourself,” said her mother with much tenderness. “Mr. Poguey’s services demand more especially your father’s gratitude—and mine. The protection he rendered you, was only what every gentleman should be happy to do, and demands from you, my love, no extraordinary expression of thanks.”

“Then,” said the young lady, still blushing, “it would not be so very—very improper to let him perceive—to give him to understand by my manner, that he can have only the gratitude of a friend.”

“Not in the least; it would be quite impro-

per were you to do otherwise. He could scarcely dream of exacting from your feelings anything more. Indeed, my dear, in such cases, between a young gentleman and lady it were much better that all expressions of thankfulness come from the part of the father; so you need not trouble yourself further about it."

"Do you think so, dearest mama; it gladdens my heart to hear it. I have felt almost wretched upon the subject: not that I would otherwise hesitate," added the young lady with some show of spirit, "to look down at once every presumptuous idea; but I would be loth to seem ungenerous or unfeeling even to him. But indeed Mr. Poguey seems to think he has now a right to become very intimate, and try my very best I cannot admire him at all; every day renders him more disagreeable to me."

"If he presumes in this way, Elizabeth, it is altogether ungenerous in him; *his* is the unfeeling part, and I will now leave it to your own good sense, to prove to him that you think so; you will no doubt be able, in a very few minutes, to show that, however much you may have felt inclined to be grateful, he can yet, by his conduct, easily forfeit your good will."

With a heart much lightened by this conversation, for the matter had been lying like a dead weight for some time upon the ingenious young lady's mind; she raised her beaming eyes from the floor, and after gazing at her mother with inexpressible tenderness and affection, she said: "To me it always appeared that

William Maxwell was just as deserving; he remained with us, and would have done so until death."

"Certainly, my dear," answered Mrs. Lee, "and perhaps he is even more deserving; for I have lately had some doubts as to the others motives, but I fain would believe them to have been pure."

"He is certainly not half so generous," said Elizabeth, restored to firmness and confidence, "and is even troublesome; for he always manages to allude in some way or other to the occurrence, although, he must see how disagreeable it has become to me, and sometimes evinces by his manner, that he deems my expression of gratitude entirely too cold, as if he were deserving of even a deeper regard. It has made me feel very disagreeable, mama, and I am delighted that I found courage to tell you of it."

"So am I, my love; and do not forget my advice, that on all future occasions, you show, not only to Mr. Poguey, but every other gentleman who persists in this manner, that you take ready offence at such unseemly dictation; the hint will soon be understood." The fond mother then gave her beloved child a kiss of fervid affection, and quitted the apartment.

Miss Lee might have dilated much more amply upon the occasion, but she had told enough, and having received the sanction of a parent as to her conduct, her natural spirit, and the pride of womanhood was sufficient for the task enjoined.

Perhaps, after all, the maternal advice would not have been asked, or the shy confidence bestowed, had not Miss Clifford also alarmed her feelings, upon the same subject.

“My dear Elizabeth,” so ran a letter from that lively young lady: “Since a whole week has elapsed without seeing you. I am becoming full of all sorts of secrets, and little nice pieces of news, and nonsense, and out-of-the-way novelties. You may suppose therefore how much I wish for an opportunity of disburthening my mind right merrily of them all; for somehow or other, (and you know it well,) I cannot laugh by myself, but must have some one to help me to enjoy every thing that I think or feel. Well, since we cannot speak face to face I must take up my pen, and scribble a little, if it is only to prove that I do not forget you when absent. This kind declaration should certainly insure my poor letter a favourable reception, but lest it might not be sufficient I will make use of the talismanic name of William Maxwell, and there needs no fairy to whisper in my ears ‘enough.’ Indeed, I feel very kindly to him, (notwithstanding the old grudge,) if it is only on account of the friendly manner in which he seems determined to notice poor Hobson. I should not say ‘poor,’ perhaps, for they tell me he is now succeeding in business, and has good prospects, at length, opening before him. His countenance speaks the same thing, and he evidently appears more manly and self-de-

pendent. I sometimes think that his retiring and cold behaviour was all owing to a high spirit, which occasionally has peeped slyly out; but whether, or no, it often raised my compassion when they said he was so poor and had been so unfortunate. He is the very reverse of that Poguey, who is trying to cut such a figure among us. Indeed, I ought to congratulate you on having made a conquest of the rich merchant, for he was here no later than yesterday and spoke of you in such terms of praise, and so complacently too, that plainly showed he not only intended to woo, but to win you also! Did you ever hear of such impudence! for my part I detest him: he is absolutely odious to me; and I cannot believe it possible you would forget our old friend, our school fellow, for such a saucy-face. Don't you think I am both very generous and undutiful, in giving this advice; and in recalling Maxwell to your mind? Papa seems still determined not to relinquish his absurd hobby about matching us together; you know he already, in a generous fit, made an offer of myself to him; (I declare I blush yet at the thoughts of it, and *will* be very angry with William Maxwell one of these days) and how it was declined. However, he had no bad excuse, in you, for his conduct; besides, I had also the pleasure of refusing him: so we are even as to that. I saw him not long since; after he had paid you a visit: let me see him, when I will, it always comes out that he has

just been with you! Tell me, does he call upon you every day? Perhaps not; but to make amends I am sure he visits 'the wilderness,' as you call your pretty woodlands, that often, for, just now, he is a great advocate for exercise, and never lets a morning slip by without walking a mile or two. Oh dear! how romantic it must be for him to sit and watch the blue smoke, (it is all he can see) curling gracefully upwards! how gaily must his ideas be sublimated along with it! I declare you ought to meet him there (by accident,) if it be only to chide him for his folly. After all, he is a fine fellow, and I give you joy of your conquest; but if you smile upon this Mr. Poguey, I will never speak to you again. Think how horrible '*Mrs. Poguey*,' would sound! why, it would sound worse than '*Mrs. Hobson*,' and that, to my ears, is the ugliest name I ever heard of. I am sure I should detest it more than any other. Adieu. If you spend next winter in the city, I am determined to tease papa until he gives me liberty to do so too; that is, if he is well enough; but I cannot conceal from myself that time and disease are making ravages upon his noble form. His mind seems weakening too: and—but no—it is impossible—I will not think of any misfortune so terrible: he shall have all a daughter's care, and will, I trust, be spared yet many years.

"To-morrow I will be with you for, I can

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curb my impatience no longer; and so—and so—adieu once more. M. C.”

The only parts of this unpretending epistle were those which related to Poguey and Maxwell. As regarded the former, we have seen that it led to an immediate and open expression of her doubts and fears; and the consequence of having thus reposed, as a child, upon her mother's bosom, was a regained confidence and peace of mind; a complacent sensation of shadowy hope and pleasure.

Every word and thought, on the contrary, which regarded the latter youth was hushed, as if something of shame were attached to the purest feelings of the human heart; but although, almost trembling with affright at the bold picture thus flung before her, Miss Lee could not but read and re-read those parts of the letter which related to Maxwell, wondering all the while what could induce him to extend his morning walks so far. “Psha,” said she to herself, “I do not believe a word of it; he never goes alone to the woodlands; Mary Clifford says so only to tease me.” But notwithstanding this sage conclusion, she felt that she loved her friend better and dearer than ever.

CHAPTER V.

A joyous breeze swept merrily from the south—dancing, as it went, upon the tree-tops—and carolling along the gay billows of the river. More than one snowy sail was to be seen gliding majestically onwards, and many a fleecy cloud chequered the blue and beautiful arch above. The web of the spider had ceased to glitter along the green grass; the morning's dew was exhaled, and the shadows of the forest were beginning to creep lazily towards the north. A thousand feathered songsters raised their highest notes, and ten thousand waves plashed like silvery fountains upon the shore.

It was the very hour for exercise and enjoyment—and Elizabeth sallied forth from her father's hall seemingly unconscious of any purpose except to wander away, she cared not whither, and to enjoy the fragrance and animation around.

But although the prospect across the magnificent Delaware was as captivating as ever, there beamed scarcely the usual deep delight from the young lady's eye as she gazed upon it. Perhaps she had, at last, become indifferent to the glorious pageant which was sweeping unexhausted and inexhaustible before her: or perhaps the tone of her mind was not in

perfect harmony with so glittering a scene—
or perhaps—

But why seek for reasons in so simple a matter? Let us conclude that a love of change, or some capricious elf-like fancy wooed her footsteps *from* the shore, and directed them along the avenue of her father's gardens. If so, she was lured by a sweet and gentle spirit, for her pleasures were all of the moment, and partook of the extreme innocence of her bosom. Sometimes she would stop to pluck a bright fall flower, or taste a downy peach, or gaze abstractedly upon a solitary eagle sailing far in the high heavens. Sometimes she would diverge from the broad walks and pursue a more circuitous path, and again stand altogether motionless, as if to watch the bald-headed king of the winged tribe. Whether her mind was so absorbed in the contemplation of this noble bird, as to permit her to dream of nothing else, or whether some other and more secret design swayed silently her imagination, no one might say: but certain it is, for all these things, and an occasional slightly apparent tremour of indecision also, she still gradually advanced further inland.

Thus, seemingly, without object: until she reached a beautiful bridge which enslaved for a moment the broad canal that rolled languidly towards the city. Then there was another, and a longer pause, of doubt or admiration; but in a few moments she had tripped away, and was once again within the inclosed and

superbly laid out gardens and grounds of the Elms.

A cloud, one of those beautiful curtaining masses which sweep along the glowing arch and send their shadows skimming like swallows over the green fields below, now veiled the sun; and the fair girl doffed her bonnet that the south wind might sport uncontrolled on her warm cheek and amid her beautiful tresses. And in this way did she linger and stroll across the silent range, until reaching a sylvan solitude, she threw herself down upon a seat, fatigued by her exercise and apparently but slightly satisfied with the degree of delight it had occasioned. Even whilst thus reclining her eyes were still busy in gazing upon the softened and twilight views seen through many a green alley, partially lit by the searching beam; but at length, as if they too were a-weary, she suddenly dropped them to her lap whilst her hands began to arrange into an incomprehensible knot three or four of her freshly culled flowers. Indeed, as she leaned her head downward it seemed that a branch of red leaves—earliest harbingers of the approaching season—reflected their bright colours into her blooming cheeks, making them doubly seductive. How it was that her neck, and even her fingers, caught the roseate hue;—and wherefore, almost instantly after, the same leaves appeared to have lost their power, whilst an ashy, trembling paleness overpowered her features, need scarcely be inquired

of. Certain it is that being thus intently engaged, the advance of another person was apparently not perceived, until his footsteps approached so close as to render escape impossible.

With an exclamation of surprise, the young lady sprung from her seat, and could scarcely be induced to resume it, although the intruder was no other than William Maxwell himself.

“Indeed, you did frighten me so,” said the really trembling maiden. “What can lead you to wander so far at such an early hour?”

“You know how much I love woodland scenery, Miss Elizabeth.”

This was without doubt but a common place answer, yet his whole manner was far from common place or insipid; indeed, quite the contrary: and, to say the truth, a curious observer might have discovered even in the very intimacy of his dog “Spite,” a beautiful spaniel, with Miss Lee, that the master was on excellently good terms himself; for the sensible brute came up, wagging his tail, and laid his head, most impudently, right upon her lap to be patted; after which he retired a few paces, laid himself down and watched, sleepily and faithfully, the pair before him.

There was now so much sparkling meaning in the young gentleman’s eyes, and his whole bearing had in it such an air of restrained joy, mingled with respect and trepidation, and his observations and answers became so vague, that it could be plainly perceived even by Miss

Lee, he was meditating some terrible avowal which she began to feel she would rather die than hear. Indeed, his courage seemed to be gathering and his looks began to say, "I have you now, Elizabeth, and time and opportunity do not always so invitingly offer: therefore, prepare to hear me now."

"Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall."

The poor Indian, with but a cotton wrapper for defence and protection, feels not more horror struck when he perceives amid an adjoining jungle the fiery eyes of a tiger glaring hideously upon him, than does a young lady, whose yielding heart renders her equally defenceless, when her quick fears inform her that the eyes of her lover are sparkling—and his heart beating—and his tongue faltering with the tender declaration.

There was something in William Maxwell's manner altogether indescribable, which told too truly what cruel resolutions were bristling in his bosom; and not a moment was to be lost if the fair object of his affections would avoid the terrible calamity of hearing the youth she loved avow his passion.

The wit of woman is proverbially quick, and sometimes most shockingly provoking. Nothing under the canopy of heaven could have induced her to remain another moment; and a desperate method of escape, at the very crisis, shot like lightning into her mind and burst, almost without thought, upon her tongue.

“Elizabeth—Miss Elizabeth—Miss Lee,” began Maxwell.

“Mad dog!” she exclaimed, jumping up in the greatest terror. “Spite’s mad! Oh, Mr. Maxwell, he *is* mad. See how he lolls out his tongue!”

Now Miss Lee’s real alarm at the idea of a declaration found vent in her pretended fear of the dog; and she was so thoroughly frightened that, for a moment, it imposed upon Maxwell himself.

“It is impossible,” said he hurriedly and with much kindness, but without attempting to pursue her. “Oh no; there is nothing in the world the matter with him. See how he comes when he is called. Here Spite—here, sir.”

“Oh mercy! he’ll bite me to death,” shrieked out the young lady; and fairly taking to her heels she left the flowers and the flowery declarations of her lover to wither together.

“Miss Lee, for pity’s sake, Miss Lee, don’t be so terrified; indeed you are altogether mistaken: Spite is not mad; get home, you villain; how dare you follow me, sir: Oh—h, you shall be paid for this!” Here the affrighted girl who had stopped to take breath, and, deeming herself safe, was beginning to pity a little her lover’s perplexity, was again sent off by his approach. As for Spite, the intelligent animal seemed to perceive the true and gentle cause of Miss Lee’s terror, and began to join in the scene, and caper about as if he really were out of his wits. The new fright operated in the

same way, and off bounded the beloved one again, with an exclamation of horror at finding the *dog* so near her; nor did she stop until, with hair disarranged and panting bosom she came to where a gardener, an old servant of the family, was engaged in his vocation, inspecting a decayed plumb tree.

Ashbel was surprized, and indeed alarmed at the sudden apparition of his young mistress, who rushed almost out of breath until she reached him; and then stood motionless.

"Why what is the matter with you, mistress Elizabeth," exclaimed the man, in great surprise.

"N—n—nothing," panted forth the blooming young lady, "I've only b—b—been playing with Spite. Here Spite, poor fellow, p—p—poor fellow."

The gardener turned round naturally enough, to look for the dog's master, who was now advancing, anathematizing himself and his unlucky stars; and resolving withal, bitter vengeance against the brute.

"Why he's not mad at all, poor fellow," said Miss Lee, turning round with the most bewitching delight and animation, "See how he knows me: come here Spite—poor fellow—poor fellow—there."

It was impossible to be angry with such purity and good nature; and although Maxwell now plainly perceived that the whole alarm was but feigned, it only caused his passion to glow still more tenderly.

Indeed, in one short moment, she fully re-

paid him for all his mortification and disappointment; for, as she hastily gathered up the waving hair that had fallen over her shoulders in her flight, she shot one liquid glance of her hazel eye directly into his; which, although instantly withdrawn, sank into his very soul: for it told better than tongue can tell, of love,—of confidence,—of trust! Oh how such a glance *can* speak!

But after this, the lover could obtain no further favour. There was a tree near the mansion-house which Miss Lee was very anxious, exceedingly anxious, indeed, for it was a great favourite,—to have Ashbel's opinion of; and he must accompany her, at once, to inspect it. The old man, gratified and delighted to find his judgment so valued, plodded along at the elbow of his young lady, garrulous upon the subject of trees, fruits, and flowers.

It was in vain that Maxwell followed also with a desperate hope that something might occur to arrest the gardener's progress. But nothing could divert him from his pleasurable duty; and the lover took leave that day of the blushing idol of his heart without gaining, in set form of speech, the encouragement he desired.

But of what use are *words* upon such an occasion. Psha! He acknowledged to his innermost heart the delight which that single glance of Miss Lee had imparted, and knew that he ought to be satisfied. He, therefore,

retired with a good grace, all love and tenderness; and as he dwelt more and more confidently on her conduct, his vanity could not but whisper that natural maiden fear and confusion had prompted her sudden flight and not any ill-will towards himself—at least so said her speaking glance. And upon this he magnanimously forgave Spite the flogging he had threatened him with.

As for Elizabeth, she had scarcely reached the sanctuary of her chamber ere she began to wonder what in the world should have made her so afraid of William Maxwell, and to accuse her folly in not waiting,—if it had only been out of curiosity to hear what he would have said. But her beating heart answered her by a feeling of terror which she strove in vain to master. She was, indeed, a pure, stainless girl—timid—ingenuous—and in love.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR fair favourite (and we trust that she has been looked upon with kindly eyes by every reader) was in such a singular dilemma that she durst not again trust herself alone with William Maxwell. The bare recollection of the escape she had so narrowly achieved, caused her innocent bosom to tremble with apprehension; and, indeed, all the next day

some fairy voice seemed ever whispering sweet warnings and promises into her ear, whilst (caused perchance by those very whispers) the blushes played so constantly upon her cheeks that they resembled nothing more truly than the sheet electricity which undulates, of a warm summer eve, along the horizon. There was a constant struggle, the live-long day, between those rosy lights of love and shame, and her own natural complexion.

But time and opportunity happen to all men, especially to the favoured lover; and he is but a lout who lets such winning chances slip away unseized. And so, very soon after all this, it came to pass upon a delightful evening—one when the fancy was lulled into pensive tenderness and hope claimed to be heard equally with memory—that Miss Lee, with all the enthusiasm of a lover of nature, reclined near the foot of an ancient oak, and gazed at the pale streaks of light upon the river before her.

To the lovers of moonlight and the melancholy sweetness which soothes the lone hour of the “weird Queen,” there is, indeed, no spot which can awaken all the tender emotions of the bosom into activity more readily than the banks of some such broad stream as the Delaware, when the wind is lulled and the wave asleep—when there is no ripple upon the water—no shattered light tossed and extinguished in endless confusion,—no eddying whirls, and lashing billows—but soft silvery bars, resting upon the pure element, or undu-

lating so imperceptibly as to seem to sleep within it.

How delicious is it then to sit and muse upon the past—to dream of the future—to open the book of fate, and peer into her unrevealed secrets, and, gazing upon the illimitable void, to unchain your imagination, and let it roam where it listeth.

As you thus recline beneath the slumbering trees, the sublimity of the mighty vault harmonizes with the chequered but motionless floods of lustre that stride across the forest and the field—and far away,—as if creations of your own fancies,—the shadows become indistinct and mysterious, mingling one with another until grotesque shapes, fairies and spirits, and ungainly imps, appear to cheat your eyes and captivate your imagination. Now they seem to steal noiselessly along, and anon vanish quickly to reassume their darkling shapes, and glide again away without a sound, as if fearful of disturbing the serenity of your bosom or of jarring the almost solemn rest of creation. Nature too, is asleep: her handiwork, created and uncreated; flowers, shrubs, bushes, animals and insects, are shut out from thought—screened almost from sight; and if the curtained landscape is at all scanned, it is with dreams of an unfeigned something that does not properly belong to it. All around is in a reverie too deep almost for reality. The busy world is swept aside, and in its place is a paradise,—solemn—passionless—pure.

Whether Miss Lee now enjoyed this scene with the same intensity of feeling which had been before often conjured up, or what were the exact nature of her ruminations, or how long she reposed, need not be told; but at length, far adown the stream, where the silvery blaze rested slantingly—not in a tremulous wave, but in one uninterrupted line of light, the dip of an oar was heard, fitfully at first, and so faintly that it seemed rather a chance lapping up of the water than the regular dash of a paddle. But any thing on that world of sleep; the humming of a bee suddenly disturbed—the drone of a beetle—the chirps of a cricket, or the murmur of an insect might well call loudly upon the listening silence; nor is there in rude nature a more mellowed or delightful sound than this simple one which now broke up the stillness of night. Presently the creaking of a seat, or perhaps of the helm could be heard, and almost immediately afterwards, the soft breathing of a flute which gave but one aspiration and then died soothingly away. Miss Lee all alive to the unexpected subject, strained her eyes until she could discover a small speck darkening upon the moonlit wave. Soon a note was again breathed from the majestic river, floating along as if allied to the very hope it so touchingly appealed to. Another and another succeeded, sometimes dropping into a scarcely distinguished echo, and again swelling boldly across the shadowed depths of the shores, until the sounds became

connected into a delightful air which lingered and dwelt upon the water, as over its own natural element.

The light skiff could now be plainly perceived gliding gradually upwards, and conspicuous in the broad blaze, until after more than one pleasing tune had been breathed forth, it reached a point nearly opposite where the young lady sat, and a rich deep voice sung the following stanzas:—

Summer eve! summer eve!

How it snatches from the roses
Their bright and joyous glare;
How it blushes on the water,
And glimmers in the air;
How the insects seem to murmur,
Uneasily, and creep
Across the grass, or slowly rise
In many a drowsy sweep:
I would I were a nightingale,
To sing them all to sleep!

Summer night! summer night!

How it pants with every zephyr;
How it speaks in every sound;
How it silvers in the moonbeam,
And broods along the ground.
How silent seems creation—
How happy—how serene!
And the insects—how they nestle,
Beneath each shadowy screen!—
I wish I were a fairy elf,
To trip in on the green.

Summer morn! summer morn!

How it sparkles in the ocean;
How it laughs on every breeze;
How it wakes from vale and mountain

•
Their freshest melodies.
And the insects—how they gambol,
So cheerily and gay—
And many a feathered songster
Pipes forth his roundelay:—
I would I were a merry bird
To wing myself away.

When the voice ceased, the flute again breathed forth its magic notes in more than one delightful measure; and so it alternated until the little pageant floated upwards and gradually lessened in the distance. Indeed, after all, save the subdued dash of the oar was hushed—were it not for that, the whole might have been taken for a dream or sport of the fancy.

A solemn silence once more prevailed over the face of nature, and there was literally not a sound abroad. The tide, near its turn, ceased to irrigate among the loose pebbles, and the slight aspiration that moved around cheated the ear to discover whether it was of the earth—the air—or the water. Occasionally, indeed, a solitary fish, which had ventured beneath the black shadows of the overhanging foliage to the very river's edge, startled by some ideal fear, with a sudden rush away, would rouse for a moment the deep silence; or a school of minnows just riffle over the surface and then dive below: but otherwise all was serenity and peace. And as the beautiful girl drank in every romantic and chequered idea—a sigh, gentle as the first waking of an infant's slumber, stirred within

her bosom; and a shadow swept across its moon-lit placidity. The sigh was for love;—the shadow was of hope delayed. But she knew it not; and she still remained spell-bound and musing at the river bank overwhelmed and subdued by a thousand soft feelings which the music and the scene had caused to nestle in her bosom.

Now the whole of this serenade was the work of the gallant, and noble minded, Mr. John Poguey. Finding himself disappointed in the laudable endeavour to set the mob upon her father's house, in the confusion of which he had hoped to step forward as the protector and deliverer of the young heiress, he at length determined upon ascertaining the power of music—of which he had heard much—and thus melt her gentle and obdurate heart.

He had—or rather he deemed he had—chosen his time well. For, from certain information casually obtained, which, indeed, had encouraged him to the attempt, he learned that Maxwell was called away, for a few days, from the duties of his profession. During his absence he apprehended no interference, for he would have abhorred the remotest possibility of serenading his rival. And the whole delightful scene was got up by his ingenuity, aided, indeed, by the taste and execution of two swarthy votaries of Euterpe. The songs were pitched upon as being of the latest; and, as well as could be done, the music was chosen to correspond.

All had, so far, succeeded to admiration. The time of the tide was judiciously chosen—nature seemed to have smoothed herself into listening approval—and so far as the gallant could judge, his hired musician and vocalist did not miss a single note or mistake a word. He had therefore only to float up the river a short distance, cause himself to be landed, and step forward to claim thanks for his inventive politeness. But an occurrence, altogether unexpected, overthrew his plausible scheme and turned all his joy into bitterness.

The fair subject of desire we have seen lingered some minutes, even after the music dropping along the river had altogether ceased. She seemed in a silent, perhaps, delicious reverie of hope and expectation; but at length a sigh, breathed near her, caused her to turn suddenly and exclaiming, almost in a shriek—“William, is it you?”—she sunk upon the rural bench.

“Yes, Miss Elizabeth, indeed, it is! I have left my mad dog at home this time.”

It would be in vain to deny that Mr. Poguey’s scheme had succeeded to its utmost. But, alas! not for himself, but for his rival.

Miss Lee’s heart, without doubt, had been softened by the music, and unconsciously it had sighed for love. It now stood over her in the person of the only one upon whom her thoughts ever rested with gay complacency. She was, indeed, thunderstruck—taken by surprise—attacked at ’vantage. There was

not even a dog to run mad; and, what was worse, her own thoughts had been too much subdued to rally or invent a new stratagem for escape. What, in such a terrible dilemma, could she do? Nothing—absolutely nothing! And so she surrendered at discretion.

She raised her head only to behold his eyes basking upon her and sparkling in the moonlight; and she again looked to the earth, covering her face with her hands.

“Dear Elizabeth,” began the presumptuous youth.

“I give up;” faintly murmured the dear Elizabeth, still, however, keeping her face hid and bent to the earth—“I give up, William, but not one word more. Spare me now—do—do spare me.”

But Master William, notwithstanding his trepidation and delight, seemed half inclined to enjoy a triumph which had once already so suddenly escaped him. The fair little taper hand was seized as lawful prize, and more than one soft promise of love fell from his lips. But the poor girl was really too much agitated to answer, and she could at length but just raise her courage to say—

“Let us go to the house William—take me there—do dear William, for I feel as if I should faint.”

Supporting his beautiful prize, and with one arm encircling her waist, Maxwell moved slowly towards the mansion. And in this interesting situation they were discovered by

Mr. John Poguey, who was flying on the wings of desire to bask beneath the fortune of his serenade.

Stepping over the green grass, he was himself unperceived. And starting in horror and dismay, he lingered but a moment, during which he caught the extatic exclamation which fell from his happy rival's lips, "Mine for ever;" and then, with a scowl that the very arch fiend might have envied, he silently withdrew, overcome with disappointment and hatred.

In the mean time Maxwell, totally unconscious of having been gazed at by any one, drew near to the mansion house with his charge, who, on her part, had now acquired sufficient strength, doubtlessly, by the short exercise, to walk into the parlour unsupported. It was well for her that the lights were dim and shaded on account of the heat, so that the workings of her countenance were not perceptible. Equally so was it for Maxwell, who, having answered some questions of Mr. Lee very wide of the mark, and having also sat some time in unwonted silence, at length most surprisingly recollected it was time for him to get on horseback and ride home.

All of a sudden also, immediately upon his departure, Miss Lee discovered she was very glad he was gone, for she was so fatigued and anxious to retire. In her hurry she forgot to say one word of the delightful serenade, or to

wonder who had given it, and the young lawyer had been equally forgetful.

After she was out of hearing, Mrs. Lee commenced upon a subject exceedingly interesting to all mothers.

“I think William Maxwell is a fine young man, Edward; is he not considered sensible and smart, and likely to succeed?”

“He promises well, and is thought a young man of talent,” answered the master of the house, in a manner which plainly evinced his disrelish of the subject. Indeed any idea of his daughter’s settlement never came unless coupled with prospects of his approaching downfall, which he well knew he should feel most keenly for her very sake. When therefore called upon to converse complacently on such a subject, he felt in about the same state of quiescence as would a traveller, who, upon the edge of a precipice, is requested to admire the picturesque beauty of the rocks beneath him, and upon which he is in momentary expectation of being dashed to pieces.

Mrs. Lee was however yet in ignorance of the threatening cloud, and this being a second attempt to aim upon her husband’s confidence she did not relinquish it so readily.

“You remember, dear Edward, what I mentioned sometime since of the books and music he brought to Elizabeth, I have not yet made her return them to him; was I right or wrong?”

“Right, of course my dear. I have seldom any fault to find with what you do.”

“Well, but Edward, I should wish to have your opinion of the young gentleman’s visits. They may possibly lead to something serious, and we should consider of it beforehand.”

“Has his attentions assumed any thing of a pointed nature?” asked the ex-representative, with some show of aroused interest.

“Oh, there is nothing in the world between them as yet, responded the mother;” but then you know young people, by seeing much of each other grow sentimental, and often become attached.”

“If there is nothing yet, you had better for the present see that there be nothing,” observed Mr. Lee, with an air of dejection and abstraction perfectly incomprehensible to his wife.

“Then you do not approve,” said she, “of Mr. Maxwell’s attentions to Elizabeth?”

“I did not understand you to say he is attentive to her already, my dear.”

“Oh no, he is not to say attentive; indeed ever since I discovered from Elizabeth herself that he had given her books, I think she has become very shy of him.”

“I am glad of it, for both their sakes,” answered Mr. Lee, darkly.”

“Really, Edward, I do not understand your way of reasoning upon this subject at all. I think young Maxwell might be proud of the alliance, and I am sure it wants but a

little encouragement to induce him to become an open suitor for the child; now you know my mind."

"Dont give it him, then, at any rate not for the present."

"Well, Edward, I will do as you say, and without even requiring a reason, although I think you are not sufficiently confiding to me this time."

"You must trust me once at least, Mary," answered the husband with much affection, "you know I am not apt to ask your actions without cause."

"Indeed you are not, Edward," replied the mother with moistening eyes, "and I know that there must be a reason for your manner, though you now conceal it from me, but I will avoid the subject in future, and act as you wish."

Here was indeed a reconciliation, although there had been no outfall, and the affectionate pair felt towards each other for a moment as if there was none other being in the world. Mr. Lee, however, soon smilingly began:

"Take care, Mary my dear, that Elizabeth does not leave all our prudent precautions at a distance. Remember my engagement to you before your mother even suspected I was at tentive——"

"Ah, but Edward, that was because I was a very smart girl you know, and my mother was extremely dull at such things, and indeed I only concealed it from her because I was ashamed to own I was in love."

“And your daughter may unwittingly follow your example, my dear.”

“Oh, Edward, indeed that is impossible, Elizabeth has no desire or love of concealment about her; and besides, she could not easily blind me to any thing of the kind, depend upon it, there is nothing between them so far.”

“Well, my dear, I am glad of it; let us drop the subject,” and accordingly no more was said.

During all this a thousand fancies were running riot in the head of the fair subject of this discourse, who had retired to rest indeed, but not to sleep. One idea chased another across her bewildered brain, to be succeeded by a third—fourth—fifth—and so on in seemingly endless confusion. A damp however fell upon all at the thought, which ever and anon most unwelcomely intruded itself, that she had been guilty of a breach of duty and affection in having been led into so serious a matter without consulting her maternal parent, or even giving her any intimation of it.

But to this check of conscience love answered boldly, “did not mama discover that I received presents of books and music from him, and then instead of reproving, did she not kiss me, and did she not behave very kindly to us both afterwards; oh, she must approve of what I have done, I know she must.”

At this plausible answer joy revelled once more in her pure bosom, and gradually becoming serene and placid, she sunk at last to sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

THE thunderbolt so long expected by Edward Lee, so unforeseen and terrible to the other members of his small household, at length fell. The last day—week—hour—moment, passed away, and the heart-rending truth burst upon the appalled victims. Providence had sent the chastening—religion commanded them to bow beneath the rod.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Lee to her daughter, “your father and myself have, thus far educated you without regard to expense or of other selfish considerations; but above all, we hope that you have ever been sensible of the goodness of Him who watched over us, and are ready to submit to His decrees, be they for evil or for good.”

“Indeed, mama, you have always taught me so,” replied the young lady, exceedingly alarmed at the heart-withered expression of her mother’s countenance; “but what is it, that I—that you—that we must suffer; oh, tell me!”

“My dear daughter,” resumed the parent, “to your father, whom religion and philosophy have taught justly to appreciate the vanities of life; and to me, who, having him, have every thing—a deprivation of those means of comfort which we have been accustomed to

consider our own, will not after all be so dreadful; but 'tis for you that we feel; school your mind, my daughter, not only to hear of poverty as something to be pitied and relieved, but as a visitation, which you, and your dear father, and myself, are henceforth doomed to submit to."

"Is that all," exclaimed Miss Lee, wiping a tear which trepidation and sensibility had brought to her eye; "has papa grown poor—oh, then mama, they will not mob him any more—will they—oh, I am so glad." The fond parent could not restrain her tears, but wept upon her daughter's neck.

"Do not deceive yourself, Elizabeth," said she at last; "I must not, I cannot permit you to think so lightly of those sacrifices you must hereafter make, and evils you must endure; you must view them in their reality, and school your mind to bear them. We must all prepare for the dark days that are upon us."

"But, dear mama, is it so dreadful to be poor; will poverty divide us from one another?"

"No, my dear, never in this life, I hope."

"And will it chill the affection I cherish towards you, or will it weaken your love for me?"

"I trust not, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Lee firmly; "but do not vainly imagine that poverty is no evil. It may indeed preserve your father from popular envy and ill will, but I would lead your mind, my love, gently and gradually to

the contemplation of that evil, which, if suddenly confronted, might perhaps be too terrible to stand up against."

"You shall never hear me complain, mama."

"I know it; but though your tongue be silent, and you should even wear a smile on your lips to comfort us, yet if I should see your cheek pale, and your form waste away under the biting disregard and contempt of the world; it would break my heart."

"Oh, indeed you never shall, dear mama; tell me what sacrifices must be made, you shall see, I will not shrink from them."

"We must leave the Elms, Elizabeth; your father cannot afford to live longer here; and besides, all his property must go to his creditors, not to his own creditors, but to those dishonest men who took him in."

"I am ready to go to-morrow," said Miss Lee; "I love this place dearly; I never shall forget its beautiful river—its pleasant walks, and delightful bowers—but I love you—oh—better—better far ——"

"You have not yet seen much of society, my dear Elizabeth," continued the mother; "and will not feel sensibly, the cold or averted looks of those few whom you have associated with; and besides, this is a light evil to a well regulated mind. But if those whom we respect—those whom we have been taught to look upon as real friends, if they desert us in the hour of adversity, it conveys a sting more

venomous than that of a serpent, and should be expected with our utmost fortitude."

"There are none whose cold looks can offend me," said Miss Lee, "besides yourself and papa and Miss Clifford—and—and—no other person," but her brow became suffused, and the language of her eye contradicted that of her tongue.

"There is yet another one, Elizabeth, whose estrangement would affect you cruelly; is there not, my love," asked Mrs. Lee in a tone of the most maternal solicitude.

The young lady only answered with a deeper blush, and whilst a tell-tale tear trembled on her cheek, gazed fixedly into her mother's eye.

"Who is that other one," asked the fond parent, almost in a whisper, as if she would win her daughter's shy confidence in a manner gentle as the dove.

Miss Lee turned aside in mute distress, striving in vain to muster resolution enough for a denial, or even to command the strong expressions of her countenance, as her very heart seemed to burst upon it; at length, as if the word would have suffocated her, she said—

"William Maxwell! Oh, mama, if he should desert me now, it would kill me outright," and she threw herself upon her mother's bosom, and gave way for a few moments to a nervous burst of grief and agitation.

Mrs. Lee was however now only the more determined, not only to probe the depths of

her child's feelings, but also to ascertain to what extent the young couple understood each other, and she did not cease her affectionate entreaties until every thing was related, even to the moonlight confession.

"Oh, mama," exclaimed the young lady, smiling in the midst of her tears; "do not doubt him even for a moment, he is all truth and honour." But this was addressed to one who appreciated the world sufficiently to know that her daughter with a fortune, and her daughter without a cent, would give rise to very different sensations, beautiful as she was.

"Do not kill me with a doubt, my dear, dear mother," almost moaned Elizabeth; "for if his love cannot stand the test of adversity, then is poverty *bitter* indeed; but I cannot believe it, nor shall you do so either; wait but a day or two, and you will be convinced —"

"I *will* not believe it, Elizabeth, for your sake, and for his own. I saw this growing attachment between you, and had I not entertained the highest opinion of his worth, I should have interfered; although he was poor, I deemed you altogether beyond the reach of misfortune, and was therefore resolved that his poverty should be no bar to your happiness; but all is now changed."

Miss Lee pressed her mother's hand, who, on her part, since the fair maiden's affections were so fully bestowed, was well satisfied that there had been something of a declaration on the part of her lover.

“And now, my daughter,” said she, “cheer up your heart, for all may not yet be so dark as I at first apprehended. Go to your father and let him see that you can still smile, for it is the thoughts of what you may suffer that has well nigh unmanned him.”

And away went Miss Lee, but she had not been long engaged in the filial task before she was summoned to attend a visiter; the first who had ventured upon them since their sudden downfall, and which was in fact no other than William Maxwell, who, hesitating only so long as absolute decorum demanded, now hastened to the friendly mansion.

If Mrs. Lee had entertained any doubt of his constancy, it would have been at once removed by his frank and manly behaviour, without adverting to the distressing occurrence, he only appeared to be sensible of it in the additional respect with which he addressed her, and the greater degree of tenderness that shone in his manner towards Elizabeth. Almost immediately after his salute he handed her a letter from Miss Clifford, and it was not long ere she took the liberty to retire and read it.

“My dear friend,”—so it ran; “I scarcely know whether to sympathize with you in the recent misfortune of your dear and honoured father, or to remain silent, as if delicacy forbade my appearing to notice it in any way. But I find I cannot yield to the dictates of such cold hearted civility, when there has been heretofore so much kindness and confidence be-

tween us, and I will run the risk of being thought officious, rather than that, on the other hand, you should perhaps consider me cold and unfeeling. Indeed I am sure I have cried about it more than you have done yourself, (if you have cried at all) and have been planning a thousand schemes, which you may well believe were all too foolish to be thought of a second time. One thing I must tell you, for I know it will please you, (though you would not own it were I with you) and that is, that your beau, William Maxwell, behaves with so much warmth and generosity upon the subject. You remember how papa, in one of his unlucky moods, made an offer of my humble person to him, (I declare it provokes me to death to think of it even yet,) which the wretch, I had almost called him, politely refused to accept, for a very good reason, however, seeing that you were in the way; well, if there had been any thing venal in his preference, he would now no doubt have shown symptoms of docility on the subject, which he was far from doing. He gave me some hints (don't blush Elizabeth) of what had taken place between you, and almost swore, the first time I ever heard him make an approach towards an oath, that you chose him generously and kindly, and he would honour yourself and your parents for it as long as he lived. I was so overcome by the manliness of his manner, that what with sympathy for yourself, and (don't be jealous) admiration of him, I burst into tears, and made

quite a child of myself, before him. After he took his leave, I conceived the most romantic and generous scheme imaginable, and hastened with it on my tongue to papa: I began with praising his benevolence, and all that, you know, and wheedled him into one of his best humours, and then told him, that young Maxwell was engaged to you—and how you loved each other—and, in short, I proposed that he should give him an outfit for life—a downright present—agreeing on my part—as I am his only child—to be satisfied with the balance—if it should be but the half; would you believe it—one of his old fits of the blues—or whatever kind of sickness you may choose to call it—came on him, and he grew nervous with agitation. He would scarcely hear me out, and asked me, as is his custom, on such occasions—whether I wished to kill him outright, said I was stabbing him to the heart, and even went so far, as to tell me, that I must try to make myself agreeable to Maxwell; for that heaven and earth demanded the sacrifice, and a great deal more, which I must confess, ‘piqued’ me not a little, until, from being vexed with papa, I began also, to feel some irritation towards your own dear beau, for being the innocent cause of all this ridiculous persecution. Of course, I gave up in despair; for when my honoured father gets fairly into the blues, he has the most provoking method in all his crying and scolding, and in spite of all my love and commiseration, I get tired to death

of hearing it. He is over the spell now, and says nothing of my proposition, and for my part, I am afraid to broach it again, as he has grown so irritable of late. But I have the best joke to tell you—that Mr. Poguey, who was so smitten with your charms, or your money, (I do not mean to flatter,) has, since the occurrence, absolutely been here twice to visit me, and is evidently trying to look and say sweet things at me. I had myself denied to him the second call, and shall do so in future; but it would seem to be my fate, to have one or another of your beaux always at my side; you can't imagine how I frightened him, by saying a few words against the numerous charities of the day, and then, adding, that it was probable papa would leave his property to them; providing for me, only a small competence. He looked very bitter and disappointed, but he seemed as if he did not believe what I said, and was only mortified at perceiving I suspected his abominable motives. We girls who are reputed rich, pay very dear for the hollow attentions we receive; and for my part, I do not believe I shall ever get married, because I shall never have faith in the sincerity of any lover. And so, dear Elizabeth, keep up your spirits, for I feel a kind of prophetic inspiration that warns me, you will not long remain under this unhappy black cloud of misfortune. I will be with you in a few days, myself, and would have come at once, but thought, perhaps, your parents would prefer to remain a

while, undisturbed by any visiter. Adieu, my dear friend and school fellow, and recollect we have laughed and cried—and studied, and frolicked together almost all our lives, and do not be so ungenerous as to think, that I have one cold feeling in my bosom towards you.

M—— C——.”

Whilst Miss Lee was perusing this long epistle—in which, however, she found that comfort which is always produced by the sympathy of a friend—whilst thus engaged, Maxwell was pouring out his heart to the fond mother, and promising as lavishly, as all youths in love are wont to promise. Mrs. Lee heard him patiently—and with a tear in her eye, answered:

“I will not conceal from you, my son—for as such, I shall henceforth consider you, and wish you to consider yourself, that I have long cherished an affection for you; but, although, I withhold not my consent—it is given with fear and trembling; you cannot feel how precious to a parent is her only daughter.”

Maxwell again, repeated his promises—hopes—determinations—

“It is not that I doubt your temper or your affection,” answered Mrs. Lee—“and as long as I supposed the circumstances of her father were the same as they had been, for many years there seemed no obstacle to what I confess was a favourite wish of my heart. But now all wears a different aspect, and before you

bind yourself by a solemn engagement, you ought to reflect to what a length of time that engagement may extend.”

It is not to be supposed, that any such consideration would now influence the ardent lover—or cause him to hesitate; he persisted—promised—besought—and an engagement—open and acknowledged—was the immediate consequence. We pass over all other scenes on the occasion, merely observing that the never wavering affection of the family towards each other, and the tenderness of feeling and ardour of Maxwell, snatched from the face of approaching poverty her bitterest scowl, and robbed her of more than half her terrors.

It was not long ere the two lovers found themselves roving—happy—perfectly happy, along those green banks and shady paths, which were fated so soon to acknowledge another master. But such ideas were obtrusive, and if they arose at all, were discarded for others, of a more congenial nature. Maxwell was eloquent upon the subject of his hopes and expectations, and profuse in the promises of support and protection, and Miss Lee drank in all his confident words with a credulity which love alone inspires.

We must thus leave them to the privacy and innocence of their affections, and the last glance we can permit ourselves to take, will just show us the fair maiden—in all the unreserved generosity and openheartedness of a

first love—handing over to her betrothed—the letter she had that morning received from Miss Mary Clifford.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD LEE was of a determined cast of character. As soon as the blow became inevitable, and not to be warded off, he prepared to meet it fully, like a man. There was now no dejectedness of bearing, or manner—no word of sorrow—no look of regret. Whatever were his feelings, he buried them deep into his bosom, or poured them out in sacred secrecy to that partner only who had shared his pleasures, sympathized with his woes, and who was now ready as ever to follow the chosen of her heart through the rugged and gloomy passages of penury and misfortune.

The first expected draught from the cup of misery, whether it be light or heavy, if taken as the inevitable forerunner of untold evils, is always sure to be inexpressibly bitter. The trifling circumstance which precedes the fatal blow becomes important and dreaded on account of the frightful fate it announces, and in this view the earliest sacrifice to a downfall in life seems to embody in one drop of agony all of venom that can be distilled from real evil and imaginary terror.

But in this case it required no small degree of self-command, even when unconnected with future prospects: for the leading sacrifice was, with Mr. Lee, no other than to resign unhesitatingly, and at once, his superb mansion. The resolution was scarce made, ere executed; and in a very short space of time "the Elms," with all its splendid advantages, and decorations of art and nature—its shady lanes—its bowers—its woodland retreats and fertile fields, passed, by virtue of public purchase and sale, into the hands of John Poguey, merchant.

The only change of appearance which, at the moment, the seat underwent, was in its household furniture; for, except the less than tithe reserved, *that* had also been publicly disposed of. But before many weeks, a new aspect began to be put upon affairs. Not a few of the fine old oaks were doomed to the axe—and many a clump of beautiful shrubbery, the product of years of labour, were torn away like brands for the burning. Thus it ever seems to be the case, that what one man fosters another destroys—what one builds another pulls down; and the industry of the predecessor is generally shorn of all its more tasteful evidences, in a few short hours, by the man whom chance or accident has doomed to follow after him. Indeed, as man is a tyrannical animal over all living creatures, so does he often covet also a species of sovereignty over inanimate objects. This latter "péchant" is entertained not so much for the slow

and rule-compassed pleasure of creating and rearing, but on account of the delightful privilege of destruction. For a downy citizen to dart, for a moment, into the country, full of his own importance, what can be more edifying than to see—at one imperial nod—whole lines of shrubbery fall beneath the axe and the scythe? What can give more exquisite triumph, than to hear the crackling of the noble oak—the admired of ages—a king itself, as it falls forever to the ground, shrieking a last note of wo and submission to the power of a master. Exquisite enjoyment!

In this case the offending dwarfs and giants of beautiful nature were devoted, because they intercepted a full view of the road and canal, and made the place, as Mr. John Poguey expressed it, “positively a hermitage.” Being a gentleman of good business habits, and a man of wealth, he was, as a matter of course, allowed to possess a most excellently delicate taste in rural embellishments, and his despotic proceeding was therefore much applauded.

Among other minor occurrences consequent upon the unhappy failure of the firm, the claims of each individual member became common property, and with an avidity which somewhat surprised the staid commissioners, Mr. Poguey volunteered to receive, in satisfaction of a balance yet due, the note which Maxwell had so generously and almost foolhardily thrust upon him, Mr. Lee. With a dry and half satirical wish that the gentleman

might succeed in collecting so many debts for others as to be enabled to pay his own, it was duly assigned over, and became the property of the last man on earth whom the young lawyer would have chosen for a creditor.

In this instance, it may readily be suspected that Mr. Poguey's actions were governed as much by his malice as his interest. Still, natural acuteness, in matters of this nature, would not have permitted him to gratify his hatred at such risque, had he not judged well, despite his prejudices, of William Maxwell's talent, steadiness, and industry. He relied somewhat, also, on the interference of friends in his behalf. With a better security, therefore, than many other names, which stood higher upon the list of respectability would have afforded, he had also the exquisite pleasure of feeling that to a certain extent he had the unhappy beginner in his power, which power he chose to exercise, not in a demand of instant payment, but in a series of civil requests, which, without, for some time at least, proceeding to extremities, would jade him down, and only show him the gulf into which he would eventually be plunged.

"I'll break his proud spirit upon the wheel," was the favourite mental ejaculation of Mr. John Poguey. "Inch by inch, he shall suffer—and bone after bone shall crack ere I give him the 'coup de grace.'"

All this, however, for certain undefinable reasons, he chose to perform through the inter-

vention of an attorney, into whose hands he put the claim with directions that, for the present, he should only press civilly for payment; and never suffer a fortnight to pass without refreshing the debtor's memory by an additional memorandum.

And, indeed, this was in truth no contemptible triumph; for every request passed like a cold chill over the feelings of the generous hearted orphan, and came, perchance, in the midst of some pleasing hope—some delightful reverie of love—some plausible scheme of future happiness—to dissipate all at a stroke and point to the dark sea which he seemed inevitably doomed to encounter. Had Maxwell been without education, pretensions or patronage, this course would scarcely have been adopted; for, in that case, his creditor would doubtless have styled him a knave who could not, or would not (the same thing in the vocabulary of most people) pay his debts;—a poor devil, who had no right—seeing he had no money—to grumble at any thing which might befall him; and would have proceeded against him with exactly as much forbearance and as little delay as the law required, and no more. But his present proceeding was a refinement of cruelty. He had seen enough to know that, to such a mind as Maxwell possessed, the cold recurrence of an authoritative request, which he could not comply with, yet was forced to receive, would go further to irritate his even temper—and break his manly spirit—than any

other method within his power. It evinced also his own sense of superiority, and was a grateful morsel to his palate, for he detested the lawyer equally for the good qualities which he possessed and the wealth which he did not.

In all this his disappointment with Miss Lee had but a subdued influence. His mercantile speculations—all so fortunate—had clouded his brain; and when she was, in that point of view, no longer worthy, he abandoned all idea of her, as a matter of course. But the occasional consciousness, even then, that whilst he had been actuated only by his own cold calculation of interest, Maxwell, with the same object before him, was moved by nothing but what was noble and dignified, aroused both his sneers and his hatred. We could wish that there were fewer John Poguey's in the world; but the family is, unfortunately, large enough for its individual members to keep each other in countenance: and one grand principle among them is cordially to detest, under an appearance of contempt, any person who possesses something of value which they, the aforesaid John Poguey's cannot, by any possibility, hope to gain. The quality or good becomes thereupon a *small* object, of pretended indifference—its possessor a *larger* one, of dissembled dislike.

Thus that very spirit of honour, and open-hearted ingenuousness which the young lawyer entertained, and which the new proprietor of the "Elms" could not and would not

cherish, was, nevertheless, a something so prized by its possessor, which the wealth of India could not have purchased.

This was an unpardonable offence. And in return, such as we have stated were the kind intentions nourished against an unfortunate youth, who had done his enemy the irreparable injury of having gained the affections of a maiden, which he would not accept, and who was still unconsciously insulting him by being more upright—more open—more generous—and more gifted than himself.

Revenge is a fiend that torments the bosom wherever it nestles. Yet, as this was a small matter, it produced no stern uneasiness in the breast of Mr. Poguey; and having revolved his plans, and flattered himself with their appearance of complete success, and having no other great sins to account for except an occasional sly trick in the way of trade—one heavy and unfair speculation, and a general detestation of every thing in the shape of poverty or want—he slept soundly enough.

CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE Mr. Lee had removed to a small cottage, not very distant from his former splendid home, and there “sat down” himself, his wife and accomplished daughter, to accuse,

perhaps, in his own mind, that fortune which had hurled him so low, at a season of life when his vigour was fled, and his energies too much exhausted to admit the hope of a brighter future.

Maxwell was not forgetful of his former benefactor; and the road to the cottage soon became almost as familiar to his footsteps as the oft trodden path toward "the Elms."

It was thus, upon a fine Sunday morning, he was to be seen proceeding in the direction of the latter abode. The sky was serene and untroubled—the air, almost at rest, moaned but fitfully among the half-stripped trees and withered grass; and the whole landscape was rife with that indescribable pensiveness of aspect which an American autumn so readily communicates to the sensitive bosom. The voluptuous and lavish green of June was gone, and in its place, a sombre brown, relieved by many a flashing tuft of yellow or more deeply hectic crimson, proclaimed the decay of nature. Countless victims to the nipping northwester rustled upon the crisp ground, and ever and anon some trembling leaf would silently quit its summer's rest and circle unsteadily earthward. The feathered choir, expectant of the chilly blasts, were mute or had fled; and no voice was heard from the high heaven except the occasional "caw" of the crow, as she sailed lazily along in the cool sunshine, and seemed to seek more confidently than ever for that decay whereon she was to feast. The corn-

stalks, stripped of their precious load, stood torn and shivering—an emblem of disregarded poverty—and more than one field which had been gazed upon with delight when promising an abundance of golden ear, was now but an image of the man who has parted with every source of power and plenty.

Those appearances, so beautiful and so familiar, with many more, made for the moment, a deep impression upon the bosom of Maxwell. The spirit of hope—of gay, unbridled fanciful hope, which had never yet deserted him—now seemed to waver and fall cold within his breast. The second great blow, indeed, which he was destined to experience in life had been struck—not on himself directly, but first upon those, the objects of his earliest gratitude and later love. And what had he to offer to that devoted one, who, perhaps, but for him, might already have commanded riches and worldly splendour from others? The long vista, through which he must now look, of love oppressed with poverty, or of poverty enlightened by love, was but little in unison with his ardent and generous wishes. A long delay ere his dearest hopes could be gratified must inevitably ensue; for, much as he loved, he never once dreamed of taking the object of his affection to himself until he could assure for her, at least, the comforts of life, and, to procure even these, what exertions must not be necessary—what trials must be endured—what

hope delayed to struggle against—what obstacles to overcome!

As he moved forward in his pathway, amidst the embrowning foliage, and saw, scattered in every direction the spoils of a conquered summer—his heart, sympathising in the solemn lesson, which every thing around him inculcated, sunk with despondency—with doubt—and with dread. But his buoyant spirit soon rallied; and, as he thought of that faultless being he was approaching, his despair fled away like a frightened dream; and the simple sight of her lowly dwelling, peering from beneath the withering foliage, and guarded rather than hidden by the apple and the poplar, caused his bosom to dance once more with joy and to yield without a struggle to the rainbow delusions of hope. Such is youth—such the shadows which pass across it—and such the gay gilded beams that chase them all away!

The approach to the house was by a short but wide lane, such as is often seen, and which was intended also as a common pasture ground for the cattle of the proprietor. Through this, as appurtenant to the cottage, was a right of way; and within it stood a few ancient trees, scattered here and there, undoubtedly an ornament, but spared originally rather from chance than favour. Further within, a flower-bed attracted the eye, which, although shorn of its more delicate beauty, was still bright with the yellow marigold, the gaudy prince's feather, and the loaded lady slipper. There was a

grape vine running over the small portico which half concealed the door and spread a somewhat faded drapery around it, and every thing bore the same apparent regard to neatness as when the Elms owned Mr. Lee for a master. Above all, their most attractive ornament was now to be found at this humble spot—Elizabeth Lee was here.

It must not be supposed that this was the young gentleman's first visit, or that a long absence caused exclamations of unwonted delight at his appearance: by no means. He was welcomed with a sweet smile, and, in his turn, as he pressed the beautiful white hand which was freely offered, his eyes spoke a greeting more cordial than was ever uttered.

He had come expressly for the purpose of accompanying Miss Lee and her parents to the nearest church; for although not that to which the elder gentleman had been accustomed during the days of his prosperity, to be driven in his carriage, he had determined *now* to overlook the nice distinctions of doctrine and creed, and not withdraw from *all* Christian fellowship because debarred from *one* communion. A more difficult task (we blush to acknowledge it—but Mr. Lee had strong, although on most occasions, hidden feelings) was to face, for the first time, the gaze of the public; and to be commented upon either by a scarcely suppressed whisper or that eloquent silence which is always so oppressive. But the sacrifice was to be made; and, accordingly, the whole of

his small family had prepared itself to attend upon the house of worship.

When Maxwell entered the small and only parlour, he was not surprised to find that Miss Clifford, who had flown to comfort her youthful playmate, was still there—sharing the room, the thoughts, and almost the sorrows which she strove to alleviate. To do this, was, in itself, a pleasure; for she felt all the kindness of a sister towards Miss Lee, and towards Maxwell that almost undefinable sensation which was something more than fraternal, yet less than passionate. From the first, she had viewed him with pity, and, as he grew up, with an esteem which her acute perception at once taught her must never be permitted to transgress its colder limits. It might possibly be supposed, that this would have produced feelings of envy and jealousy towards her whom he had chosen for the partner of his life; but by no means. She only saw her friend secure of what she at length believed she would not have herself accepted, and when that friend was overtaken with distress there was nothing left in her kind heart but sympathy and compassion.

Misfortune loves to kiss the rosy cheek and leave it pale and wet; and such even already was the effect produced upon the sensitive maiden. Despite Mary Clifford's good natured hopes and promises—despite her own habitual buoyancy of spirit—despite even of William Maxwell's flattering pictures, she

could not but bend slightly beneath a blow, which, in a thousand ways, was sure to be repeated or remembered. Formerly, there had been no perceptible difference in the rosy hue and florid health of these two beautiful girls; but now, whilst grief blighted the one, the very benevolent errand which brought forward the other, and the kindliness of spirit which induced it, shot a brighter glance from her eye and imparted to her cheek a richer glow.

The path toward the temple of prayer led the small party past many a small house whose male inmates had, in a greater or lesser degree, participated in the political excitement which had raged so violently against that firm representative who now, with his partner on his arm, exhibited to all the sad lesson of fallen greatness. But the people, when not influenced by demagogues, or led astray by prejudice, are honest and forgiving. And in this case, the violence of party rage was gone; and a general sentiment of compassion evinced itself, rudely perhaps, but sincerely. Indeed there seems to be in human nature, buried deeply beneath passions, vices and desires, an essential principle of good, which, except in some rare instances, is never known to die away—a faint and shadowy remnant of that perfect man which, after the Almighty had planted in the garden, he beheld, and lo, it was good!

As Mr. Lee took his unaccustomed seat, his

partner at his side, and followed by Maxwell and the two girls, it was impossible not to feel that almost every eye was upon him; but the very sanctity of the place—the purpose for which he was there—and the sense of piety with which he was endued, caused him to forget his own fleeting griefs, and he could raise his voice in thanksgiving that so many blessings had been yet vouchsafed to him—a kind wife—an affectionate daughter—a grateful friend.

The officiating clergyman happened to be one of those who deemed it his duty *not* to advert to private matters, or touch the feelings of any one, either by way of comfort, consolation, promise, or reproof; whilst eloquent from his sacred subject, all that he said was calculated to soothe, to subdue, and to encourage the sincere believer. With a mind more calm than since the first intimation of his downfall, Mr. Lee, at the close of the sermon, was blessed and dismissed; and once more within his humble dwelling he felt himself a happier, we had almost said, a more grateful man. His situation had excited the sympathy even of his enemies. His mind began to look down almost scornfully upon those luxuries which had so long constituted an ingredient in the cup of happiness. A reverse, even late in life, had taught him wisdom.

CHAPTER X.

THE very next day, whilst the too confident young lawyer was luxuriating in all the bliss of a favoured suitor—and dreaming of nought but success and happiness—the following civil note reached him by due course of mail—and ran in this style—

“Note, William Maxwell, Esq. to Edward Lee, Esq. dated September 4, 18—payable on demand, for \$1500 00

“October 4, 18—, assigned to the use of John Poguey.

“DEAR SIR:—I must again call your attention to the above account, placed in my hands for demand and collection. An early application to the subject will oblige

Yours, &c.

DAVID SHARPE.”

The feelings which this gave rise to, were not only irritating and uncomfortable, but almost humiliating and self-accusatory. This, then was the speedy issue of his own stern sense of justice, to force an obligation upon an unwilling patron, who, in a few days afterwards, by the pressure of circumstances, was compelled to part with it, and place him in the

power of a vindictive and envious creditor. To owe any thing which we may be unable to discharge, is at all times sufficiently harrassing; but to become indebted to a man whom we despise—who hates, and will be sure to persecute us, is, to the honourable and high minded, a species of degradation, productive often of consequences, which, as the world goes, a much more serious catastrophe could not accomplish.

Maxwell, as he perused the eloquent request, felt his cheeks quiver with indignation and a sense of disgrace. He had received an affront, for he felt certain the whole matter had been done to mortify and insult him; yet was he so situated that he dared not resent it. He could not venture to betray anger at being civilly requested to discharge a debt; it was improper and would tell against him. With a heart, therefore, become suddenly gloomy and bitter—after giving the letter to the fire—and Mr. Poguey, and his attorney, both to the devil—he seized his hat and sallied forth without any other precise object, than that of escaping, perhaps from thoughts, which, a few minutes before, had been so proud and promising.

The very first person he met, as unconsciously he was hastening towards his old haunts in the woodland, now the property of Mr. Poguey, was that idle vagabond—Pompey Ganges, whose presence recalled him to himself, and also to the path he was pursuing. With what detestation did he now look upon

that avenue, which but lately had so delighted his eyes. There was scarce a shrub or bush that he had not from childhood's hour, considered with the kind feelings of affection. Now he turned loathingly away; it was *her* favorite retreat no longer; she was not there to gild the scene, and he could find no pleasure in it. How selfish we are in our very tastes! but it is in vain to moralize, it ever hath been so—and ever will be so. Maxwell felt even more irritated than ever; he scarcely noticed the negro, except, perhaps by a stern glance of recognition, and then turned his back upon him and his oft frequented path.

“Lord bless me, master Maxwell, you look jist like your old father what's gone, when he was out of humour like; don't be cross at me.”

“I will break your head, you scoundrel, one of these days, if you insist upon always mentioning my father when you meet me.”

The old man seemed almost to shrink beneath the unusually stern expression of Maxwell's features, and with a smothered exclamation of surprise and a deprecating manner, he turned as if to go, but he stood half irresolute, gazing furtively at the young man and muttering to himself, as if in some unusual mental incertitude. But his thoughts were destined to be turned aside, in a terrible manner.

“Out of the way there!” shouted a rough voice, and at the instant a wagon shot round the corner of a road and rolled violently towards him; “hallo,—hallo,—out of the way.”

Pompey heard the warning cry, and the rush of the wagon, yet, as if by some providential interference, his powers seemed at once prostrated, he turned in full time to have avoided all danger, but he only proceeded two steps in the right direction—when his head seemed to grow dizzy and swim with terror: and he fatally strove to retrace his steps. A tremendous wound and contusion was the consequence, and in a moment all was confusion. The carriage was stopped—and the negro, now perfectly sensible—requested to be carried as speedy as possible to his own hovel, about a mile off, and in the direct line of the road.—This was instantly agreed to with that dismayed sympathy which speaks in every word and look—the helplessness of life. In a very few moments he was upon his cot bed, and Mr. Wolfenstuttle, who never attended with one fourth the avidity to his own business as to that of other people, and who happened to be near the scene, on horseback—volunteered readily, to gallop for a physician. This quest was suddenly cut short, for he had scarcely ridden half a dozen furlongs ere he met Doctor Senecks, to whom, in his consequential hurry, he related the accident, although, to say the truth, he hated him most cordially. The benevolent man instantly drove to the negro's hovel, and at his approach, three or four persons who had remained with the sufferer, and were already tired of such unwonted exercise of charity, left him upon various pretexts, so that

his boy, "Lijey" was his sole dependence. Upon an examination of his patient, the man of skill shook his head, for the case was dreadful and hopeless; but such heart-sickening pictures should be left in the back ground, and we must only suppose that every thing within human power was effected, if not to save, at least to alleviate the pangs of so cruel a catastrophe.

On the following day, Doctor Senecks was again by the bedside of the negro, and, although well aware he should never receive any pecuniary recompense, yet was he as assiduous as if upon the poor fellow's welfare depended his own. And here a moment might be taken to observe that the profession, as it existed some years back in Great Britain, has been very much slandered, or else was entirely different in one shining particular from its transatlantic offspring. In more than one old play and novel, a griping or unfeeling physician is introduced, evidencing a most unfeeling disregard of the patient's situation, and caring, apparently, for nothing but his fee. Among other pleasant conceits of the kind, a small print may be occasionally met with, where the professional man, decorated with lace, and armed with a cane, having attended by accident a family that could pay him nothing, espies on his way out of the cottage a quarter of bacon, which he immediately captures and conveys with him into his coach, it being all in the shape of meat which the miserable creatures possessed. Now, in America, such a charac-

ter among the diploma'd gentlemen, is so unnatural, that even a caricature would not be devised of the like. Nor is there a profession upon earth less sparing of itself on all occasions, or more unaccustomed to perform acts of benevolence through interested motives. I feel proud of being an American, whilst raising my feeble voice in favour of American philanthropy, as evidenced by the medical gentlemen of our country.

Doctor Senecks, was therefore so far from being singularly benevolent, that he, in this instance, represented the feelings and liberality of every brother physician; for he and they would have accounted it shame to withhold any assistance possible because the chance object was unable to recompense the favour. But however much his kindliness of heart led him to hope, his scientific skill soon brought him to the certain conclusion, that the life of Pompey Ganges was drawing to a close; and being repeatedly pressed upon that subject by the unhappy negro, he at length intimated to him the sad conclusion. A cold dew overspread the sufferer's face at this annunciation, for expected as it was, it still sounded too terrible to be dealt with in language. But he was in great pain, of mind, as well as of body, and the incoherent expressions of his belief in a future state, and an awakened dread of punishment were sorrowful to listen to. These things are sacred, and should not be touched upon lightly; and one only consequence of his death bed

contrition—as it materially affects the story, shall be given to the reader.

“How long, Doctor,” asked the shattered wretch, in a weak voice, and shutting his eyes as if from the awful truth, “how long first—”

“Don’t trouble yourself about that,” answered the man of skill; “to-day is your own—use it.”

“No, but I must know—as—as—near—as near as you can tell me! oh, my God, to think that I must die so soon, was ever such a one so awfully taken.”

“Do not trouble yourself about the time,” repeated Doctor Senecks, “why should you. But as for others in the like situation, if that will comfort you—an accident is no uncommon thing, and I make no doubt that thousands of years ago, as well as now, many a catastrophe like the present has occurred.”

The poor fellow, really took no comfort in this idea; and indeed, we may, all of us, note from memory, that that species of sympathy with misfortune, which teaches us to submit, because others have done so, although, fortified by no mean authority—is, after all, but a slighting and coldblooded comforter.

Still, Pompey adhered with great pertinacity to his request, and indeed he prayed to the doctor as if he were omniscient. He wished to know, he said, “the exact hour of his death, it was a matter of conscience, and his future hopes depended upon it; there was yet time

perhaps, to retrieve more than one evil deed, but first he must be told how long he might yet live."

All this was uttered at broken intervals, for he was so far weakened by pain and fever and loss of blood, that he could not express himself connectedly, and thus importuned, the Doctor ventured to say, that before midnight he might expect to breathe his last.

Another sudden sweat passed over the almost dying man's countenance, which was succeeded by a whiteness or lividness of aspect truly horrible; but the blow was inevitable, and some degree of fortitude was imparted by the very idea. After, therefore, questioning the Doctor solemnly as to the certainty of his knowledge, he ceased to speak, and the benevolent man withdrew, promising, however, towards nightfall, another visit.

He had scarcely gone ere Pompey whispered, rather than called to the boy who attended him—

"Lijey,—Lijey!"

Lijey was instantly at his bed side.

"Run," hoarsely uttered the doomed man, "run for your life, to master John Poguey, he lives now where master Lee lived, tell him I—I am dying, and have got a great secret to tell him. Tell him he must for his own soul's sake come to me; hurry off, boy."

The poor boy, who had not yet recovered from the astounding fright which the surprise of the sudden accident had occasioned, scudded

away like a swallow, and the merchant being luckily at home, he was not long in delivering his message.

“I am no priest, to hear dying confessions,” grumbled Mr. John Poguey: still a request, coming from one on the brink of the grave, carries with it a force which few persons have the hardihood to resist, and very unwillingly he prepared to follow the messenger.

CHAPTER XI.

THE hovel in which Pompey Ganges, by a seeming prescription, had vegetated, for he never pretended to pay rent or return, except perhaps by a chance helping hand at harvest, or some rare and unwilling service—was just such a tenement as no other person would have occupied, and which was not pulled down merely because the logs of its sides were too good for nothing to be needed for any purpose whatever. It was of course very low, and so divided or intended to be, that you entered immediately into the kitchen, and might pass without the incumbrance of a door into the sleeping apartment beyond. The partition was broken and pierced in every direction, and the whole was in the last stage of decay and destruction, and fast crumbling away under the united assaults of sun and rain. The bed, or

truckle, upon which the old man lay, was equally wretched and filthy; and indeed, himself and home would have been a disgrace to the neighbourhood, were it not that his idle and vagrant habits were well known, and a sufficient reason and excuse for the apparent neglect of the world. The sufferer had sunk almost into a lethargy after his exertions in conversing with Doctor Senecks, but the time employed by his boy on the errand, had allowed him to collect a little of his fast flitting strength, and when Mr. Poguey entered with no little expression of disgust on his countenance at finding himself in so filthy a place, Pompey was sufficiently revived to speak in a low hesitating voice, so as easily to be heard in every part of the diminutive and totally silent hut. The black boy had already been warned that as soon as the gentleman came, he should retire a short distance, so as not to impede or overhear the conversation, and his still continuing horror and consternation insured a ready obedience in every thing. As soon, therefore, as the merchant entered, he immediately withdrew, and busied himself in washing a few rags in a small streamlet that ran curling its way among old hairy roots and decayed leaves, and only discovered its limpid countenance at intervals when it found a momentary resting place in its tedious course.

“Well, my poor fellow,” said Mr. Poguey, surprised into something like commiseration, “what can I do for you? If you wish the

overseer sent for, or any thing of that kind, I will have it done, although I have not much time to spare with you just now."

"No;" said the negro thankfully, for he was in too low a state to perceive the coldness of his visiter, "no, not that; but there is something on my mind."

"Perhaps then you had better have a clergyman," said the merchant with an instinctive dread of hearing a death-bed confession.

"It is you I want, you yourself, master. Are you not the owner of the Elms now?"

"Yes," answered he with a little conscious self-sufficiency, "I am the proprietor of the whole plantation."

"You are then—" said the sufferer, seeming to gain strength as he proceeded, "you are then the proper person to hear what I have to say, for you are the owner of the land and all that is in it, and you have the best right to dig and search."

"Yes," replied Mr. Poguey with a gesture of impatience that seemed to say, "you keep me too long—get to the point at once."

"You know," again begun Pompey as with an effort, "you know the old tale for many a year of money buried hereabouts—but who is that?"

"No one," answered Poguey with another gesture of impatience, for he was beginning to tire of the confidence of the old negro even before it was bestowed. "Go on with what you would say."

But, in fact, it was somebody; and no other person than Mr. Silas Wolfenstuttle himself, who happening to be upon a pedestrian trip which carried him near the old hovel, he could not resist the temptation, caused by no feeling of benevolence, but rather by a voracious curiosity which overlooked nothing, of stopping to take a peep at the wounded man—in fact see all that was going on.

His path led him where the terrified boy was sitting, and after asking him of Pompey's situation, he naturally inquired, who was with him at the time?

“Squire Poguey wid him;” answered Li-jey, “and are arter talking secrets togedder.”

“And you were bid to stay away while they were at it? Very right, my boy; don't come of course until you are called.” And on he passed.

“Arter talking secrets, eh,” maundered Wolfy to himself. “What secrets can they have with each other—devilish strange this—arter talking secrets! Faith I'll know what they are.”

With that he advanced stealthily enough to the door of the hovel, and stepping into the smoked kitchen, screened himself beside its partition, but not so silently as to escape being detected by the suspicious and fearful ear of the dying man, although the impatient merchant was determined just then to hear nothing but the confession or confidence, which, coming

from such a source, he already heartily despised.

“Well,” again begun Pompey after a listening pause, “there is a power of money or money’s worth buried upon your own land, master; and I can tell you where the pot may be found.”

“Ah ha; a treasure is it!” sung Mr. Wolfenstuttle slily to himself, “a buried treasure. Fair play is a jewel, and I’ll come in for a share;” and he devoured with delightful avidity the next words of the old man. Mr. Poguey himself, although somewhat incredulous, began to feel a little interested.

“Whereabouts is it, Pompey? Had not you better take a little water? There now, you may go on.”

“Master,” said the poor fellow, “you can know all about it, on one condition. Promise me, as you would on your own dying bed, that you will not search for it until after twelve o’clock the night.”

“Nonsense,” exclaimed the downright proprietor. “This is only some superstition of your own; and if the money can only be got at midnight, I shall not trouble myself to seek it.”

“No, no, master, that is not it. I have touched the very pot with my own hands; and if you wait until day light to-morrow you will be sure to find it, but before midnight you must promise not to go.”

“Why did you not make use of it your-

self," asked Mr. Poguey, deeming the whole story very strange and improbable, and the negro gave evident signs of trepidation ere he again spoke.

"They would have discovered me at once, and have taken all from me; so I thought if I could not have it, nobody else should."

"It is all a falsehood," said Poguey. "I don't believe a word of it. You are fooling me."

"As I am a dying man," ejaculated Pompey with a groan, "you will find a treasure at the spot I shall tell you of, only promise me you will not search for it before midnight."

Wolfy was all this time dying with impatience. He absolutely raised his foot from the ground, in order to stamp it down again and ease his irritation at the unaccountable delay and incredulity of his friend, but recollecting himself, and the risque of detection, he was contented with only doubling his fist, making at the same time a hideous grimace of impatience.

"Well," said Mr. Poguey, "I promise you I will make no search until after midnight. Will that satisfy you?"

"It will," answered Pompey, his eyes brightening with something of satisfaction. "Neither you, nor any person for you?"

"Neither myself, nor any person for me," repeated he.

"There's another party to that," thought

Wolfenstuttle behind his screen ; but his ears were all attention.

“Near the main road,” continued Pompey, “there stands an old decayed tree—you know it well. On the side towards sunset, take one step from the roots and then dig—you will soon find it.”

“All right,” rejoined the merchant, pleased as much at the termination of the interview as with his knowledge of the secret. “And now is there any thing else to be done for you?”

“Nothing,” answered Pompey, “only send the boy to me; and don’t forget your promise.”

“Do not be uneasy on that score. Poor fellow, I wish I could relieve you from so shocking a state.” And he departed.

But Wolfy got the start of him; and turning sharp round the corner of the hut, he made such good use of his time as to gain the high road and be screened by a tuft of shrubbery without its being discovered he had been present.

CHAPTER XII.

THE trifling adventure recorded in the preceding chapter, was exquisitely well suited to the taste and disposition of Mr. Wolfenstuttle. There had been, in the first instance, some

adroit management, on his own part, to arrive at a participation in the secret. In the second place, a mystery hung over the whole which gave it an indescribable interest. Thirdly, his fixed bias towards a little underhand cribbing had now a prospect of being safely gratified; and moreover, and lastly, there was a real pot of money to fall to the share of the first happy finder. He would not, of course, permit a doubt of the old negro's veracity to shadow his exultation, and he was, in truth, very far from that cold unbelieving disposition which his very good and particular political friend, Mr. Poguey, possessed. As for the search, he had bound himself by no promise, (a slight tie by the way, or rather none at all with him,) and he now as heartily congratulated himself, that in following his bent he would break no honorable pledge—as if he would have observed one, had it been given. Of course, he did not dream of waiting until midnight.

“No, no;” said he, “nightfall is my time; so soon as it comes, I will get some stupid fellow to bring his spade and set him to dig for the money pot. Wait till after midnight! ha—ha—ha. Poor Poguey—after midnight—ha—ha—ha. He shall draw a blank this time. Lord, how I should love to see his looks when he finds the treasure has taken to itself wings—how he will swear—oh—ha—ha—ha. Good! too good—egad, it is too good!” and on the politician sauntered, looking in here, stopping there, and meeting never an acquaint-

ance but he must be detained to hear the particulars of the last great meeting, or what intrigues were going on among the highflyers previous to the next one.

In the mean time, Mr. Poguey was himself far from being satisfied with the promise that had been extorted from him. A delay of this nature was most particularly contrary to the current of all his opinions, his sound sense and his business habits. His very avarice, covetousness and curiosity were against it. That he should have a considerable sum of money, on his very land, within his reach at any moment, and yet be obliged, because of a dying man's whim, to wait without reason, was not only strange, but absurd. His course of life and trade was, and ever had been so methodical—so much to the point, and he had always been accustomed to pursue every venture to its proper conclusion without delay, that it outraged all his finer feelings to be thus forced to postpone until the morrow what might be done at once. Besides, whatever was within his own ground belonged to him, and black Pompey had no right to impose any conditions whatever. It was positively unfair.

Once, and once only, a suspicion flashed across his mind that the negro was playing him a trick; but the recollection that he was a dying man, together with the impressive solemnity of his manner, caused him to dismiss the doubt, and entertain in its place a settled conviction that there must be something at the

spot, and his curiosity and avidity became so much the stronger.

Under these emotions, the current of his thoughts was gently, perhaps imperceptibly, drawn to the question, wherefore should he not break that promise which had so foolishly, and under such compulsion, as it were, been given. No sooner conceived than resolved upon, but another difficulty presented itself: perhaps Pompey was not absolutely dying—might he not live yet a day or two—discover the breach of trust—become irritated—proclaim the whole matter, and thus perhaps find out another owner for the money. Such a chance could not be ventured, and the honourable gentleman had well nigh resolved to await the coming morn, and abide by his word; when he suddenly thought of Doctor Senecks.

“Yes,” said he, as the idea grew upon him, “I will walk, it is not far; no, now I think of it, I will ride, for it shows a man esteems himself somebody, if he takes care always to ride when he might better walk. I will ride over to the Doctor, and ascertain this fellow’s true situation. If he has yet a week or so to live, I will refrain; but for my part, I think it would be a mercy if he were rid of his sufferings at once, poor devil.” And accordingly, Mr Poguey mounted his horse.

The short road which he pursued, led directly past the now humble residence of the former proprietor of his own superb mansion,

and it was perhaps owing to this more than any thing else that he chose to appear on horseback. There was something to him exceedingly sweet and pleasant in the idea of meeting some member or other of the fallen family, and vouchsafing a distant bow of recognition; and should this not happen, his self-love and vanity whispered that he should probably be seen by them all, prancing past their small parlour, and be duly envied and admired.

As he approached cantering jauntily along, his fondest wish appeared about to be gratified; for not only was Miss Lee to be seen outside the gate, by the road side, as if apparently lingering there after a walk, but Miss Clifford also, was beside her. There was some drawback in all this, for young Maxwell bore them company; and within the gate, a few paces, stood Mr. Lee himself, conversing, apparently with some well dressed stranger, whose person, half hid by the foliage, could not be discerned.

Causing his really fine charger to caper and curvet, Mr. Poguey approached the outer groupe, and as his manner in ladies' company generally went with his heart, the rich Miss Mary Clifford, of course, claimed the first fervour in his politeness.

"Good afternoon, Miss Clifford; I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well. How do you do, Miss Lee? Sir," making a stiff bow to Maxwell.

There was a recognition, of course, on the

part of those addressed; but of so unequivocal a cast that it was plainly bestowed out of a sense of self-respect and good breeding alone. But he was rich, and all of them, with the exception of the young heiress, poor; and as he never let slip an opportunity of paying his court to the proper person, he was not to be daunted. Alighting from his horse without invitation, for they were in the public road, he slung the bridle over his left arm, and with much immodest assurance again hoped he saw Miss Clifford well.

"Quite well," and the young lady turned to wonder if Miss Lee did not feel much fatigued after her walk.

Mr. Poguey undertook to have no doubt she did. "And indeed," said he, "I suppose, at present it would be useless in me to ask her to visit the Elms, in the course of her afternoon wanderings, but I hope the time may come," (sending at the moment a covert glance towards Miss Clifford,) "when I shall be proud to see its mistress welcome her there."

The young lady had nothing to reply, for Mr. Poguey's appearance and manner, brought back many a painful recollection, and his direct allusion to her lost home, caused her pale cheek to become yet more pale.

Miss Clifford took up the conversation. "The place," said she, gazing with much meaning at its new master, "has been so much altered of late, that it has without doubt, lost

its best charms, not only to Miss Lee, but to every one else."

"Oh," replied Mr. Poguey, smiling, "by cutting down the old shrubbery you mean; but if you were to see with your own eyes how great is the improvement, you would certainly commend my taste; would I could persuade you, Miss Clifford, to pay it a visit, and bring your friend with you."

"We will do so," said the lively girl with her accustomed laugh, "when the new shrubbery which you will plant, grows up again." It would not be many years, would it Elizabeth?"

"Six or eight—perhaps more."

"Delightful," exclaimed Miss Clifford, "and now I think of it—when those six or eight years are over, we will first despatch papa's gardener to report the state of improvement at the Elms, before we can venture to rely upon our own judgment. I am sure he would be impartial, for he loves the place, Mr. Poguey—and strange enough, doesn't like you."

"Really," said the new proprietor, beginning to feel somewhat at a loss, for he saw this last speech was levelled directly at him, and if he had doubted a moment, would have done so no longer than until he perceived a lurking smile which played for an instant around the corner of Maxwell's mouth, and then vanished—"Really, I feel very much obliged to the old man for his good opinion of my country

seat, but personally, I am not aware of having given him any cause of offence."

"Oh, not personally—it is only for cutting up, and cutting down so, at the Elms. He says you are a Goth."

Now Mr. Poguey had more than once heard that epithet applied to some person or other, but for such various and complicated causes, that, his classical education being somewhat meagre, he could only know it was not a very complimentary one.

"Indeed, I think," he observed, "that rude labourer has been but poorly taught his manners; I do not know why he should consider me a Goth."

"Why, because you cut down the fine old trees, to be sure," said the young lady, with great gaiety and good humour; "but perhaps he meant it as a compliment, for the Goths were a very brave people, you know, if they did want taste, and did cross their rivers in fishing boats, instead of upon bridges like ours."

This explanation, except the casual allusion to the fishing boats, was quite satisfactory, and he proceeded.

"Oh, if a man is a Goth, because he wants taste in his neighbour's eyes, we must all be Goths to each other, for we never agree in any thing of the kind."

This was really one of the best speeches the merchant had ever made, and he felt conscious of it himself, for he even looked slightly

towards Maxwell for his approbation. All this time, indeed, the young counsellor's feelings were mixed up of pleasure, anger, and contempt; he was delighted, yet disdainful to find that Miss Lee's misfortune, whilst it deprived her of so many benefits—rid her also of a disagreeable admirer, but at the same moment felt pained and irritated beyond description to recollect that he was indebted to that very individual, whom he so despised, in a sum, the payment of which, was totally impossible. His first idea had been to treat him with open contempt, but the withering recollections of his responsibilities cast a damp upon him, and that courage which would not have quailed before a drawn sword, was not proof against a feeling of self-accusation and debasement, at the conviction of how deeply he was in the rich man's power.

His pride, however, festering at the insult which the note was intended to convey, could only stoop to a distant sign of recognition; and he knew he durst not trust himself in conversation lest some offence should be given or taken; and the presence of the young ladies alone forbid every thing of a rude nature before them.

Mr. Poguey, indeed, perceiving no sign of his being invited into the house, and that no propitious moment presented for ingratiating himself with Miss Clifford, was just about to mount and withdraw, when the person, who at some distance within had been screened

from view, now took leave of Mr. Lee, and approached the group at the road side. It was Zepheniah Gropp; and he was not only decently dressed, but had also the appearance of a hard working, respectable, contented man. There was no flush of anger passed over his face as he recognized his nephew, for his feelings and former affection seemed to have been alike subdued. Raising his eyebrows slightly, and with a species of cold scorn, he looked him in the face and said—

“Well Jack, you dog—do you know the old fisherman again?”

Poguey turned pale as a sheet, and almost gasping for breath in his surprise, looked first at one and then at another.

“Jack—fisherman”—said Miss Lee, scarcely knowing that she did so, for the party seemed confused all round.

“Yes, my young lady,” repeated Zepheniah, with the most insulting precision, “Jack Gropp, or Poguey—the fisher boy that used long since to go to your father’s house and beg milk for supper—see what a great gentleman he has become?”

“So much the more is it to his credit,” observed Miss Lee, with no less compassion than surprise, for the thunderstruck merchant and beau was ready to sink to the earth. Her words however reinspired him, and he passed from unmanly shame to still more unmanly rage.

“Yes, so it is,” he exclaimed in a much

louder tone of voice, and with much more violence of gesture than the occasion demanded, "so it is to my own credit—so it is." "You drunken rascal," he would have added, but he stopped short, and only looked what he did not exactly dare to utter.

"Indeed, he is right, Mr. Gropp," said Miss Lee, half frightened at the violence of his nephew, whilst Maxwell was, in spite of himself, giving way to a malicious smile, "and you ought to be proud of a connexion who could raise himself so high."

"Proud of him, my young lady," replied Gropp, with great respect and much severity of manner, "oh, to be sure—but do you know that he is so ashamed of me who brought him up—who nursed him, and fed him, and clothed him—that he will not know me when he meets me, because I am a poor fisherman. And where is his gratitude to your father, madam; to your father who got him his first situation, and who helped him with money too. Oh, Jack, you are a villain!"

"By G—, I will not bear this," cried Poguey, slapping his fist after the manner of a bully into his open hand,—“villain to your teeth.”

"Strike me again, as you have done before now, for claiming kin with you—will you?" said Zepheniah with contemptuous coolness, and a strong appearance of self-respect and superiority.

The young ladies turned away at the vio-

lence of the nephew, and with nothing more than this silent reproof, left him.

"It was a shame in the old man, to expose him so," whispered Miss Lee as she withdrew, and I pity him; indeed I can't help it."

"So do I," replied her friend; "but, oh, he richly deserved it. If half what his uncle says is true, I would never speak to him again."

Maxwell remained behind a few moments. "You had better mount your horse, sir," said he, with a mixture of contempt and compassion; "the fresh breeze will be of service to you."

"Oh, yes, sir—yes—yes, sir;" replied Poguey, completely at a loss how to act, and only feeling ready to burst with rage and shame. He mechanically followed Maxwell's advice, and rode furiously away.

"The vile Aristocrat!" exclaimed his uncle, "he deserves to be kicked out of every honest man's society. But they say he is rich, let him go."

Mr. Poguey heard the first part of this, and knowing to whom it was addressed, of course considered both in almost one degree of enmity. Absolutely quivering with rage against all who witnessed his confusion, he resolved upon some undefined revenge, and in his very speed, seemed to be approaching its gratification. As he rode along, however, he did, according to the supposition of William Maxwell, become more cool, and as his was not a

mind to feel itself *little* for any length of time, he soon began to take comfort in revolving very complacently the idea of his wealth, and monied ability, and mercantile credit. But still, he resolved upon showing his power of revenge in a prudent way, and remembering one or two pleased expressions of countenance on the part of Maxwell, he proceeded upon the instant to the city, and hastening to the office of his attorney, he countermanded his order for dilatory measures, and directed him to push the claim with as little delay as possible.

“To judgment and execution, sir?” asked the counsel.

“Certainly, with as little delay as possible, sir.”

“And if upon a *fi. fa.* no property can be had?”

“Then issue a writ against the body—how do you call it?——”

“A *ca. sa.*——”

“Yes, sir, a *ca. sa.* with as little delay as possible.”

“If any compromise should be offered sir,” demanded the lawyer, anxious for instruction on every point.

“Refuse it, sir, and press the matter to an issue, with the utmost rigour.”

The man of business signified his assent, and indeed he had no choice; for lawyers after all are but slaves to the passions or prejudices of others, and Mr. Poguey, becoming by this time much mortified, could recur to the origi-

nal object of his unlucky ride—the visit to Doctor Senecks; and he was, and always had been, too much a man of business, to permit any one thing long to interfere with another; especially where his interest was concerned in the matter. In no very happy frame of mind then, he turned his steed in the direction of the physicians' abode, and luckily found him at home, just arrived from a tedious round of visits.

“I suppose,” said he to his helpmate, as he made himself easy, “I suppose such things have often happened before; but it was new to me, and very surprising; it seems, but, eh, what’s that, another ring at the bell; heaven preserve us, no more calls for the day, I hope.”

The next moment, Mr. Poguey was announced, ushered in, and received rather ceremoniously, for he was no favourite.

“I dropped in, sir, to inquire after the welfare of that poor fellow Pompey, and what you really think of his situation.”

The doctor answered with professional courtesy, that his case was a hard one, with but slight hopes of recovery; but supposed, Mr. Poguey had seen him himself, living as he did so near the hovel.

“Oh, yes, sir;” he answered, “I was with him a long time this very day, yet I doubted whether he was aware of his true situation.”

“I believe he is, sir;” replied the physician, although patients are sometimes suprisingly ignorant of the approach of death, which I

could illustrate by a curious instance, but Pompey's case, sir, is desperate indeed."

This intimation was somewhat more than Senecks usually ventured, yet it was not sufficiently explicit to his listener; and the irritation of his previous rencounter still affected his nerves so much, that he could not take patience to draw out, gradually if possible, what he yet further wished to know, he therefore bluntly asked,

"Well, but Doctor, what time do you think he will die? how long has he yet to live?"

"Strange," ejaculated Senecks, half to himself, "very strange; why, sir, this was the very question put by the poor fellow himself, and it is really a surprising coincidence, one of those which may happen every hour, or not perhaps for centuries."

"My curiosity is altogether apart from any considerations of your patient, sir," answered Mr. Poguey, at some loss for a good excuse; "or rather, to say the truth," continued he, "Pompey, himself, informed me, or intimated, or hinted, I forget which, that he should not outlive the coming midnight; and I would now merely ask whether it was a whim of the poor creatures brain or not."

"I informed him of the sad truth, sir," replied the physician, somewhat drily; for it was not professional, to speak thus freely of a patient; although, in the present instance, the rule was not very necessary to be observed. "He

may linger out the night, and possibly a portion of to-morrow, but no longer."

Mr. Poguey having thus gained his point, arose; and after many benevolent expressions concerning the poor fellow, all which meant nothing, bade adieu, mounted his horse and rode away.

"Very strange curiosity about when this man shall die," soliloquized Doctor Senecks, "very strange, I cannot account for it; for this fellow is not given to charity, and can feel for the negro no more than his interest teaches. Very strange, I cannot account for it."

And even after he had taken another glass of wine and an extra pinch, he could only repeat "very strange, very strange; I cannot account for it, but there is something behind all this."

It was towards evening, when the proprietor of the Elms reached home, and he took but a moment to sip his dish of tea, ere he sallied out in quest of the buried treasure; for by this time his solemn promise was entirely forgotten, or at any rate disregarded, and the offence against conscience was never dreamed of. But the excitement produced by the language and manner of his uncle, was by no means entirely over, and he was in far from a placable mood, even with the prospect before him of gaining a well filled money pot.

CHAPTER XIII.

As soon as Mr. Poguey had concluded his repast, which indeed was not until after candle-light, he ordered his gardener Abraham, to be called with directions to bring with him a spade. The mandate was readily answered, and it being a bright moonlight night, no lamp was requisite to show the path.

It was indeed one of those cool, yet not disagreeable, but altogether pure evenings, which the early part of our fall so often presents, being eloquent with a thousand subjects for musing and meditation. Indeed, the more than half deserted mansion itself, was an object rife with a moral, both sorrowful and instructive. Where now was that kind hearted hospitality which had so long made it a second home to the chosen few who were at all times welcome within it? Where the blooming Elizabeth, who had wandered almost wild with happiness along the gay parterres and through the smiling flowers? The very shrubbery itself, was no more; and in the place of old fashioned privacy, and an aspect of self-respect, which the deeply embowered mansion bore; now even to the pale moon, it seemed shorn of half its grandeur. The hand of improvement had been laid upon it. Its golden age of rest and beauty, was past and away, and that most re-

putable and tasteless of all human beings—a money-made man, had now become its master. Oh, what a falling off, and as the very night air ruffled up the petty waves of the river, and rustled among the withered foliage, it seemed to sigh as if it felt the desolation around it.

What indeed can be more affecting than to gaze upon an ancient mansion once the abode of ease—of elegance—and hospitality—the much loved retreat of those whose age has passed away—with which every recollection of pleasure is allied, and the mere sight of which can fling back upon the heart such a crowd of pensive recollections—to see such an abode as by a witching spell desolate—neglected—decayed? Nothing—nothing—except it be to find it inhabited by such a man as Mr. Poguey. To him, every thing that had been deemed grand or beautiful by those elegant and educated owners who had lived before him, was for that very reason undervalued and degraded, and more than one tree, or shrub, or rural bower which had been pointed out to him as the peculiar favourite of Mr. Lee, was thenceforth doomed to the axe. Not because that gentleman's former wealth was a source of envy—by no means, his successor possessed a large share himself; but as he could not imitate his refined taste, he determined as a matter of course to quarrel with it.

It must not, however, be supposed, that Mr. Poguey either thought of the beautiful bright

moon, farther than it afforded him sufficient light for his purpose, or dreamed of moralizing over the fallen fortunes of those who had gone before him, with any other sentiment than that of self-complacency and pleasure. In truth, he walked almost sullenly along, for recollections of the day's misventures were still ranking in his bosom, and that bosom—like an angry ocean—could not be at peace. Not that he cared much for the circumstance itself, except that it broke very rudely into his vanity of wealth, and had Mary Clifford for a witness. As to the remainder of the party, he cared nothing about them, they were all poor, and, according to his creed, despicable, and he was only irritated against them because they had the presumption to enjoy discomfiture. He was, however, too far above them in the chief good of life, to value their opinions a rush.

With Miss Clifford the case was different, altogether different. She was a beautiful young girl, which, by the way, was every thing or nothing, as the other grand requisite was considered. And, as respected her, it was every thing; for she was the only child of a wealthy parent.

Here then was a speculation. And as soon as Elizabeth Lee's poverty marred her chance with the generous youth, he openly, by his manner, betrayed how deep was his admiration of her fair friend. He thought he could see that Miss Clifford was aware of his intentions, but he had not discernment enough to

discover that she despised him heartily. To that alone he was blind; and he devised more than one scheme to do away any unfavourable impression which she might that day have received, as with Abraham behind him, he progressed deliberately toward the decayed tree. And he probably would have schemed on until he arrived at the very spot, had not the sound of a spade in the earth, coming from the very point he was approaching, arrested his attention. He stopped short—listened in agitation for which there was no accounting—and discovered too truly that some one was there before him, and probably upon the same errand. His anger and disdain may be well conceived, and rushing with jealous vehemence to the place, he perceived Wolfenstuttle already engaged in the secret search.

“What the devil are you about here,” said he, in no mild tone of voice, “trespassing upon my premises at this time of night?”

“Oh!—ha—ha—ha,—he—he,—ha—ha—ha,” roared Wolfenstuttle. “Is it you yourself, Poguey—ah! you are a sly dog, ain’t you?” and he gave vent to another burst of merriment.

In the mean time the digger had stayed his labour, and with arms resting on his spade, looked first at his own employer and then at Mr. Poguey and the gardener.

“I can do the work,” grumbled he in an under tone to Abraham, “myself—no need of your coming to help.”

“Can you?” replied the gardener. “Ask this gentleman first, if you please. You’re a city jockey, I reckon, come on no good.”

This was, however, by-play; for the proprietor wonder struck and indignant, and anxious to gain for himself a something which seemed so greedily sought after by others, saw no joke in the matter; and would not be satisfied with the laugh of Wolfy.

“I desire to know,” said he sharply, “the occasion of your coming upon my grounds like a thief in the night?”

“Oh,—ha—ha—ha,” roared Wolfy; “a couple of thieves, Poguey!—he—he—he—both bound upon the same errand!”

“Do yo know upon whose grounds you are trespassing,” asked the merchant, determined not to take it as Wolfy wished, “answer me that, sir?”

“Oh,—ha—ha—ha,” reiterated the politician, “do you know whose pot of money you have come for, answer me that, eh, Poguey?”

Poguey’s wrath now began to rise in good earnest, the more so as Wolfy appeared to be aware of every thing concerning the unlucky treasure; and enraged beyond bounds, he turned fiercely upon him and said—

“You are an intruder—an impertinent intermeddler with what does not concern you—and I warn you instantly off my premises. Be-gone, sir.”

In the mean while the by-play had not ceased; each man seemed disposed to take his

master's part, and appearances promised that blows would soon follow their sharp speeches.

"You're no better than a thief!" said Abram.

"You're a liar! It's none of your master's money—it belongs to the finder—that's the law."

"Well, get out of that hole—quick—don't you hear the owner of the land warn you off?"

"He'd better try to put me off, or you either. Come on, if you dare."

The zeal of Abram was not easily quenched, and he was about digging into the face of Wolfy's man, when Wolfy himself, who was not to be disconcerted, answered the rude requisition to depart with—

"Come, come, Poguey, it is of no use to bluster so; here is a pot of money—a real God send—and we'll all go snacks. These two poor devils shall have an equal share also. Let us divide it into four shares equal all round—ha—ha—ha. A pot of money among four is better than a pint of beer between two—ha—ha—ha."

At this cunning speech all signs of hostility between the two understrappers ceased. They stood in the bright moonlight with sparkling eyes, and gazed with great interest upon the proprietor to hear his assent to so reasonable a proposition. He saw the effect, and, almost speechless with rage, answered.

"Wolfy, you sneaking scoundrel, if you do

VOL. II.—M.

not quit the premises instantly, I will knock you down with the spade. No words, but off with you."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Wolfy, losing all his good humour; "no more scoundrel than yourself. What right have you to the money pot—I would know that before I quit the premises? You mus'nt think, sir, because you happen to be rich, sir, that you can trample upon freemen—not you."

Mr. Poguey vouchsafed no answer, but advanced in a threatening attitude towards the politician; but here his man with uplifted spade interposed, and swore that what Mr. Wolfenstuttle said was reasonable enough; for if there was a pot, it belonged to them who found it.

"Abraham," cried Poguey, turning white with rage, to his own gardener, "bring your spade and protect me."

But by this time, Abraham, although he did not feel free to say it, came to consider his master as little better than a cheat for refusing so fair an offer as that which had been made; and feigning a cowardice he did not feel, he hung back in the light shadow of the decayed tree.

"No, no;" roared Wolfenstuttle, now fully enraged and secure of a majority. "No going off the grounds until you consent to be an honest man. Upon my soul, Poguey, I am literally ashamed of you—you my most particu-

lar political friend—you, who I thought all truth and plain dealing—I am ashamed of you.

By this time the proprietor was fairly speechless; and so far Wolfy had the advantage over him; besides he was voluble on all occasions, and of course on this.

“What a handle,” he continued—in a deprecating—compassionate tone of voice, “what a fair handle it would give to all our political enemies to hear of such petty squabbling between two of the firmest pillars of the party; what a dreadful scandal; what a triumph will be given to the enemies of freedom, and how our glorious institutions will be shaken by the dissensions of their truest advocates, and besides,” (dropping suddenly his voice from the politico-heroic oratund, to a very thievish sort of whisper,) “if the money pot belongs to nobody—we may all take it—but if it belongs to any body, it is of course the property of Edward Lee, that old tory.”

“I am no squabbler; I do not wish to squabble,” said Poguey—brought to himself, and somewhat alarmed at the idea thrown out of Mr. Lee’s additional claims to the whole property, “but you have no right to be sneaking round my premises like a thief as you are, you babbling fool.”

“I will not take such coarse language, sir,” exclaimed Wolfy, who had wit enough to see where he had touched his enemy. “I will instantly leave your grounds, but I warn you before I go, in the presence of these good citi-

zens that you do not abduct—mark me, sir—abduct what belongs to another, and this very night, before I sleep, that unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Edward Lee, shall know the whole affair. Stokes, and you, Abraham, I call you in the name of the commonwealth as witness, that he not only refuses to do the generous thing amongst us, but is evidently striving to defraud a poverty stricken neighbour, and disgrace the party to which we belong. I warn you also, if you assist him, you will be receivers of stolen goods.” And he began to move off.

“Stop,” said Poguey, who, almost beside himself with disappointment and passion, was still too much alive to his former ill will and jealousy, to see any chance of benefit to Mr. Lee without great repugnance. “Stop, and hear reason; who said you should not have a part of what shall be found; but why must you insist upon an equal share for these two men besides, and be d——d to you.”

Wolfy owned he had been a little too thoughtless in that. “But then,” said he, “you good men will be contented with something less, for you know you are here merely to dig, and there’s reason in all things you know—he—he—he.”

But Stokes, whose ideas of hidden wealth, in common with the vulgar of all countries, were never totally at rest, and were now perfectly aroused, shook his head with sturdy independence, and said,

“No, no; fair play is bonnie play, and it was your own offer for all to go snacks—so here goes,” and with that he struck his spade deep into the earth as if to signify his determination more emphatically. Even Abraham too, raised his dolorous voice from behind the tree where he still was, and without daring to look his incensed master in the face, he groaned out,

“To be sure, a pot of money among four is better than a pint of beer between two, as Mr. Wolfenstuttle says, indeed it is.”

Wolfy now had his turn of real vexation; he coaxed—threatened—promised—all to no purpose; the idea of a money pot had taken possession of the labourer’s brain, and he would not voluntarily relinquish his golden expectations. Being a heavy athletic man—armed with a spade, he was, from his strength and resolution, the most formidable of the party.

But whilst all continued noise and uncertainty, and just as Poguey was about to slip off and obtain an overpowering assistance, the small company was unexpectedly increased by the appearance of another person.

This was no other than Doctor Senecks, who, having been to pay a last professional visit to Pompey Ganges, was so surprised at the unusual tumult, that he dismounted, let down a set of bars, fastened his horse to the fence, and stood suddenly before the money diggers.

“Eh, my friends,” he exclaimed, “why what’s all this—why, Mr. Poguey—Mr.

Wolfenstuttle—what's the matter—for heaven's sake, what are you quarreling about—who are these other men?" Shame and surprise held all for a moment mute, until Wolfy, who was never to be found without a lie ready coined to his purpose, undertook to be spokesman.

"Why the fact is, Doctor Senecks, that as my particular political friend here, Mr. Poguey, and myself were strolling this way, we discovered an old stone with hieroglyphics upon it, as if it were a mark that there was gold beneath, hid by the buccaneers who some centuries ago infested the coast, and so, after talking of it a long time, we at last have made ourselves fools enough to commence a search. All fun and nonsense, however—ha—ha—ha."

"Very good sir," returned the doctor, "But I deemed there was a hot dispute and high language—I could not be mistaken."

"Why, no sir, you are not—these two men—the labourers seem to think they should have an equal share with their employers, and seem half inclined to *strike* for higher wages—ha—ha—ha—."

"That ought to depend upon the compact; but methinks you had better find the treasure first and dispute about it afterwards; catch the bear before you cook it, gentlemen—ahem."

Every one seemed silently to agree with this suggestion, until Stokes, whose greed was not now to be allayed, broke in and said,

“You will then come in for a fifth share, I suppose.”

“Me, my friend,” replied the doctor, with a sort of mock civility; “you mistake me quite. I wish no portion of your prize whatever—none in the world, sir; you are welcome to all you can find—depend upon it.”

“Well, that’s honest—that’s fair,” ejaculated the fellow, “and if you will stay and divide evenly what is found among us, why we would still bestow you something.”

“Why, as for tarrying, my good friend, until you come to buried treasure, it would be rather a dangerous experiment; but dig away, I will look at you a time, at any rate.”

Every one seemed now to be of opinion that the money pot might as well be dug up, even Mr. Poguey made no objection, determining nevertheless, to claim the whole, and swearing vengeance unutterable against Wolfy, Stokes, and Abraham, for not even the most humble of the trio was beneath his anger or revenge.

The hardy labourer tugged a short time at his spade, until at length it struck against a solid body.

“I have it,” he exclaimed, stooping down, “here are the yellow boys—hands off until I get it out—and this Doctor shall take it—hands off, I say.”

Whilst the eyes of every one, Senecks among the rest, were bent with curious surprise towards the excavation, Stokes continued to dig until having loosened a small pot or

pitcher, he lifted it up with a shout of joy and handed it to the distributor. Its extreme lightness, however, surprised him, and he said, in a fearful tone—

“It seems empty enough. I don’t believe there is any thing in it. What a d——d hoax!”

Doctor Senecks received it with much scientific curiosity; but as he took it a small roll of coarse stuff, placed apparently to keep out the damp, fell from its mouth, and with it an open red pocket-book.

“There’s something like money by G—,” exclaimed Stokes.

“Easy—easy,” said the Doctor, “let us examine one thing at a time,” and placing the pitcher on the ground, he took up the open and empty pocket-book, holding it against the broad moonlight, to discover if there were any marks by which to identify it. In another moment his countenance was overcome with sudden astonishment—his hands trembled—and, with a voice of horror he read the name inscribed upon it, aloud—

“Renfrew Maxwell!”

All stood aghast with sudden consternation and surprise. But the Doctor soon regained his equanimity.

“Gentlemen,” said he, stepping a pace backward as if to avoid the contamination of their presence, “this is strange—very strange—and the law must certainly take cognizance of it. I will, myself, express no opinion whatever;

but the murderer may well know of the murdered man's goods. And you will all have to answer for your privity to this place of concealment. It is a matter, I repeat, for the law. Justice must, and *shall* be done upon the guilty."

"Oh! my God, Doctor," exclaimed Wolfy, verging from the extremity of astonishment to that of terror, "only listen a moment, and I will tell you all about it, sir. I will, Doctor, sir. I am an honest man, sir; and an honourable man, sir; and a great friend to the people, as every body knows: and I would scorn to commit a murder, sir, or any other mean action—I would, sir. Well, sir; I will tell you all about it, if you will only listen—and there's that little nigger, Lijey, will prove it all, if you don't believe me, Doctor, sir. I went there yesterday, to the White House, as folks call General Pompey's place, because he is black, poor fellow, I suppose, to see how he was—all out of charity, you know—and I met the little nigger, and he told me that Pompey and Poguey were talking secrets. Yes, sir, he told me so; and that I will depose in evidence before any court you please, although Mr. Poguey is a great friend of mine—a very particular political friend of mine, sir, but I would'nt screen him, sir, from justice—no, not I. Well, I thought if they had secrets together, I'd just slip in, and hear what they were like, you know. No harm in that you know—don't you say so, Doctor, sir? And,

if you would believe it, I overheard them talking about this very money pot—buried here—yes, here, sir. And the black fellow insisted that no one should go until after midnight, when he was dead, and so——”

“Ah,” said the doctor, drawing a heavy breath, “go on, sir.”

“Well, sir, I thought if there was a pot of money hid here, I might as well have it as Mr. Poguey; for although, he is a *very* particular political friend of mine, yet it did not belong to him, and so I considered—quite honourable you know—I considered we could be friends and I have the money, as well as be friends and he have the money; besides, I intended to have applied it to patriotic uses, I did so, sir, and so I came here to dig for it, and we met and quarrelled, and then you came up yourself, doctor, sir, and this is all I know about it, upon my honour.”

“All this is very different from the story of the hieroglyphic stone,” said the doctor, with increased severity; “and all I can make out of it is, that you are willing to turn states’ evidence against your particular friend here.”

“States’ evidence! oh, my God, no sir; I am innocent as the babe unborn; ask Mr. Poguey for an explanation—he and Pompey have it all between them; I must say, on my sacred oath, if called upon;—states’ evidence! oh, Lord, no sir.”

“Doctor Senecks,” said Poguey, with some little appearance of trepidation, at the unex-

pected issue, but with great excitement also, "do not listen to this man, whom I openly declare to be a thievish eaves-dropping scoundrel, and who, if ever he puts his foot within my ground again, I will set my dogs upon. The simple truth is, that Pompey Ganges told me something was to be found at this place, and directed me to search for it. That sneak and liar overheard us, and supposing some great treasure was to be dug up, endeavoured to steal it away. I found him at it when I came, which of course roused my indignation, and you know the rest. It is of the greatest importance that we see black Pompey instantly; he has the secret."

"It is so, sir," replied Senecks, "of great importance, I must say, Mr. Poguey, to your character; but the attempt were useless at present, the patient is in a lethargy, from which he will scarcely wake the night, but it insures him a few hours respite to-morrow. Rest assured sir, he shall be examined."

"It is all I wish," replied the proprietor sullenly enough; "and as for this pot, which from its lightness can contain only papers, I will carry it with me and have it forthcoming at any time."

"Excuse me, sir," said the doctor, "this so far, appears to be the undoubted property of William Maxwell, and after it has been duly examined before a magistrate, shall be legally disposed of; I, myself, will take charge of it until that time."

Mr. Poguey was too much overcome with a sense of shame, and some little apprehension that if Pompey should die before the matter was cleared up, a stain would be fixed upon him, to resist, although it was sorely against his will. But on the other hand Wolfy became voluble in praise of the Doctor's prudence and sagacity.

"You are very right, Doctor, sir—safe bird—safe find. Indeed, I always had a very great respect for you, sir; and often said you were a friend to the people, and took your part when others did'nt. Carry the money pot with you, sir; it will be fine fun to look into it after you get home."

"I shall do no such thing. The first person who examines it shall be a magistrate. I will usurp no authority in the matter."

But now Stokes, whose sinewy strength and determined speech had already kept the small party in awe, and who was one of those greedy wretches who abound in all stations of life, (cousins German to counsellor Snare,) broke in and said—

"Snacks—snacks—and fair play. I'll be d——d if you shall move one step with that jug until you take out every thing; and show us what is in it."

The Doctor was a tall, slight-built, and somewhat stooping man. Before him stood the hardy labourer, in a threatening attitude; and, indeed, in the broad streams of moonlight, every individual was perfectly visible and dis-

tinct. Abraham, the gardener, was slightly shaded; but of the others, Senecks stood farthest off, Stokes confronting him, spade in hand; and, a little behind, Poguey and Wolfy, each in his appropriate attitude. It was a scene for a painter. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the voice of the Doctor, as he again spoke, seemed startling, so deep had been the momentary pause of expectation.

“Villain! put down your spade and go in peace.”

“I’ll not be villained by any one here,” said the fellow, advancing one foot as if to bring him within reach of the rude weapon; disappointment and cupidity united having made him, for the moment, perfectly savage.

The Doctor put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a small pistol, the barrel of which fairly sparkled in the moonbeam.

“Another step, and you are a dead man. Put down your spade, you dog.”

The ruffian drew back. “This is the way,” said he, “by G——, that we poor people are always imposed upon; what you can’t do by fair means, you will by foul. But I’ll have my revenge of you all.”

“Peace, fool! And as for you, gentlemen, I notify you that this pot will be kept safe and sacred until to-morrow at eight o’clock—no later—when I shall carry it before some magistrate. Let me consider—yes, before Thomas Clifford, Esquire; and in his presence, will examine what is herein contained. Cer-

tainly there is neither silver nor gold; but, whatever it be, I will none of it. You, or any other person having an interest in it, may attend. When this is done, I will see old Pompey—he could not be spoken with sooner.” So saying, Doctor Senecks withdrew to his horse, mounted and rode off, and the party separated. Wolfy, scarce having time to reflect upon the manner in which he had been almost driven from the premises, began to mutter something concerning the folly of old particular political friends falling out on trifles; but Poguey, much to his future disadvantage, in a political point of view, turned abruptly away, and said not a word except to order Abraham to call upon him in the morning, and receive his amount due of wages: and so it ended.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the whole course of Mr. John Poguey's existence, he had never experienced a day so mortifying to his feelings of self-love and importance as that which was just ended. He had been insulted before those he admired as well as those he despised; for, to his tormenting fancy, not only had Elizabeth Lee and William Maxwell appeared to enjoy his confusion, but Miss Clifford also. Besides this,

a disappointment, under such aggravating circumstances as to amount to a decided injury, had awaited him, even upon his own premises; the consequences of which, setting aside the injurious language and unjust suspicion to which he had been subjected, promised to benefit one whom he had ever considered with peculiar sentiments of dislike: and this was the reward of all his trouble and exertions.

Could it be possible that that old pitcher contained the papers of Renfrew Maxwell? And, if so, might there not be among them vouchers for property or claims, sufficient to render his orphan son independent? Would that son not then rise, at once, into his proper station, to which education and principles entitled him? Would he also not look down with contempt, perhaps indignation, at the poor contrivance of himself, Mr. John Poguey, to insult and depress him? Disagreeable and tormenting reflections.

Every occurrence, indeed, furnished ideas by no means pleasing, which now jumbling together in his jaded mind, formed a chaos where anger, hatred, and regret, held in turns the mastery; but the new proprietor was a cold blooded animal, and soon came sufficiently well to himself for every business purpose. He was, indeed, always under due control, to which, perhaps, more than any thing else, he owed his success in life. Ere, therefore, he yielded to a thought of repose, he had fully

formed a plan of operations by which to be guided in his future conduct.

The first point was to countermand the order given to his attorney, for pressing Maxwell. "For if—" so he argued, "if this bare chance should possibly turn up in his favour and render him independent, I would not commit so great a sin against propriety as to appear eager or unmannerly. But if—and another day will ascertain it—if it ends in nonsense, as I suppose it will, and old smoky papers, I have but to resume my prescribed course, and press him to the uttermost."

Then again he was to be somewhat more scrupulously polite to the Lee family, for they would doubtlessly share any good fortune of the future son-in-law; and moreover, the daughter was a particular friend of Miss Clifford, whom he now gazed upon with eyes of the deepest admiration. Poor fellow! like thousands of others, he had come to consider money as the "ne plus ultra" of every thing good, wise, and witty.

The severe mortification, however, to which he had, in the early part of the day, been subjected, although subdued by succeeding events, especially the disagreeable dilemma regarding his knowledge of the secret spot where the papers were found, still occasionally swept across his mind in all its bitterness, and having now no fear of exposure, he resolved to bring suit, without delay, against Zephaniah Gropp, for the small property taken in charge

at his mother's death. Lastly; having concluded, by all means, to accompany Doctor Senecks and the papers to a magistrate, he at length, somewhat after midnight, fell asleep.

In the mean time, the worthy physician, arriving at his own home, placed with beating heart, the precious deposit, as he fondly hoped it would prove to be, in safety: and then turned with a scrutinizing eye to look into the pocket book, which had fallen out of itself, and which, without breach of his plighted word, he might well examine. There indeed stood the name in large capitals, **RENFREW MAXWELL**; and the deep mystery seemed now trembling into day light. After gazing at it a long time with a variety of emotions, he at length laid it aside, and drew forth the pistol with which he had so lately held Stokes at bay. This he also closely inspected, and then muttered: "It is the fellow of the one produced before the inquest—that wretch Pompey murdered him too surely—but he is beyond earthly punishment, and we must be cautious with him, or he will die without a confession. I would that morning would come." And then with a benevolent wish that Wolfy and Poguey might be able, fully able, to exculpate themselves, although he detested them both—the Doctor retired to his couch.

A short time previous to the hour fixed upon, Mr. John Poguey arrived at the house, and, to the surprise of all, Wolfenstuttle himself

came soon after. The two particular friends spoke to each other coldly, and with much hatred sparkling from their eyes, but neither seemed inclined to renew their dispute. The politician, however, after a few moments silence, ventured to open concerning the fast approaching general election, but it was ill-timed and fell to the ground.

At length, at eight o'clock, the party set out: Doctor Senecks in his carriage for the more convenient taking of the money pot, and Poguey and Wolfy following, one on each side, like out riders, for they would not ride together. The hour was an early one for business; but Mr. Clifford's habits in this respect were well known; and besides this, it would have been critical on account of Poguey's situation, longer to have delayed the inquiry.

The magistrate was ready at his post. He was, indeed, scarcely ever called upon as such; for which reason he had been pitched upon by Senecks—being totally free from the rapacious views and intriguing spirit of many acting justices. He was in tolerable health, and received them with much courtesy and affability.

“Good morning, Doctor Senecks—good morning, gentlemen—Mr. Poguey, your servant, sir—walk in Mr. Wolfenstuttle—walk in—you have had rather a cold morning for your ride.”

“Quite so, sir,” answered the Doctor,

with his usual solemn bob, as he stepped into Mr. Clifford's study.

When the visitors, with rather more formality than usual on their parts, were seated, the host seemed almost over inclined to do the honours of his house. "He felt," he said, "surprisingly well that morning, and attributed it to the fine bracing weather of autumn. And Mr. Poguey, I understand you are making many alterations at the Elms; it is a fine old place, and worthy of every attention."

"I have been doing a little in that way, sir, and should be very happy to hear your own opinion upon what I have planned there."

"Oh, you are the best judge of that yourself, no doubt, sir," returned Mr. Clifford; "or at any rate you must get younger and more fanciful heads than mine to assist you;" (here Poguey's eyes began to glisten, for his vanity whispered that the old gentleman was alluding pointedly to his daughter,) "here is your friend, Mr. Wolfenstuttle, what does he say?"

"Who, I, sir," said Wolfy, delighted at the reference; "oh, I approve very highly of his cutting down those three or four old oaks which overshadowed the lawn, as they call it, they had a very aristocratic appearance;—ha—ha—ha. They seemed to look like—as if—as it were—as if they said to the other trees, 'we're better than you;'—ha—ha—ha."

"I am very sorry I cut them down, then," said Poguey, drily.

Mr. Clifford was too well bred to differ from either of the *friends*, and the politician went on.

“No, sir; I like to see black cherry trees, and may be here a plumb or a peach. Nice close clipped box, too, along the side walks, makes ones house look trim and republican-like, if you do not let it grow more than a few inches high. But as for your great aristocratic oaks,—ha—ha—ha—, I never could abide them,—ha—ha—ha,— could you, Doctor?”

“At present,” answered Senecks, with an unusually solemn bob of the head, “we have a more important subject to discourse upon, and as, according to my calculation, we may yet have two hours to spare, I request you, Mr. Clifford, as a magistrate, to take down my examination——”

“Upon what subject, sir?” asked that gentleman, with much courtesy and complaisance.

“A very important one, sir; no less than a clue to a suspected murder.”

In spite of himself, Poguey felt his heart beat within him, and Wolfy looked any thing but indifference. Mr. Clifford was all attention; and Dr. Senecks again broke the official silence—

“I have discovered, sir, a clue to the murder of Renfrew Maxwell; and have, I believe, already some of his lost papers in my possession!”

The magistrate cast a bewildered—almost excruciating and agonized look of suspicion

upon the speaker—turned of an ashy paleness, and said, in a faint voice,—

“Go on, sir.”

The witness then proceeded somewhat more methodically.

“Yesterday, in the morning, upon a visit to the negro Pompey Ganges, he insisted with much anxiety upon being informed how long he yet might live; so much so, that I at length gave him to understand, his sufferings would be ended soon after midnight; after which I left him. That same afternoon, Mr. Poguey, proprietor of the Elms, called at my house for the purpose of ascertaining from me the same fact, which, at the time, I wondered at exceedingly——”

“There—did I not tell you they had it together?” exclaimed Wolfy, with the utmost eagerness—“Oh, my poor friend, what have you been guilty of? Ah me! ah me!”

Poguey grinned spitefully, but made no answer. The eyes of Clifford were fixed with an unmeaning glare upon the Doctor, and he continued his narration.

“After nightfall I paid a last visit to the black man, and perceived him falling into a lethargy, by which his life would be prolonged perhaps a few hours, which, when I mentioned, he seemed overcome with terror, and sent his boy to call Mr. Poguey to him immediately. Whilst he was absent on this errand I found it necessary to get a trifle that lay beneath the eaves of the old hovel, and holding up the only—

light there, it was reflected into my eyes from the barrel of a small pocket pistol, (here he produced it) and which struck me as a fellow to that very one which had been found, discharged, near the body of the unfortunate gentleman. My suspicions had been, before this, very slightly aroused; so, without more, I put it into my pocket, and as the boy Lijey soon returned with word that Mr. Poguey had gone out after supper and could not be found, I rode off leaving Pompey apparently much terrified at some secret reflections.

“As I proceeded leisurely along the road, I was alarmed at the sound of angry words and foul language, and in the moonlight could discover three or four figures around an old decayed tree upon this gentleman’s premises. The occurrence being unusual, and my mind mysteriously set, I went straightway to the spot.”

The Doctor then proceeded to state all that had passed until the vessel was discovered and dug up, and the pocket book had fallen from it.

Mr. Clifford’s face, which had grown perfectly livid, now flushed a deep crimson, and gasping for breath, and almost unconscious of what he said, he exclaimed,

“For heaven’s sake, gentlemen, not so fast. Doctor, *Doctor*, this examination is too public; no further, no further, sir; oh no, no——” and he raised up both his arms, as if moved by some sudden and deadly fit.

But during this the anxious friend of the orphan had already placed his fingers in the pot, and drawing out a paper, he read its endorsement mechanically aloud,

“Bond No. 1. Thomas Clifford to Renfrew Maxwell—conditioned for the payment of \$10,000.”

A fearful shriek and heavy fall upon the floor arrested his speech; for the unfortunate magistrate had tumbled senseless to the ground, and lay as if dead. With professional zeal he rushed towards him, and raised his head from the floor.

It seemed indeed on this occasion that the Doctor was doubly gifted with quickness of intellect; for although the money-pot was directly behind him, and not within his view, he suddenly permitted the unsteady neck he held to fall, and turning round, seized upon his prize just as Mr. Poguey's fingers were dipt into it. Taking it from him, he said, “Excuse me, sir; you are yourself not yet free from suspicion; Mr. Wolfenstuttle, throw a little water in Mr. Clifford's face; there is some in yon glass; so—one moment”—and he turned quickly to the remaining papers. “No. 2. Same to same, same amount. No. 3. Ditto, ditto. Number—number—umph—others for same—umph—here are some small matters also.” He then drew a long breath, gazed compassionately upon the still swooning magistrate, and then ejaculated,

“Thomas Clifford is a ruined man; ruined in reputation, ruined in estate.”

Mr. Poguey wanted to hear no more; and as he had no idea of rendering assistance to a ruined man, he sullenly mounted his horse and withdrew. Astonished as he was at this strange disclosure, he was beyond all things delighted that it had been made before he had become inextricably bound with Miss Clifford. But although he congratulated himself on his narrow escape, as he thought it, he breathed no little hatred against his fortunate rival, Maxwell, who now appeared elevated into importance. Indeed, he himself had been the unconscious instrument to a great degree of such overwhelming good fortune! What a harrowing thought. But then again the idea of Miss Clifford reduced to poverty—how was he enraptured to know that he had escaped the danger. Indeed, so deeply did it delight him, that when he espied the two young ladies taking their morning stroll together, he felt no shame from a recollection of his yesterday's disgrace; on the contrary, he rode gaily up to them, and halting a moment, said—

“Good morning, Miss Lee. I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well, this morning. Give my respects to your father and mother, if you please.”

“How do you do, Miss Clifford.”

The young ladies bowed stiffly; and the glance of utter contempt which the latter threw at one who she thought presumed to be

attentive to her, was only answered by him with a smirk of gratified malice, and he rode on.

“He is quite polite to you, Elizabeth, this morning,” said Mary Clifford to her friend; “much more so than to me: because, I suppose, you took his part a little yesterday. Well, it shows some gratitude in him, at least.”

Poor girl! she soon discovered the true reason of his conduct.

In the mean time, Doctor Senecks had caused the unfortunate gentleman to be conveyed to a couch, where he was bled; and had every other possible attention paid to him. But the man of science was now completely bewildered; and finding that the very patient before him must be included as a person suspected in the nefarious transaction, he became doubly anxious to make his way to the bed of Pompey Ganges, and obtain from his own mouth an elucidation of every mystery. He was not unmindful, however, of smaller duties.

First, the documents were carefully tied up and secured about his person. Secondly, he despatched a hasty message for Miss Clifford, that she might come and attend upon her father. And lastly, he dropped a few lines to William Maxwell, breaking the matter to him, and bidding him not to be uneasy about the papers, all of which were in his possession. When this was done, he departed in his carriage an object of general curiosity; for Wolfenstuttle had already spread the wonderful

story in every direction, and partly to screen himself from suspicion, and partly to vent his rage against one who had rejected all pacific overtures, he did not by any means spare his particular political friend.

In fact he considered himself singularly aggrieved, and as *his* griefs were all of so interesting a nature as to demand the sympathy of a generous public, it became of course his duty to proclaim them.

“Only think of it !” said he to a rough favoured son of Emerald Isle, who, with cart-whip under his arm, stood a moment to listen ; “Only think of it !—*I*, his particular political friend ! *I*, who have upheld him so faithfully and so long ; who have excused his faults, and who was content only to lecture him on his political improprieties, in secret :—to treat *me* in such a manner ?—what does he deserve ?

“By my soul !—to be tar-r-red, and fath-er-r-ed !”

“Yes, my friend,” resumed the delighted Wolfy, “I do assure you I have done more for that man than I would have done for my own brother ; concealing almost criminally some of his aristocratic speeches, and upholding him for a true patriot ; why, he was once anti-republican and tory enough to declare that the Irish who come over to this country made more noise than their heads were worth, and went even so far as to say he preferred a native born citizen to any foreigner ! yes, you may well open your eyes.”

“He’s a grane horn at politics ; lat hem coom oot once, for office :—but wnat did he till ye?—did he keck ye?”

“No ;—*that* I would take from no man ; but he did worse : he was about cheating a poor orphan, and because I interferred on account of the disgrace it would bring upon the party, he called me scoundrel, liar,—and ordered me off the premises, exactly as if he were a king.”

“A purty keng indade!”—and off went the Irishman after his cart.

“No, my good old friend,” said the indefatigable politician to an elderly German ; “no, no, in this country we are all equal ; and we must unite to put down such men as this Poguey, if we would continue so ; no dukes and grand princes among us.”

“Venn I did erst komm to dis land,” responded Mr. Henrick Von Dreck Dichthich-tzweizig, “und did see gross gentlemens vid lady vrau, I did into die street shpring, bis dey did forby go ; aber von old friend did aus call I should nod do solche narrisch nonsense—dere vass no gross gentlemens und hertzog in den land ; und kein ladies : and I must no way give for nobody, *never* : so I didn’t nachderhand. I bin stoltz in dem land ; no prinsh—no gentlemens—no ladish—all equal !”

“Quite right, Mr. Ditsitseisit ; and if such a glorious equality is to be preserved pure and unbroken, we must set our faces against the arrogance of this upstart.”

“He vass no mann to shtrike you ; it vass gegen die law,” said the Dutchman.

“But he did’nt strike me, sir : what has got into the people to think that he kicked and struck me ? He did no such thing.”

“Was—was—was denn ?”

“What ! why he said I was perfect Dutch sour crout, (no bad thing, by the way, if eaten when a man is very hun—that is, if eaten, with—with—ahem—with the proper—ahem—with the proper sauce) and is, moreover, always abusing our honest Germans whenever he can :—the chief cause of his treatment of me, was because I refused to make Maxwell, poor fellow, steal, or borrow upon false pretences, money to pay a note he holds against him ; he ordered me off his premises ; said I was no better than a Dutchman, and insinuated that was the same as calling me a liar ; said I was a hessian dog ; and all such epithets ; and cursed and swore horribly—exactly as if he were a king.”

“I bin ein bessere mann,” said the German, whose slow ire was, under such provocation, very justly beginning to rise, “als any solche damn spitzbub ; he ist ein dory.”

“Tory ! you may well say that. He was, I own it to my shame ; he *was* my particular political friend ; but he is so no longer. A man who abuses the honest German yeomanry of our country is an enemy of mine ; indeed, Mr. Ditsitseisit, I call myself almost a

greater friend to the foreign Germans, than to our own native Americans :—I do.”

“Yaw, die teutsh are schmart; schmarter als die Americaner,” said the patriotic auslander; “aber donner wetter schlag die damn Irishers : dat Poguey ist ein Irisher, meiner seele.”

“To be sure he is; did’nt you know that before?”

“Nein; but ich did know it now; I will nicht vergessen; he shall nod humbug die beeples;” and away went the honest Dutchman.

“I feel very sorry, sir;” again commenced Mr. Wolfenstuttle to a personal acquaintance, whose look and manner was every way superior to those he who had before addressed. “I feel very sorry, sir, that my particular political friend, Mr. Poguey, should have so far forgotten what was due to himself and the party, as to treat me in the manner he did. Not so much on my account, as of his own; for it evidences a haughty spirit, and a great ignorance of the world.”

“I have heard something of this,” returned the gentleman; “but am ignorant of the particulars. It cannot be possible, that Mr. Poguey struck you.”

“*Good heavens!*—no, sir! There seems to be an opinion abroad, probably set afloat by himself, that he gave me a threshing; but it is no such thing. He did, however, what, in one sense, was worse; he openly impeached my veracity as a gentleman!”

“Strange enough. I always deemed Mr. Poguey too cautious a person to make such insinuations against any one.”

“In general, so he is, sir; but this time, the cloven foot peeped out; and he cut up his grimaces and gymnastics, *exactly* as if he were a king. Indeed, I cannot conscientiously hold to him any longer; I owe it to myself, to quarrel with every man who impeaches my veracity as a gentleman.”

“Certainly, sir; you are perfectly right; but what was the subject of contention between you?”

“The merest whim in the world, sir; a slight difference of opinion with regard to the ownership of certain trifles, and on this he took occasion, not only to impeach my veracity as a gentleman, but also to insinuate, in a covert manner, however, that I would not be again overly welcome at his house; he insulted me sir.”

“Such an insinuation is certainly strong evidence of a desire to break acquaintance.”

“To be sure it was,” said Wolfy; “but still, as the hint was a delicate one, I could have passed it over; but he impeached my veracity as a gentleman! Yes, sir; he impeached *my* veracity as a gentleman; and I hold to him no longer. On the contrary, I here, and at all times hereafter, pledge myself, to use every honourable means to prevent his rising into political power: good morning, sir.” And off he shot.

But it was to an intimate acquaintance, a shabby genteel looking fellow, who was conductor of a partisan newspaper, called, "The Political Teetotum," that Wolfy fully unbosomed himself. Both were free of the guild, and never dreamed of exercising towards each other those little shows of delicacy, which were requisite in their more open and extended intercourse. Freemasonry proper, is only one specimen of rigid secrecy: there is mystery in politics, and in other good matters; nor is it every one who raises himself so high, or sinks himself so low, as to be able to penetrate within the inner curtain.

"Lied!" said Wolfy to him; "lied! I've lied more for John Poguey, than for any man breathing! I've lied almost sufficient to jeopardize my very soul: and this is the way he treats me; these are his thanks!"

The editor of the Political Teetotum did not evince by his manner, that he considered the services rendered by Wolfy, as very extraordinary, or out of the way.

"Well, well," said the latter, in rather a deprecating tone, "I don't mean to say that to lie for a particular political friend is *much*: we must all do such trifles for one another, that's certain; but still, the fellow might have had some gratitude. There is some excuse in lying for oneself; but I hold it disreputable, almost, to do so for a third person; at any rate, it is deserving of thanks."

"Tell me, truly, how it was?" said the edi-

tor of the Teetotum, with something of a magisterial air.

“Why, it’s shortly, this,” said Wolfy: “John Poguey called upon Doctor Senecks, the old gentleman, you know who lives in the old fashioned house up yonder, and tried to engage him in a conspiracy to steal some papers from where Maxwell had hid them——”

“Now, Wolfy;—that’s a lie!——”

“Well, well; he called upon the Doctor for something concerning them, and the Doctor would give him no satisfaction; yes, that was it; but as soon as he went, old Senecks sent me a particular request, that I would watch this Poguey——”

“That’s another lie——”

“Well, well; if he did’nt send to me, I found it out,—all about it,—no matter how; and so I went to the spot where the papers were buried; and I had’nt been there ten minutes, as I live, before Poguey and his man Abe came there also: I instantly began to upbraid him for his dishonesty——”

“That’s another,—no—nothing—ahem—go on.”

“*Actually*, I did upbraid him for his dishonesty, and warned Abe, that he would be a receiver of stolen goods, if he so much as touched the papers; whilst I ran off for Doctor Senecks,”——

“That’s another lie, Wolfy! I don’t believe you went for Senecks, at all——”

“Well, well; the Doctor came, and—would

you believe it—the old tory dog had a pistol with him,—a real loaded pistol; and it was that pistol which caused the whole mischief.”——

“How so? you mystify in such a way, that for my life I cannot understand you.”

“Why, you see, Senecks, when he came and found we were about to dig for money—took out his pistol and swore he would have all we found.”

“Now, that’s another lie, Wolfy; why can’t you tell *me* the truth; there is no harm in telling me the truth.”

“Well, well;—I’ve forgotten exactly how it was. Certain it is, the old fellow detected some inaccuracies in the story I had framed, to screen Poguey; and so he sort of accused us both of being privy to Renfrew Maxwell’s murder, which I swear, he frightened me, all of a sudden, into telling the exact truth, ha—ha—ha,—who’d a—believed it; ha—ha—ha—frightened me out of my wits. Well, if he had not just then come, quite probable the whole dispute would have never got wind. Stokes would have settled the Doctor’s business, as regarded the money pot, but the pistol kept him in awe. Still, Poguey had no business to order me off his grounds as if he were a king.”

“Did he actually and truly order you off his premises?”

“Actually and truly, he bid me go off; and said he would set his dogs on me, if he caught me trespassing there again.”

“It was a high handed aristocratic proceeding,” replied the editor.

“You may well say that,” returned Wolfy; “for I had done nothing to deserve such base treatment; the most was, that I dug a little under the foot of an old tree, and for that he presumed so much upon his right of property, as to order me off. Aristocratic! umph, if that was not aristocratic, I do not know what the word means.”

“Such conduct will not do in this republican country;” said the editor, with much gravity; “and Mr. Poguey will so discover in a disagreeable way. It was as bad as saying that all poor people who have no property, are little better than dogs.”

“Poh—he has said that often; I have heard him myself.”

“Has he? well, only be still about it; the time will come, for all this, to be trumps in our hands.”

It was night, before the politician ceased his stories of the outrage; as numerous indeed, and almost as diversified as those of Scheherazade; each, however, redounding marvellously to his own honour, and his former particular political friend's, Mr. Poguey's, disgrace.

CHAPTER XV.

DOCTOR SENECKS stopped but a moment at his own house, to deposit the papers in safety, and was then driven rapidly towards the hovel of the negro. Mr. Poguey was in wait for him, near the spot; for he was not without his own anxiety upon the subject.

"I will attend you, sir," said he. "You may well suppose I consider myself a party interested, if not aggrieved, in this strange matter."

"Very naturally," replied Senecks, drily.

"I hope you have not taken up the ridiculous idea, sir, that I am privy to the fellow's guilt."

"I will take up nothing, Mr. Poguey, upon suspicion. The first point is to wring out, if possible, the confidence of the negro; but I must insist upon your not being present to bias him."

"Not to be present! Why not, sir, pray?" asked Mr. John Poguey.

"You are suspected, sir;" replied the Doctor, nodding his head with some emotion; "and moreover," he added, seeing indeed no indication of real guilt in the merchant's manner, "it would hazard all, were two persons to assail the patient at once. You may, if you please,

follow me, and get behind the partition, as your particular friend says he did in your own case."

Poguey, even more anxious for an elucidation than was the Doctor himself, was fain to comply; and he followed as directed.

"Is the old man sensible?" was the first question put in a low whisper to the boy who, at that moment, stepped out of the hut.

"Yaas, sir; he's kim to his senses," answered Lijey, with the same ghastly expression of terror upon his countenance, which it had worn ever since the accident.

"Very well;" returned Doctor Senecks; "Stay out a little until I call you."

The lad gave a sign of intelligence and obedience, and the man of science, followed softly by Poguey, entered the wretched abode.

The patient was, as Lijey had stated, perfectly in his senses, but weak to the last degree; and feeling, for the first time, a sure presentiment of approaching death.

"I have lived over the night," said he.

Doctor Senecks made no reply, but shook his head sorrowfully.

"I know it—" again breathed forth the negro, "I feel it now. The hand of death is upon me. I wonder what it is so cold and so——"

The physician sat down by the wretched bed-side, and placing the sick man's wrist beneath his finger so as to catch the feeblest pulsation, he warily began the delicate task.

"Pompey, you have sins, and great ones to repent of;" and as he saw his weak gaze grow

awe-struck, he went on, "and I know you have one crime to answer for—but yet it was *not* murder."

"No, it was not," repeated Pompey as if to himself; but suddenly recollecting the voice of his questioner, he started so that he nearly sat upright, such was his horror and confusion. "Mercy, master;" he exclaimed, "what do you know about it?"

Senecks slowly drew forth the soiled pocket-book, and then the pistol, both of which he presented to the sick man's view.

"It is all discovered!" gasped Pompey Ganges, whilst a clammy perspiration overcame him so instantly that the eager physician was fearful he would die outright.

"Quick, answer me!—answer upon your word as a dying man; had Thomas Clifford any concern in this horrid act—this robbery—this——"

"Nothing," said Pompey, with more firmness than he had expected.

"Had John Poguey?"

"No, master—nothing whatever; he was but a boy then."

Senecks breathed more freely. "Take time, then;" said he, "do not hurry yourself; but recollect the awful situation you are in, and speak the truth only."

"I will so," gasped the dying man; "but I am no murderer—he was not murdered."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the Doctor, as he thought of the satisfaction such a statement

would give to Maxwell. "For your soul's sake, I charge you not to carry this secret with you to the grave. Stop—take this." And he accordingly gave him a few drops of mixture, for his pulse fluttered like a candle in its socket. He again began:

"They tempted me—Will Houghff and Archy Ball—you only knew Houghff—they tempted me."

Another pause, for Pompey's strength was ebbing fast. "Go on," said the physician losing his commiseration for the sufferer in his anxiety to come at the truth.

"They tempted me to rob. Houghff is gone to his long home, and Ball, I hear say, is at Sing-Sing, for life, up in York State. We set on him—I seized the bridle—we had nothing but clubs—and he drew a pistol from his pocket and fired it at me."

Again Pompey closed his mouth and eyes. In half a minute he proceeded—

"His horse was fiery and broke from us at the sound, and we thought every thing was lost; but all at once we heard him strike heavily against that big stone on the side of the road where we stood, by the two poplars. We ran to him; but he had struck his head hard, and never spoke a word—he was dead in a hurry. Oh, my good God! it seems so like murder now. Oh! I shall go to hell!"

"Go on," quoth the Doctor.

"We turned out all his pockets—took every thing—and run as hard as we could to my hut,

for we were frightened ourselves too much to think of the body."

"Wretches!" muttered Senecks with clenched teeth.

"There was very little money about him," continued the negro, "and I refused to touch it. So Houghff and Ball threw me the papers which they dared not carry, for fear of detection, and said the biggest share should be mine for all; but before they went away, they bid me burn them quickly. Did I say Houghff was dead?"

"Yes; and Ball in prison."

"After I was alone, I grew terribly scary, and was near blowing out my brains with his other pistol for fear of being hung by the jury; but I thought of meeting him in the next world, and my heart failed. Oh, mercy! good Doctor, must I die?"

There was no hope whatever; and Pompey again broke the silence.

"I would have confessed at once, but when the jury said he *was* murdered, I knew they would hang me, and so I kept still about it; but I could not burn the papers, and buried them there."

"This redeems half your sin," said Senecks; and the negro's eyes lightened up.

"I thought to have died," said he "before it was out, but felt it on my mind not to take the secret forever to the grave; and so I sent for master Poguey, as he owns the land now.

and nobody else has a right to dig on it, and made him promise me solemnly—”

“What?”

“Not to go there by the old tree ’til past midnight.”

“Merciful heavens!” thought the Doctor, “by what a miracle has Maxwell recovered his papers. Had that pestilent fellow got hold of them, he would have been less honest than this negro.”

He was once more recalled to the words of the dying sufferer.

“Many a time I would have told all to Master William, if he had seemed kind about it; but he was always so—uh—uh—uh——Oh! my Saviour have mercy on me.”

Doctor Senecks leaned over the miserable man for a few minutes, and then raised himself slowly, muttering, “He is gone—poor fellow. Mr. Poguey, it is all over with him; we must see that he has decent burial.”

“I will not assist with a cent, sir,” replied the merchant, quite unmoved with the scene. “The villain had well nigh ruined my reputation, besides being a robber by his own confession. He may lay and rot for me.”

The physician cast a glance of unutterable scorn upon the young man as he moved off, and then called to the boy Lijey who came and gazed upon the dead man without any perceptible alteration in the affrighted expression of his countenance.

“Why don’t you blubber,” said the Doctor,

his wrath against Poguey falling somewhat on the boy; "don't you see, your poor old daddy is dead and gone."

"He told me not to whine and scrimp," said Lijey, wiping nevertheless a tear from his eye-lid—the first one since the accident, and which seemed to bring with it, to his countenance, a more human expression,—“he told me not to whine and scrimp when he war gone.”

"And what else did he tell you, boy;" asked Senecks, interested for the forlorn vagabond, and hesitating in what way to assist him.

"To put this ring in his mouth afore he was buried."

"Well, and what else."

"To hook that torkle what snapped him."

"Ah! that is enough," said Senecks; "run over to yonder farm house, and bring back any one you find, make haste boy," and he patiently and humanely waited until the person sent for, arrived. Then bestowing an ample sum of money, and promising protection to the little half savage, he left the house of death. His next object, to which every other consideration gave way, was to see William Maxwell, whose impatience could not but be great, and to whom as before stated, he had addressed a few lines, advising him of the wonderful discovery. This last, however, he scarcely need have done, for never had bell a more indefatigable clapper than was the tongue of Wolfy. As soon as he had fairly recovered from his

affright, he took upon himself, as we have seen, the whole merit of the discovery, not without many a broad accusation against his very particular political friend, Mr. John Poguey, the lightest of which was, that if he found the pot alone, the secret never would have got wind. Indeed, the whole town was alive with the most contradictory statements—the faces of every one, great and small, wore an air of wonderful importance. Clifford's good name was justly, but sorrowfully tarnished, and Pompey's criminality, and Poguey's curious knowledge, were dilated upon with more than one malicious nod and wink. Every thing was in a bustle. The newspaper editors despatched their little devils for news on all sides, and many an attorney was enjoying in perspective the noble interference of the law—indictments, suits, and fees. Counsellor Snare, more cunning than the rest, shot directly to Maxwell's office, to congratulate him on his good fortune, and to spout scraps of broken Latin. He seized both hands of his esteemed young friend, and shook them with the most detestible warmth, spoke in the kindest manner of Miss Lee, and her fine old father, until having put him into a fever of disgust, he took his leave fully persuaded that he had made a very favourable impression.

By the time, therefore, that Senecks arrived, Maxwell had heard all, and a great deal more from many mouths, but to say the truth, the friendly epistle first received was more satis-

factory and fraught with better information than all the rest put together.

A few words sufficed to convey the amount of Pompey's confession; and even at the moment of such unlooked for fortune, the son could not avoid a tear at the cruel fate which had so suddenly overwhelmed his parent. But the present bore too much intense interest upon it, to permit the past more than a momentary greeting, and the young lawyer with much emotion, turned to Senecks and asked his advice how to act in the crisis, especially towards Thomas Clifford.

The Doctor, naturally supposing this question arose from a doubt whether to proceed harshly, or otherwise, answered after his own peculiar fashion—

“Just do nothing; *undo* all that Clifford has done.”

“But how, in what way?” demanded Maxwell.

“Why, recall time, my young friend—the days and years that have gone by, and make the Esquire some twelve years younger, and a little more honest.”

“Psha!—you jest, sir;—call back time—impossible.”

“Can you not! why I thought you hesitated whether to do, or undo, what has happened.”

“Impossible; excuse me, Doctor, I cannot fathom your meaning.”

“My meaning is this;” said he, emphati-

cally; "since you cannot undo the injury which Mr. Clifford has done you, *forgive it*. Demand your dues, if you please, to the utmost farthing, but do not upbraid the old man, or insult his misery, he is bowed down to the earth."

"God knows, I bear him no enmity," answered Maxwell; "and so deeply do I commiserate his daughter, and even himself, that I would willingly have sacrificed one half my claim, to have kept the secret; but 'tis too late for that. No, sir;—I would have your advice whether to go to him in person, or despatch a mutual friend?"

Doctor Senecks mused. "It is of importance," said he, "that there be an immediate arrangement entered into. The obligations which you hold against him, amount with interest to an immense sum, sufficient to place you forever out of the reach of want, but which, I fear me will ruin him. It is a fate, however, which he richly deserves."

"I should be sorry if that were the case," returned Maxwell, "who now shall comfort that generous, highminded, laughing girl?—poor Mary Clifford! when I think of *her*, Doctor, I feel almost unhappy at my good fortune."

"And how when you recollect Miss Lee?"

"How? why, that I could fall upon my knees and pour out my very heart in gratitude. Now, indeed, I can repay in some degree, the unceasing kindness of them all."

“The debt which you foolhardily—as I ever deemed it—obligated yourself to pay her father, is in the hands of another—is it not?”

“Yes, of Mr. John Poguey—the very name of the heartless scoundrel makes me sick—here is a kind note on the subject which I received this very morning.”

Doctor Senecks read the brief demand of instant payment, shook his head in scorn, and then observed,

“I augured your success in life from the simple fact that this pestilent fellow had a demand upon you; for as he seems fated to lose in no adventure whatever, where money is concerned, it followed of course that your own ability would be able to meet its payment; it crossed my mind with mathematical truth.”

Maxwell smiled at the odd conceit, but acknowledged it had proved itself correct.

“Tarry hereabouts,” he resumed, “until I again return, for I left your unhappy debtor so greatly affected both in body and mind, as to render it proper I should visit him professionally; I may also perhaps ascertain, if he be calm enough, how far his willingness to render you justice extends. I repeat, something must be done in your behalf—mildly, but without delay—take the power into your own hands, and afterwards, and not before, exercise as much generosity as you please.”

“I would I knew,” said Maxwell, “whether Mary Clifford is aware of all this; and if so,

how she bears it. Oh, words cannot express how much I commiserate her."

"The sins of the parent are often visited upon the children to the third or fourth generation," returned the Doctor; "it is not to be prevented."

William Maxwell remained in a state of doubt, joy, and compassion, with every conflicting emotion, in short, battling in his bosom. He knew how delicate was the state of Clifford's health; and if, superadded to the disgrace of detection, this sudden blow should master his faculties, or deprive him of life, how could he, innocent as he was, enjoy a benefit purchased by the death of one he had so long looked upon as a generous benefactor, or ever meet with smiles again, that accomplished and hitherto light-hearted play-fellow, whom he loved with the passionless affection of a brother. He felt as if her eyes would be daggers to stab him to the heart. Pictures, perhaps selfish pictures, of his own brighter prospects, and his hopes of happiness with Miss Lee, would also range themselves across his vision, and for a moment every thing but the chosen one of his affections was forgotten. Cold common sense then obtruded the question of, what was yet to be done? and in this whirlwind of thought time flew rapidly away, until that worthy and stiff-necked gentleman, Doctor Senecks, again entered his office.

"Mr. Clifford is himself," said he; "and,

strange enough, speaks calmly upon the subject, and wishes to see you ; he turned of a deadly whiteness to be sure, when he mentioned your name, but insists that he has strength enough to bear with a visit, and wishes it over. My advice is, that you go to him—he acknowledged himself indebted the whole amount of the bonds and interest.”

Maxwell leaned his face upon his hand, recalling to his mind a thousand strange circumstances in the behaviour of the unfortunate man, which were now all explained.

“Is Mary Clifford with him?” he at length asked.

“Yes,” said Senecks, “and her excellent young friend Elizabeth Lee, is also there. Strange—it was but yesterday that she herself found a friendly comforter in the poor mourner ; but oh, what is the loss of wealth to that of reputation.”

“I am glad she is there,” ejaculated Maxwell, mournfully ; “did you see Miss Clifford?”

“I did, with her father ; she was very pale, and seems to bear up entirely for his sake—it is a noble child ?”

“Noble indeed,” echoed the young lawyer ; “I *will* go there ; but not as a cruel rapacious creditor—no—no—as a comforter also. I will divide the task with Elizabeth Lee—we will lighten, if we cannot share their sorrow.”

“Ah, my dear boy,” said the Doctor, with a tear in his eye, “such a case as this has not

often happened before—at least not with so much generosity of sentiment on the part of the sufferer; but I will not detain you, seek that afflicted family, and pour balm into their wounds, for they need it—even your own Elizabeth weeps like a child, and speaks of you, for the first time in her life, with a kind of involuntary terror. Follow the dictates of your own heart my boy, and there will be no danger of your going wrong.”

“If there should be,” answered William Maxwell, “I shall find two guardian angels to set me right.” And they separated.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARY CLIFFORD, who was with her father, must have perceived the approach of Maxwell, but not soon enough to enable her totally to escape his observation; for as she was about passing the ample hall with a trepidation, sickening to the last degree, he stepped into it, and unexpectedly confronted her.

She was, as Doctor Senecks had observed, *very* pale—her cape slightly discomposed—her hair disarranged, and without that exquisite taste usually discerned in her whole appearance. Still she looked eminently beautiful. And hesitating mechanically an instant, she said in a subdued, terrified tone, and with just such a

manner as if she were speaking of a dead person—

“He is back there,” and pointing to the small sitting room, turned to ascend the staircase.

“Miss Clifford—Mary—my sister,” exclaimed Maxwell, but she did not seem to hear; and a few heart rending sobs, lost in the distance, was the only answer that reached his ears.

This rapid scene was not calculated to harden his feelings, if they had been otherwise than generously moved; but another more distressing one still awaited him.

As he opened the door of the parlour, his eyes and those of Clifford instantly met. The latter was on a couch supported by cushions; and the first sight of the orphan caused him to burst into an uncontrollable fit of grief.

“Oh! it was a horrible temptation,” said he, speaking hoarsely and with difficulty. “It was a horrible temptation, William, and it bore me down. I argued, and I strove, and it conquered at last. It was the devil which tempted me; and how could I resist him.”

“Mr. Clifford,” began Maxwell.

“No, no,” exclaimed the wretched sufferer, losing his dismay in a species of childish ferocity; “I know you have come to upbraid me—to taunt me—but I defy you, and spit at you. Did I not strive to make you every amends? Did I not treat you as a son—as my—*poor—dead—son*? Did I not love

you and cherish you—yes—did I not offer you my own daughter—all and every thing that was dear to me on earth—my own sweet Mary—my only child? Oh, Willy!—Willy! you refused it all!” and he again relapsed into his piteous wail.

Maxwell was really much affected, for he had always looked upon Mr. Clifford as a benefactor, and it was impossible to eradicate, at a blow, every feeling that had grown upon him from childhood upwards. The self-condemned criminal appeared also in so dreadfully irritated a state of mind, that he could not decide which course to pursue, or what to say, most proper for soothing. He hesitated.

In the mean time, Clifford had buried his face in the cushion, and his whole body seemed to writhe in agony.

“I have never known a happy moment since——” he began, but the sentence was ended by another burst of grief and despair.

“Listen to me for but a moment, sir;” said Maxwell emphatically, and with a determination that had its effect; for he raised or rather turned his grey head with a fearful expression of countenance, and fixed his eyes upon the young lawyer as if he were his keeper. There was a pause for a moment until broken by the latter.

“I forgive you, sir, freely.”

“Do you, Willy!” he exclaimed in the tone of a delighted child. “Take every thing I have got—take house and lands—take all—

do not leave me a board to rest upon—but say once more you forgive me.”

“I do so. I forgive you all the concealment and delay which you have been guilty of.” But before he could get over this short sentence, the sullen fit had again returned.

“Don’t tell me so—you feel in your heart that you can never forgive me—this whispers me so;” striking his bosom with his clenched fist; “and you are playing me false. Oh! William, why are you such a serpent to sting me?”

Maxwell bore this torrent unmoved, and well he might; for the misery of detection had completely bewildered the unfortunate debtor.

“William,” he again began more calmly, and as he spoke, a side door was pushed softly open, for his daughter, terrified beyond endurance at the thoughts of the interview, and sure that he must again have swooned away, with Elizabeth Lee who supported her trembling steps, had come down to satisfy her agitated mind that he was yet alive—“think, William, of the many pleasant hours you have wasted with me—think of that playfellow who is gone—think of Mary herself—and spare me your reproaches. I will yield you all, even to the uttermost farthing, and go a beggar upon the face of the earth.”

“I freely forgive you my—my ben—my bene—I freely forgive you, sir; and if fears

of my demand moves you at all, depend upon it, for your own—for your daughter's sake, I will never deprive you of the means of an honourable and happy independence."

"Do you say so, Willy?" begun Clifford, but he was interrupted by a scream of agonized thankfulness from without, and Mary Clifford rushed into the apartment, attempting to throw herself at the feet of Maxwell. The exertion was too great, and she fainted away just as he caught her in his arms and prevented her falling.

Miss Lee with streaming eyes followed her friend, whilst another phial of wrath seemed to be poured upon the head of the chief sufferer.

"My child—my Mary—my beloved one," he ejaculated, fast verging into a state of stupefaction; "have I killed her too? Oh, no; she is too good to die. William treat *her* kindly."

"Go," whispered Elizabeth Lee aside to him who was the innocent and injured cause of all this domestic misery; "go—you have done enough, and said enough for the present. Send my father—he can finish all better than yourself—go." And she shot towards him a glance of mingled admiration and gratitude from her soft hazel eye that thrilled through him. Of course, he could not resist a mandate so accompanied, and he immediately and silently obeyed it.

Hastening to his future father, who had already, in common with others, heard the won-

derful story, he detailed to him the circumstances as they then stood, together with the terrible situation of Mr. Clifford, and beseeched him to go immediately to his mansion, not only to assist him, but also to tranquillize Miss Clifford, who appeared almost as greatly distressed.

Mr. Lee lost no time. And here was another interval of suspense and delay; for Maxwell, although open-hearted in the extreme, and very generously inclined towards the delinquent, felt yet a natural anxiety that a settlement should be speedily made—some plain common sense understanding of the matter arrived at, by which quiet in mind and body of each party concerned might be restored. Such, indeed, was the state of his feelings that he could attend to nothing whatever in the nature of business, or cause his ideas to run in their usual channel. He even detected himself in walking once or twice towards the main road to catch a glimpse of Mr. Lee; but ashamed of his own weak impatience, he at length remained quiescent.

Time, however tardy in appearance, still moved at his wonted pace, and the messenger at last returned. He brought comfort with him.

“Mr. Clifford,” he said, “had become much calmer after Maxwell’s departure. The fears for his fainting daughter had had a happy effect in weaning him, a few moments from his own thoughts, and ere he had fully reverted

to them, Mr. Lee was ready with his friendly advice and counsel. Soon after this Doctor Senecks had dropped in, and all united in dilating to him the kind feelings which the orphan still entertained, so that he was much soothed, and at length had fallen into a composing slumber. The two girls were watching over him, and he left him.

It would be useless to repeat all that passed respecting Maxwell's future line of conduct.

"Clifford," said Mr. Lee, "will be indebted to you many thousand dollars. And, if I mistake not, all his property, be it what it may, will not more than suffice to pay the debt. Unfair as has been his conduct, (which I would fain attribute to a weakness rather than a viciousness of intellect,) I should be sorry to see him stripped in his old age. His daughter of herself is sufficient to redeem by her own virtue more than half his folly."

William Maxwell replied that his feelings led him to the same views. That as for anger or resentment, it was out of the question; for he had not come to a knowledge of the injury until the very moment of recompense had arrived; and that on the other hand, a long course of subsequent kindness on the part of Mr. Clifford had endeared him in such a manner, that this discovery could not wean away his gratitude.

"Such feelings are natural and just," returned Edward Lee, "for that man, be he king or clown, who can turn fiercely and vindictively

upon one with whom he is bound in a friendship of years, merely because an injury had been attempted or even perpetrated long before, is too violently revengeful to be an honest or righteous man. It speaks a heart utterly callous to the high and noble attributes of our nature, and a stranger to that precept which teaches us to remember favours and write injuries in dust."

If any thing could have added to the pleasure of Maxwell's self-approbation, it must have been the increased friendship of such a man.

"I have come already," said he, "to a settled determination in my own mind. I shall claim no more than the principal sum due, and remit the interest."

"That, alone, will amount to an immense sum, and no one, not even Mr. Clifford himself, could expect of you so heavy a sacrifice; but as you will——"

"He ought neither to expect it, or claim it," returned Maxwell; "and I must freely own, that his daughter Mary's situation, and her goodness of heart, has had no little effect upon my mind in coming to a conclusion; and all this must be secured to her. It would be improper to reward him in any way for his criminal deceit; but Mary Clifford is above all praise——"

"Poor girl," ejaculated Mr. Lee, "she was but yesterday here, speaking comfort to Elizabeth; strange vicissitudes of life!"

A silence as of sympathy, with this light

hearted—lovely girl—held both these generous persons a moment mute, or perhaps each was preferring a silent prayer, to be kept out of the way of temptation, when the short reverie was broken in upon by the appearance of Mr. John Poguey, who having learned with a bitter spirit, the sudden blaze of fortune that awaited Maxwell, and reflectively, the Lee family, deemed it proper to pay an immediate visit of gratulation and civility.

He was received very coldly, motioned to a chair, and then gazed at in a manner, and with a hauteur sufficient to have chilled any ingenuous youth. But he was not to be so slightly dashed.

“I give you joy, sir,” said he to Maxwell. “in having so completely detected the knavery of old Clifford. It is pleasant at all times to expose a criminal to public scorn, but doubly when it happens to be likewise one who has injured us by his evil deeds.”

The lawyer answered coldly, “I take no pleasure, sir, in the misfortunes of others, even when such misfortunes bring advantage to myself.”

“Oh, you are entirely too benevolent, sir,” returned Poguey; “you do not call things by their right names. It certainly is a misfortune to Mr. Clifford; but then such a term does not carry with it a proper idea of his culpability. There was no mercantile honour in the transaction, sir.”

Maxwell recollected the suspicious coffee

speculation which had made the intruder rich, and assisted materially to ruin the firm of Smith and Company, and only replied with a sneering smile—

“In a pecuniary point of view,” added Poguey, inquisitively, “it will no doubt, prove a serious matter. I suppose it will break him completely up, sir?”

“I believe it will, poor man ;” said Mr. Lee, sorrowfully.

This was exactly the information that he wished to obtain, for upon it depended whether he should continue the daughter’s humble servant, or otherwise; and now that the truth came in such a way, that there was no longer any doubt. Ye gods, what a change overcame his heart. That beautiful—smiling—openhearted girl was so no longer; all her innocence—her captivating mirth—her lively wit—was instantaneously overshadowed and extinguished. What! Mary Clifford, *poor* Mary Clifford, an object worth seeking! he sickened at the idea, and begun—

“I am very sorry for the young lady, his daughter, poor thing.”

“True,” exclaimed Maxwell, with justifiable maliciousness; “true, Mr. Poguey, the world gives you credit of having been attentive to her, you can now evidence your disinterestedness!”

“Who, I,” exclaimed he, in affected astonishment; “*I* attentive, to Mary Clifford! Indeed, I hope you do but jest, Mr. Maxwell,

at any rate, you would do me the favour to contradict so absurd a rumour, if ever it should be again mentioned."

"If that be your request, sir, I will do so; but I really, myself, at one time, supposed you were serious."

"Never harboured such an idea, sir; on the contrary, I consider her any thing but engaging or agreeable."

"My views of the young lady, are very different, sir; to me, she always appeared a pattern of filial affection, purity, and grace."

"Ah," answered Poguey, with a half contemptuous simper, "we do not see with the same eyes, sir. I think her quite a disagreeable, forward girl."

"It sorrows me much," said Maxwell, with mock gravity, "that she stands so low in your opinion; but I am, nevertheless, pleased that it has been expressed only before those from whom she will never hear it."

"As for that," returned Poguey, hastily resolved to snap the ungracious idea, and render the breach as wide as possible; "I give you liberty to repeat what I have said, at all times, and at all seasons."

"I should be loth to do that, sir," said Maxwell, with the same assumed bearing; "it would injure the young lady's feelings excessively, to discover that such were your sentiments."

"I cannot help it," he unfeelingly replied; "it is proper that this ridiculous story should be nipped in the bud; and those being my sin-

cere opinions, I am determined not to conceal them."

"I certainly do not wish to prevent you, sir," returned Maxwell, drily.

"Indeed, I rather suppose," continued Mr. Poguey, alluding to the situation of one ruined person before another, under the same cruel circumstances; "that is, I presume, Miss Clifford will not be very sensitive on such subjects, she will probably soon have to provide for her own subsistence, and will not be so—so——"

"You mistake, sir," said Maxwell, stopping him short with hasty good will; "Miss Clifford is still a lady of fortune."

"How!—what!—" exclaimed the generous lover, turning pale and red, and gazing almost fiercely at Mr. Lee; "did you not say, sir, that you believed Mr. Clifford to be a ruined man?"

"I did so, sir; but spoke nothing concerning his daughter."

"You must know, Mr. Poguey," said Maxwell, ("the matter cannot be kept secret,) that of the heavy claim I have against that old gentleman, I shall be satisfied with a moderate part, provided, not only the balance, but whatever else he may own, be conveyed absolutely to Miss Mary Clifford."

"Why, then, sir," he exclaimed, with drooping chin, "she will be a lady of fortune, independent of her father!"

"Exactly so, sir, and it is a great pity she is so disagreeable to you."

Poguey attempted to laugh the matter off,

but could not, for no one would laugh with him, and at length he had the meanness to request, that what had passed between them, might be kept secret. This capped the climax.

"Thank Mr. Lee, sir," exclaimed Maxwell, jumping up hot with passion, "that you are in his house and not in mine, for by all that I hold sacred, if I had authority here, I would kick you out."

"Kick him out!" said the old gentleman, who for the first time in his life, gave way to his natural feelings of anger so far as to disregard the undistinguishing rights of hospitality, and countenance an assault and battery—"kick him out——"

"Gentlemen—gentlemen—Mr. Lee—Mr. Maxwell—what this—what's this;" but he dare not remain, for the lawyer was determined to take speedy advantage of the license given, and Mr. Poguey had no other resource, than to make an unceremonious exit, which he did in much anger and trepidation.

"I should not have permitted you," said Mr. Lee, "even to threaten the fellow with such violence, were it not that he is a thorough liar and deceiver. Old Gropp, his father or uncle, when here last, informed me of his conduct upon the night of the riot, he absolutely urged the mob to proceed to my house and burn it down, for what reason God only knows, but he is not worthy of further consideration."

As soon as Mr. Poguey found himself on his horse, his pent rage burst forth, and he shook

his fist violently at the house he had just quitted, but as he rode away, he soon came to the conclusion to swallow and conceal the insult; for in a pecuniary point of view, Maxwell was entirely independent, and possessed moreover, a species of courage that would carry him to the usual extremity among gentlemen, the very idea of which was gall and wormwood to him. In spite of all his confidence in himself, he felt humbled, and a guilty sense of meanness, hardly to be dignified with the name of conscience, though such perhaps it was, rose slightly, as an accusing spirit, into his bosom; but pride uprose also in his defence, and soon won the day. Thus perhaps it went:

“You have been guilty of the greatest ingratitude to your uncle,” said Conscience.

“But you are worth an hundred thousand dollars,” answered Pride.

“You have behaved cruelly towards the Lee family,” said Conscience.

“But you are worth an hundred thousand dollars,” answered Pride.

“You would have ruined William Maxwell because Elizabeth Lee preferred him before you, and this, even after you had yourself determined to neglected her,” objected Conscience.

“But you are worth an hundred thousand dollars,” answered Pride.

“You vilified Miss Clifford, because you thought her poor,” said the accusing spirit.

"But you are worth an hundred thousand dollars," answered Pride.

"You are dishonest in little things, and a liar," said Conscience.

"But you are worth an hundred thousand dollars," answered Pride.

"The good and the honourable despise you," said Conscience.

"But the world will court you; you are worth an hundred thousand dollars!" answered Pride.

"You have no good qualities about you," objected Conscience.

"You have *every* desirable good quality: you are worth an hundred thousand dollars," answered Pride.

And, in fact, the sevenfold shield of this dainty species of pride—so common in the world, totally repelled every attack of the accusing angel: and Mr. John Poguey was as vain, as overbearing, and as self-sufficient as ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

“AND now, my good young friend,” said Doctor Senecks to William Maxwell; “the world, at length, is bright before you. You have not been reared in opulence, neither your mind nor your body has been enervated with luxury, and you have been so slightly touched with the finger of adversity as to be enabled justly to appreciate the happiness of wealth!—I give you joy.”

“Every thing indeed appears to have been almost providentially ordered,” returned the young lawyer; “had I received my father’s property when yet a child, or had I been aware only of the fortune that awaited me, it might well have caused my ruin. Again, had this fellow, Poguey, kept his word, so that his bosom friend, Wolfy, could have toiled at his task, and have stolen the papers, undiscovered, depend upon it, their honesty or good will never would have given the transaction to light: they would have destroyed every thing out of very envy: or at any rate, have held a knowledge of the secret as a rod over the unfortunate Clifford.”

“Truly so,” said Senecks; “and you might still have remained the needy man you have been, all your life:—a deplorable fate?”

“Why, as to that, Doctor, I should have striven in my profession until I had gained a name and a reputation:—money, then, would have come, of course.”

“Ah, my dear boy, I am sorry to say, that, considering your vocation, you began wrong: you did not court that many headed majesty—the people, sufficiently.”

“You seem to have formed a severe opinion of your fellow citizens,” said Maxwell; “I, for my part, find many qualities in them to admire.”

“Which is the very reason wherefore you have treated them as reasonable in all things, to your own disparagement. It is only those that heartily despise them and use them, who pretend to worship and deify them; you, on the contrary, will, upon occasion, disapprove their acts; but if you would please recollect they have altered slightly an old regal motto, and hug it to their bosoms with the most affectionate ferocity:—“The people can do no wrong.”

“In many respects, they certainly, in our country, conduct themselves with great propriety; and even seem to strive after what is right,” returned Maxwell.

“You are correct enough on that point,” said the Doctor; “the chief fault to be found with them, is, that they will not *think*; suffering themselves, on the contrary, to be led by artful demagogues, absolutely and unequivocally to their ruin.”

“I do not see matters in so dark a light; all seems prosperous and smiling around me,” replied the youth.

“To me,” said Doctor Senecks, “all seems going rapidly wrong, but in a manner totally different from what our fashionable patriots would have us believe; I do not mean on account of any particular defect that could be pointed out; but a close observer may see things to startle and confound him, in this, probably, the thousandth experiment of a free people governing themselves. Among other matters,” continued the Doctor, in a way which showed he was about broaching a favourite theory; “among other matters, you may set it down as incontrovertible, that with us a knave stands twice the chance of an honest man.”

“A sweeping postulate,” said Maxwell; “and conveying something like a very ungracious charge against the spirit of our institutions.”

“There is nothing good without its correspondent evils,” replied Senecks, “and this is an example. Let me convince you. Every thing depending upon the good will of the multitude, their favours can of course only be obtained through that good will; now it is notorious they will not abide being told of their faults; and those only, therefore, who cringe and favour to them are rewarded; of course the knaves are those only who descend to such means.”

“All this may be very true in politics; but in the general transactions between man and man, the argument does not hold.”

“Even more so! would you go through life easy? Let me give you a worldly lesson. If you meet with an honest man in your walks, greet him civilly, he is an honest man; if the next minute you meet, in a decent garb, of course, (and the mass are so dressed,) a notorious scoundrel and villain, greet him *kindly*, shake his hand with the greatest cordiality, and then pass on. To be sure, you have here countenanced a rogue, knowing him to be one, and, by comparison, discountenanced an honest man; but 'tis for your interest so to do, for the *only* tribunal to which, upon a quarrel with either, you may appeal, is sure to be influenced more by the arts of the villain than the arguments of his competitor; and this is the way in which many a citizen manages to go through the world, as he calls it, easy.”

“I would scorn to take such a course,” said Maxwell.

“Truly would you, and you are therefore in a most unpopular and insignificant minority. It is a melancholy subject, William; the mass with us are the depositories of that engine for evil or for good, ‘public opinion,’ and that mass is swayed and governed by those only who flatter the radical defects of our nature; of course, these last are the true organs of public opinion; but upon what else are our institutions founded? or, if that upon which

they rest is vitiated, how soon must their healthy actions cease? It is, my dear boy, a melancholy subject."

"And it jars very uncomfortably upon my feelings, Doctor; just now I am all in the allegro vein. By the way, I must not omit to call upon our old *friend* Counsellor Snare, and inform him there is no need for his professional services; he pressed them upon me so, that to get rid of him, I was forced to promise I would see him if requisite."

"The poor contemptible sneak," said Senecks with an emphatic bob, "he would crawl after a five dollar fee, as if he were trained like a dog, to set a client—ha—ha—ha—" laughed the Doctor, pleased with his own conceit—"ha—ha—ha—" "twould be no bad caricature to set him upon four legs, and give him a tail, whilst he is pursuing with all his vigour a client who has—poor devil—five dollars left in his pocket—ha—ha—ha."

"I believe he is heartily despised of every one," said Maxwell; "he is rather to be pitied than blamed. I, for my part, felt the utmost compassion for him when I found the innumerable petty meannesses he could resort to without hesitation; poor fellow, as he himself would say, how I pity him."

"He is the greatest usurer in existence," resumed Senecks; "for let him only favour a beginner with a case in which no fee can possibly be got, (and he never lets slip any other,) he may be seen crawling and sneaking about him

continually thereafter, that he may, out of feelings of gratitude, be helped to a casual fat client in return—faugh.”

“I wonder you keep on good terms with him, Doctor—you dislike him so heartily.”

“My dear boy, he keeps on good terms with me—he doubtlessly knows my opinion of him, and hates me thoroughly ; but what of that ; I am above all reach of his malice : besides I never had but one serious quarrel in my life, and that was with Mr. Collerly, the foreman of a jury ; a disagreement of opinion gave rise to much feeling, on his part, and after one or two angry debates, which he *would* enter into, we never spoke more. I was right, though.”

“Why, my dear sir,” said Maxwell, who was altogether in bouyant spirits, “I deemed you were on unfriendly terms with Doctor Triblows—was I mistaken?”

“Oh, that ignorant dog,” said Senecks; “I scarcely call him a man—why, he had the ignorance to prescribe phlebotomy in a case of a typhoid nature : only think of it ! and insinuated I was mistaken. The poor patient died, of course, and with him also died all our acquaintance.”

“And then there is Doctor Gangry, at the upper end of town.”

“Don’t mention that name, my dear boy, if you would’nt make me sick : we had a dispute long since, upon the theory of febrile sympathies ; faugh ! he is a fool.”

"Nay, but Doctor," continued Maxwell, much amused at this professional list of enemies, "there is also Doctor Diavol; you are not on good terms with him."

"It was, however, all his own doing: he had the impudence to maintain that my subphlogistic theory was nothing new to the medical world, (not that, between us, I suppose it absolutely new, for doubtless like every thing else, it was a lost discovery,) and, for a time, seriously injured my reputation among the rich, and turtle soup citizens of the place. No, I can never speak to him."

"With the rest, however, I suppose you continue on very friendly terms?"

"Why no, we have all managed to differ in some respect or other—this much though, I may say; Doctor Mortuns and I *do* distantly salute each other when we meet; but as for the others I came near caning the whole in one short day."

"It glads me much, Doctor," said Maxwell, "that with so strong a phalanx against you, you have thus prospered in the world."

"Why as to that," answered Senecks, "if they were all *united* against me, they might perhaps seriously injure my practice; but happily for our profession such things are impossible, since two of us are scarce ever to be found of one way of thinking, and therefore little of evil can be concerted."

"Are those other gentlemen I counted over, not on good terms with each other?"

"No, my dear boy, no; they do not speak a word, as far as I understand."

"It is a great pity," said Maxwell, musingly.

"But the best thing in the world for the public safety—depend upon it, it is, William. Such is the love of experiment imprinted upon the human heart, and so eagerly do we all endeavour (for I am, I own, not altogether free from this weakness) to test our crude ideas in the crucible of experience, that, were it not for the eyes of a dozen envious brethren fixed sharply upon us, we would sometimes—occasionally only—you understand—be tempted to,—to,—to ascertain the correctness of the assumed theory upon some casual patient, in which case, if he did die, we should, privately, consider him a martyr to the good of his fellow creatures—call it the act of God—shrug our shoulders, and say no more about it. But let us keep the ugly matter secret as we will, and hush it up gently in its grave, some prying and envious rival is sure to accuse us covertly—sometimes openly, faith—of having killed him by experimenting!—no pleasant accusation to be getting abroad into the world. As for our consciences, why we did it for the best; and if the poor fellow died despite our care, we couldn't prevent it. In one sense, ours was the worst luck, for we lived to behold our theory decidedly groundless."

"I can well suppose an accusation of this

kind would be exceedingly disrelished," returned Maxwell.

"Truly so," said Senecks; "and it affects your standing materially with a particular class of patients. It is indeed extraordinary, and evinces in full relief our love of life, to behold the horror with which a hypochondriac looks upon his physician, if he is made to believe himself the subject of an experiment. I had, on a certain time, three of that sort, and lost them all in one day, through the false and vile insinuations of a quack who had made them believe I had marked them out in that way. It was no such thing. On the contrary, they were doing very well, with a speedy recovery in view; but the idea had got fast hold of their minds, and it operated in each case differently, yet in a manner truly edifying."

"Each one after his own peculiar fashion, I suppose?"

"Yes. The first one I visited had been a talkative, troublesome patient; but the moment I entered the room, I perceived something awful had happened, for his eyes were fixed upon me with deadly affright, and the only articulation he could arrive at was an unmeaning gurgling of the breath in his throat. I called to the family for an explanation, and found that a fellow who called himself Doctor Quackenbow, had persuaded him I was abridging him of his daily food, to discover how long life may be sustained without any. It was in vain for me, angry though I was, to argue, for

the poor fool did nothing but stare at me in a stupor of dread, and I at last rushed out of the house, determined to let him eat his way to the grave as fast as he would : and it did not take him long."

"The second?" said Maxwell, much amused.

"The second was a queer fellow. Sometimes he fancied himself a teapot; and often stood with one arm akimbo, and the other stuck upwards like a spout; and as he eat pretty hearty, and took but little exercise, he grew fat. Well, this same rascal whispered I intended shortly to break him into pieces, to try whether I would not be able to mend him again with some patent cement that I had; and the poor wretch believed him implicitly. His anger and terror took a variety of shapes. When I first entered, he was going to cane me; then he threatened to spout boiling tea upon me; but whenever I approached him, he roared out for mercy, and said if I touched him I would break him to pieces. Finding that I could not even get to feel his pulse, I left him, and in course of time, I believe, he became cured of himself."

"The third?"

"He fell upon his knees, and whined piteously for mercy. By this time, I was so excited that I turned upon my heel and left the house. Some other physician cured him, for he could never abide the sight of me afterwards."

“Ah, well, these whimsical patients must of course be uncertain, at any rate. Such conduct in them is not to be wondered at.”

“Certainly not,” said Doctor Senecks; “but even the most sober minded patients look with much uneasy suspicion and watchful jealousy, if they happen to get any such idea in their heads.”

“So then, Doctor, you really deem it a blessing that there is a difficulty in the way of experimenting?”

“It certainly is a blessing for the particular patient, but I doubt whether it be so for the cause of science; however, I am always ready to extract good out of evil; and I know for certain that that fellow, Doctor Triblores, who killed three poor fellows experimenting upon them whilst we were in partnership, has never injured one in that way since we differed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. Thomas Clifford slowly regained his usual health, and even approached a degree of placidity and peace of mind to which, for many years, he had been a stranger. This might perhaps appear strange, but the same obliquity of moral sense, or weakness of intellect, which rendered him unable to withstand temptation, now deadened those acute feelings of shame and remorse which ought to have killed him outright. But sensibility of this sort is the tenent only of bosoms which never harbour a dream of dishonesty ; and although he fancied himself more unhappy than criminal, and was fond of believing this to have been the only gross direlection of duty he had ever committed ; yet his sense of virtue had been injured by a long and familiar consideration of vice, even if in this instance alone, and was not fully awake to the enormity of his conduct. At all events, he mended rapidly ; the dread of detection, which had so long supplied the place, and counterfeited the aspect of remorse, was now no more. He had met the worst, and although it had maddened him for the moment, yet in the end he discovered there was nothing left to fear or to deprecate. As he gradually was made aware that he would not even be reduced to justly deserved pover-

ty, he took still more comfort to himself. His domestic quiet was as much assured as ever ; and as for the world at large, he very heroically concluded that the great majority, under similar circumstances, would have acted no better than he had done. William Maxwell, moreover, evinced a generosity as unexpected as gratifying, and his forgiving spirit seemed more ready to compassionate than upbraid. Mr. Clifford, under this view of the case, did not feel at all inclined to die ! The consideration, however, of what his daughter, so pure a creature as she was, must suffer at the thought of her father's shame, fell occasionally like a levin brand upon his heart ; and well it might.

Mary Clifford, with all her light heartedness of manner, and innocent freedom of speech—with all the joyousness of her ready laugh and sunny eyes, was a girl of the keenest and most virtuous sensibility.

All this, therefore, swept across her ingenuous mind with a withering violence, that for a time almost threatened it destruction. Elizabeth, her bosom friend, had flown to her, and supported her, and endeavoured to comfort her, but seemingly in vain. Tears were her only answer, and sobs, as if her very heart would have broken.

“If papa,” said she, after she had become more reconciled to the inevitable blow ; “if papa had only grown poor, if he had been but ruined in business, or by the misconduct of others, as your father was, it would have been but a

light evil; but that his own reputation should be tarnished, that he should be called dishonest and a defrauder—oh, Elizabeth, I can never think of it without agony,”—and the usual passionate tears succeeded.

“Wherefore should you grieve so,” Miss Lee would soothingly argue; “no one was injured but William Maxwell, and he openly declares that your father’s conduct has been of the greatest benefit to him. It threw him upon the world—taught him the value of money, and preserved his extreme youth from the seductions of pleasure which wealth alone can purchase.”

“Oh, he is all nobleness of spirit, and is worthy, Elizabeth, of you—what more could I say.”

“Nay,” replied her fair friend with a blush, “do not speak so; but if he be all nobleness, think the rather how he must be still inclined to revive and continue his old friendship.”

“Oh, never,” interrupted Mary Clifford, with a deep sigh; “he will despise us all, he cannot help doing so—I feel like a criminal, and would not meet him for worlds.”

“I must chide you, my dear Mary, if you entertain so poor an opinion of his generosity or friendship, as to think him capable of despising you. But you must one of these days see him himself, and let him convince you.”

A faint flush of terror was the immediate consequence of this proposal, followed by an absolute refusal ever to venture upon a meet-

ing; but Miss Lee saw its deep necessity, and that same afternoon, by her contrivance, as the two friends were lingering in one of the most private walks of the estate, they were suddenly confronted by the young counsellor himself.

Mary Clifford fell almost a dead weight upon the arm which supported her, and had again well nigh fainted, but the first tones of Maxwell's voice re-assured her; and when he took her hand and pressed it kindly as ever, and his beseeching eye met hers in all the openness of its youthful friendship—the great agony was past—tears came to her relief, and she could at length find a voice to answer him.

“I am better, Mr. Maxwell; and I hope—” here she stopped short.

“Hope,” said the young gentleman, taking up the word, “that within a week you will be as well as ever. Come, Miss Elizabeth,” added he, turning smilingly round. But she was gone, having wisely resolved that her friend should meet alone every circumstance that so affrighted her when viewed in the distance. When the two perceived this, there was a moment's pause, which Maxwell, seeing that Miss Clifford was beginning to tremble excessively, hastened to break.

“Mary,” he began.

“Oh! William,” exclaimed the poor maiden with a sudden gush of tears, which happily aided to compose her; “Oh! William, how can you ever forgive us?”

“Indeed, I have nothing to forgive. I am only afraid that hereafter you will look upon me as a monster, perhaps, who has been the cause of so much undreamed of affliction. But, believe me, I will never injure that happiness which it ought to be, and is, my wish, even to increase.”

“It can never be forgotten,” returned Miss Clifford with a sob of agony, “neither our deceit nor your generosity.”

“You mistake altogether,” said Maxwell with justifiable compassion. “The state of your father’s mind was such, at the time, as to convince me that his conduct in this affair originated in no want of honour, but altogether from some disease which clouded his nobler faculties. Recollect how he acted towards me afterwards. Did he not treat me as a son? And will you, Mary—will you now refuse my earnest entreaty to be yet considered a brother?”

In this way was she comforted. And although the tears still trickled down her cheeks, they were neither so numerous nor so distressful as before. Indeed, ere Maxwell left her, he had the satisfaction of perceiving that the stormiest and most humbling part of her grief was already beginning to pass away.

More important business matters then claimed his attention; and every thing, in fine, was brought to a speedy issue without the intervention of any legal proceedings whatever, much to the disappointment of Counsellor

Snare, who had feasted his imagination with the prospect of a fat case.

Clifford Hall, of course, once more passed into strange hands; and upon a careful scrutiny, it was ascertained that after payment of the whole claim against him, Mr. Clifford would still have a balance of some thousand dollars: but notwithstanding this, Maxwell was firm in his determination to receive nothing more than the naked principal due upon the bonds.

And so it was arranged. Through the intercession of Miss Lee, and by being taught to reflect how much it might increase her father's comfort, Mary Clifford was prevailed upon to accept the gift—not directly indeed from Maxwell, for the money never passed into his hands, he receiving only the amount he had at first specified. If the sight of her parent's slow return to health and even spirits, could reward her filial affection, she ought to have been happy. Indeed, Thomas Clifford, even in his old age, became a renovated man, and seemed to enjoy life with more zest than many a younger pilgrim. But he resolved, nevertheless, to quit the neighbourhood; it was rife with too many distressing reminiscences, and the faces which he met wore upon them, to his fancy, an expression of ceaseless reproach, which his reviving pride taught him not to submit to. The same views, for different reasons, were entertained by Maxwell, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee. The latter found nothing to bind them near a much loved spot, which they could never reconcile

themselves to re-visit; and as for Maxwell, he longed to quit a neighbourhood that was become disagreeable to so many whom he loved.

The far West was soon pitched upon as the land where the stranger emigrants should sojourn and seek for happiness—a choice not dictated by pecuniary disability, but from other and various causes. It was therefore settled, that after the young couple were united, an immediate departure to their new and distant home should be commenced; nor was the resolution delayed by procrastination.

The details of that ceremony need not be repeated. It was so private, that beside the family, no one except Mr. Clifford and Mary were present. Indeed, where the heart has been previously bestowed, the mere donation of the person generally follows so much of course, that the less parade upon the occasion so much the more grateful is it to the chief actors in the pageant. William Maxwell received to his bosom all that his heart had so long panted for; and every thing seemed again to blossom with promises of happiness. In due time they hailed the blue hills and rapid waters of the midland west, and fixing upon a delightful spot, the different individuals who had almost always composed one family, sat down so near as not to destroy that pleasing intercourse which had become habitual and necessary.

It belonged, however, to William Maxwell to commence the career of a new race; that of

Mr. Lee, in name we mean, having already flourished for five generations, an extraordinary duration and seldom reached, faded away as a matter of course, and was soon forgotten. Mr. Clifford's house experienced a more sudden fate, for it seemed destined to rise and fall with himself; he was the alpha and omega of his name, at least so far as was known to the world, and there was not even one intervening letter, to say nothing of half an alphabet, betwixt the beginning and the end. He rose and fell, and was heard of no more!

CHAPTER XIX.

AMONG the thousand and one contradictions which may be detected in all writings of fiction, where passion and sentiment are stretched beyond their true bounds, no one is so common as the endowing the hero or heroine with a most sovereign contempt of that necessary evil called "money." They, or either, having their ideas, in fact, so etherialized as to render the least hint of their being actuated by prudential considerations, in any of the grand pursuits of life, little better than downright insult. All which is, no doubt, to proclaim what *ought* to be.

But if we follow them to the end, to the catastrophe of all catastrophes, "matrimony;" we do not fail to find that the cunning author hath taken especial care that his aforesaid hero and heroine, by some strange chance—notwithstanding their long continued, and romantically praiseworthy disregard of riches—nay, in the very teeth thereof, do become hugely favoured in this particular; insomuch that they take leave of the reader very happy, and very wealthy. And this also, no doubt, to show what *must* be.

Now every reasonable being will agree fully with this sentiment, that we meet with an

indifference to money, no where but in idle romances—never in real life—and it may be, with much justice asserted, that that story is not a true picture of fallen humanity, with all its wants, and woes, and cares, if a single sensible character is made to play the fool in so seraphic a manner. It is only when the natural and truly praiseworthy care of the morrow degenerates into a mean and sordid avarice, that it should be held up to contempt—or when the possessor of money sinks into a purse-proud malicious nobility, that he should be made a mark to be pointed at.

Mr. John Poguey still continued to reside at the “Elms ;” half joyful and half mortified at the issue of his two first love adventures ; until, at length, a partner for life drove all such misty ruminations from his memory. He had, indeed, no great difficulty in winning the affections of a beautiful and moderately wealthy maiden ; because more than one mamma looked upon the conduct of the monied man towards Miss Clifford in the light of a very prudential regard for the main chance, and argued it much to the credit of his worldly wisdom and foresight. He had a numerous progeny ; some of them without doubt, either in themselves or their children, destined by the force of education, and the influence of wealth, to become useful, learned, and esteemed members of society. And again, in the course of a very few generations, to be cast down from their high

estate—and, through an irresistible destiny—to be supplanted by another Mr. John Poguey, in all but the name.

Our present subject, however, continued the same to the end of life ; grasping and covetous of money, jealous of the honourable and educated, and oppressive upon all occasions, where he might be so with impunity.

One other great rebuff, besides those already mentioned, was fated to befall him ; for, several years after all this, upon an unlooked for, but not unusual split of the party, he was nominated for congress, and had the mortification to be completely beaten by Silas Wolfenstuttle, Esq. who was duly elected. In accomplishing this defeat, the following deposition (which we will not withhold from the reader,) had, in its consequences, a most marvellous effect:

“ Know all men, that Conrad Stokes, day labourer, &c. voluntarily cometh forward and maketh oath, that several years ago, this deponent was called upon by a certain Silas Wolfenstuttle, who expressed a wish that this deponent would accompany him the same evening to a certain spot of ground near the residence of Mr. John Poguey, the present candidate for congress. Said Wolfenstuttle stated that some valuable papers belonging to a person whose name is forgotten, were there deposited, and would probably be purloined by the said Poguey. That this deponent according-

ly went, and soon after arriving at the spot, Mr. Poguey also came, and begun cursing and swearing in a most blasphemous manner ; and treated this deponent and Mr. Wolfenstuttle, (who being a great friend to the people, and also a very common man, is called for equality's sake Wolfy,) as if we were no better than dogs, and he himself a king. That Mr. Wolfy did all he could; first to soothe him, and then to persuade him to be honest, and relinquish the papers to which he had no right ; but that all would have had no effect were it not that a certain Doctor—since dead—came suddenly upon him—took out his pistol, and swore he would blow out his brains if he would not consent to be honest, and deliver up the papers to an orphan whom he had defrauded. That the said John Poguey at last yielded, not without acting in a very ungenerous manner to this deponent, and threatening to set his dogs upon Mr. Wolfy if ever he caught him near his house again. Deponent states that all this occurred several years ago ; since which time, he, this deponent, hath been long confined to to his bed with sickness, and was much oppressed with poverty, so that his memory may in some small particulars have failed him ; but that he believes, after having had a conversation with Mr. Wolfy, that the above are the circumstances materially as they occurred. Many other things also happened, not now

recollected. And further this deponent saith not.

Signed, CONRAD STOKES.

Sworn and subscribed, &c. &c.

before JACOB VERJUICE.

"Yes, fellow citizens," said Wolfy, in a written address, "he, this John Poguey, *Esquire*, threatened to set his dogs upon me, merely because I would have persuaded him to do an honest action ! My chief argument to him was, that he would disgrace, by his conduct, the party to which he then belonged ; but my words were wasted upon the wind. I proclaim him a rank aristocrat ! a tory ! a traitor in the camp ! a political trimmer ! an enemy to the liberty of the country ! a cat that jumps every way but the right way ! a wolf in sheeps clothing ! &c. &c. and I warn you to beware of him, for if you let him up he will treat you *exactly* as if he were a king, &c. &c. &c."

To all this, Mr. John Poguey had the impudence to reply—forgetting that if his fellow citizens adjudged him innocent, an exculpation would be needless ; and that if, on the contrary, they considered him guilty, he would only insult their understandings by attempting to prove to them they were mistaken. But so it was ; upon this last rock his hopes were split, and the consequences of the rash act were such as might well have been anticipated.

The political public had heard the accusation—given it a portion of their faith—had shrugged their shoulders ; voted all parties some-

what knavish, and cared after all but little about the matter. But when Mr. Poguey undertook to demonstrate to them that they were altogether misled by an artful knave, their pride took the alarm, and they began to inquire who this would-be saint was, so daring as to dispute and undermine an opinion which they had formed without any thought or examination. That he had acted knavishly once in his life was a trifle ; but that he should have the impudence to insinuate they were mistaken—they, members of the great political world ! it was not to be borne ; and his former particular political friend Mr. Wolfy, (after having begged sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a decent set of clothing—for he had been many years insolvent) went to congress.

And thus Conrad Stokes—the lowest of the low, and vilest of the vile, had a principal share in the honour of making this most honourable delegate !

As for other things, Mr. John Poguey passed down the current of life without much to vary the picture, or render his fate signal or uncommon. Courted he was, and desired to be, on account of his wealth, which he took care to increase ; but despised often by the very persons who flattered him. As regarded the “Elms,” and their days of calm delight, and lavish content, it is all sufficient to say, that Edward Lee, the ex-representative, slept with his fathers, and John Poguey reigned in his stead. And, as he began, so he ended.

Whether in youth, or in age—whether in poverty, or in riches—whether in happiness or in misery he lived—and as he lived he died—an “aristocrat.”

CHAPTER XX.

BUT what became of the gay—laughing—light-hearted Mary Clifford? Whither did that beautiful lorn dove fly, or in whose bosom did she nestle? Did she again bloom forth as merry, as generous, as captivating as before, or did she pine away under the blighting recollections of her father's shame?

To answer all this, we might but slightly draw the curtain and inform the reader, in a few words, that she underwent the common lot of maidenhood, and was married; but he would still naturally, and we hope also with no little interest in the fate of so good and so fair a creature, inquire whether thereupon she revelled in luxurious happiness, or lived along neglected by the man of her choice. Ere he asks for a gaze into the enchanted mirror, we must caution him to reflect that such is the imperfection of human nature, and the frailty of mortal bliss, that the sad chances outnumber the brighter ones: and we would counsel him to part from her now and at once with those feelings of kind affection with which we bid adieu to all that is virtuous, lovely and agreeable.

No! Then must we yet linger over the wearisome page, and, even at this late hour, introduce another character.

Mr. Charles Hobson was one of those every day kind of persons about whom there is so little interesting or peculiar, that you never care for gaining their acquaintance, and this is the only reason wherefore he has not been before ushered upon the scene. He was, however, a man of strict integrity and honour, which are qualities above all price. Besides this, he was methodical and full of notions of propriety and decorum, which, as they descended on many occasions to trifles, were not so commendable. Although unfortunate at one time, he had subsequently become more successful; and, uninteresting as he was, he had, by one of those inexplicable chances for which it would be in vain to account, found favour in the eyes of Miss Clifford even when he scarcely dreamed of daring to contemplate so delightful a conquest.

His presumption, however, grew naturally with his success in life; and not long after she had left, forever, the scenes of her joyous childhood, and her father's oft trodden halls, he followed her to the far West, wooed, and won her. The poor maiden had ever clung to that which was just and honourable, and the derilection of duty on the part of her sire only made her prize, to a degree so intense that it amounted almost to bitterness, the qualities of justice and integrity when she beheld them in

another. And perhaps to this, more than any thing else, did Mr. Hobson owe his good fortune. The buoyant love of her heart was led to rest upon a man whose character was fixed and unimpeachable, and the tone of whose speech was ever open and above all fear.

In this respect, she found her husband all that she had expected; moreover he was affectionate and attentive: but he did not, from his very nature he could not, appreciate the inestimable prize that had fallen to his lot. He little dreamt that he possessed a being of so superior a mould; for, being a formalist himself, he was an utter stranger to that generous enthusiasm which can disregard those distant observances due only to *respect*, when *affection* would come carolling forth like a bird and claim to make itself and every beloved object around as mirthful and as free as a little child.

Mary Hobson soon felt that something yet was wanting to her happiness; but she never divined the true reason, and happily had no tender friend to whisper it into her ears. She deemed that the gay dreams of her youth had been overwrought—that the glorious and wild fancies which wove themselves along her path in the morning of life, had led her better judgment astray—and that her hopes had been too extravagant. The spirit which before had been so lightly ruffled with joy, and so deeply smit-

ten with sorrow, now became more patient and less buoyant; and although she had no decided evil to complain of, she felt that the warm promises of youth, one by one, had lost their gorgeous hues and grown pale, and that she had at last trenched upon the realities of life.

In short, she added one more to the many thousand instances, where generous, open-hearted, and beautiful girls are thrown away upon those, who, whatever other qualities they may possess, never can appreciate the inestimable treasure which, *all* their own, is still doomed to waste its fragrance, *almost* upon the desert air.

But let us behold another sight! A mother still beautiful, surrounded by three charming children. One a laughing girl, the very picture of what that maternal being, who gave her birth, once was, and who now lives her life again over in the innocence, the pleasures, and unrestrained mirth of her sunny eyed offspring. In her bosom there is a placid contentment—that affection which centered in herself and radiated upon those around, now seems to have descended, in all the spirit of a mother's love, to the prattlers at her knee. In their smiles she rejoices—in their sickness and misery she weeps—and for them alone life seems joyous and desirable. There beams, indeed, from her face but little of that rosy, sparkling health which Mary Clifford possessed in the days of

her youthful magnificence, but in heart—in head—in disposition—in warmth of feeling and purity, she is Mary Clifford still. What more could she be?

END OF VOLUME TWO.

96





